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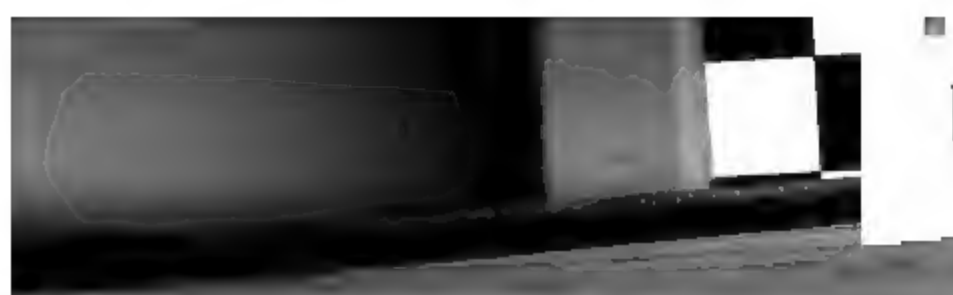
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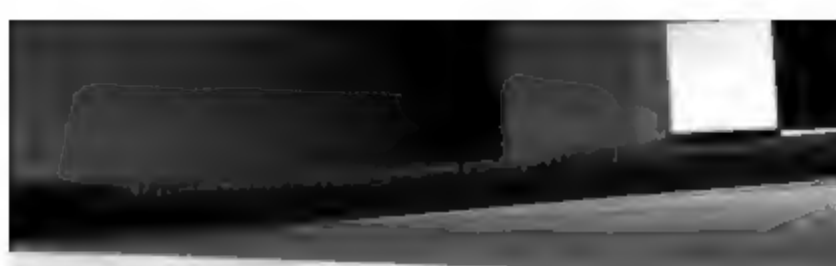




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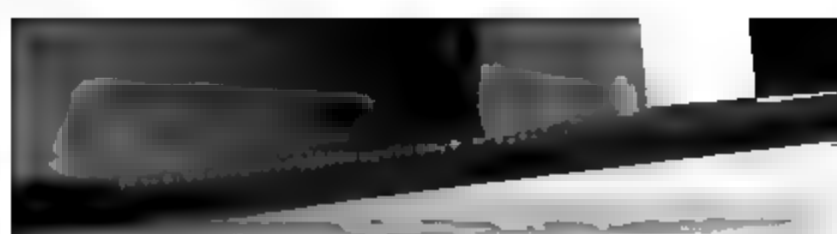






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Relating to Travel, Education,

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN,

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IN FIVE PARTS;

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AND A

VARIETY OF CASES

ON THE NECESSITY OF

SETTING PROPER EXAMPLES

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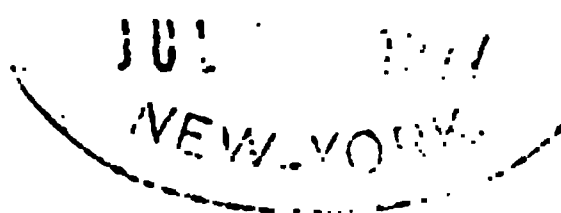
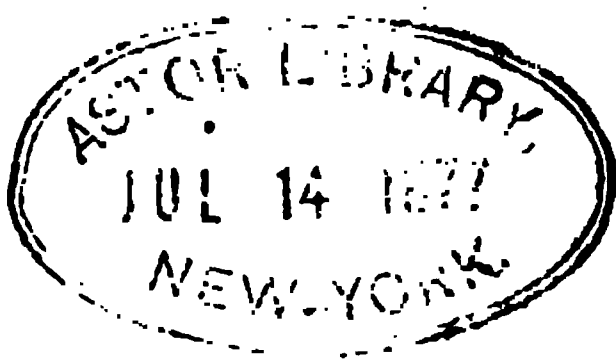
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WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.
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BUNGAY :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY BRIGHTLY AND CHILDS.

1816.

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PREFACE.

THE first Edition of this Work was so ill printed, and by reason of the author's absence from the press, was so incorrect, that it stood more than ordinarily in need of the help of a good Introduction ; yet it is hoped the work has not dishonoured the Reverend person, who did it the favour to give it the first recommendation.

The usefulness of the subject, and honesty of the design, has prevailed to give it a good reception in the world : and notwithstanding the casual imperfections of the first part, some good men have been pleased to accept the performance, to usher it into the World much to its advantage, and to recommend it as well from the pulpit as from the press.

The unworthy author earnestly desired, and to his utmost endeavoured to be for ever concealed ; not that he was ashamed of the work, or sees any reason yet to be so ; professing to have a firm belief, that he was not without a more than ordinary presence and assistance of the divine Spirit in the performance. But being fully satisfied with the prospect of doing good by it, he desired that his *praise might not be of men, but of God.*

To this end he took such measures at first for effectually preserving the secret, and for his intire remaining in the obscurity he desired, that for some time after the publication, he continued unguessed at, and he flattered himself for a while, that the author would be no farther enquired into : *But Satan hindered.*

The success of the work, and the many testimonies given to the good effect it has had in families, notwithstanding their knowledge of the author, has fully delivered him from the discouragement he was under on that occasion ; and this alone prevailed with him for a second edition, which he had for some time resolved against. It was not without reason that he had great apprehensions, lest some men, suffering their prejudices to prevail even over their zeal for public good, might be tempted to lay the imperfections of the author of this book, as a stumbling-block in the way of those who might otherwise receive benefit by it, and so the good effects of his labours might be in part obstructed.

But God, who as before, he firmly believes, directed his hand in the work, has given his visible blessing to it ; and has thereby from heaven owned the author, to his inexpressible satisfaction and joy. *To his name be all the praise !*

After this, let who will reject him or his book, it is not possible to give him the least disturbance.

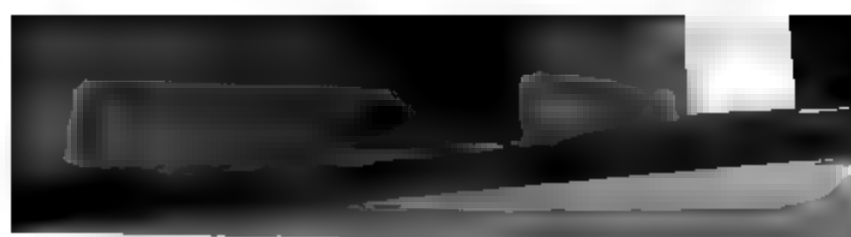
After this, if any man will rob himself, or any one else, of the good this work might otherwise do, *at his door be the sin.*

The present edition is more carefully corrected, and the errors of the press are so few, and of so small consequence, that an ordinary judgment will correct them in the reading.

The author in revising it, has made no additions, thinking his first design fully exhausted, and also esteeming it injurious to those, who have bought the first, to let future editions vary so much from it, as to make them think their money lost, and to oblige them to buy it over again.

Some few things are omitted indeed, but not considerable, and those principally in the *Notes* ; from the mere sense the author had of the comments being less beautiful than the text ; and that others are able to make better notations than himself.

the whole Work being designed both to divert and in-



PREFACE.

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struct, the author has endeavoured to adapt it as much as possible to both those uses, from whence some have called it *A religious play*.

It would more have answered that title, had the author's first design been pursued, which was to have made it a dramatic poem: but the subject was too solemn, and the text too copious, to suffer the restraint on one hand, or the excursions on the other, which the decoration of a poem would have made necessary.

As to its being called a play, *be it called so if they please*; it must be confessed, some parts of it are too much acted in many families among us: the author wishes, that either all *our Plays* were as useful for the improvement and entertainment of the world, or that *they* were less encouraged.



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THE LIFE

OF

DANIEL DE FOE,

AUTHOR OF THIS WORK.

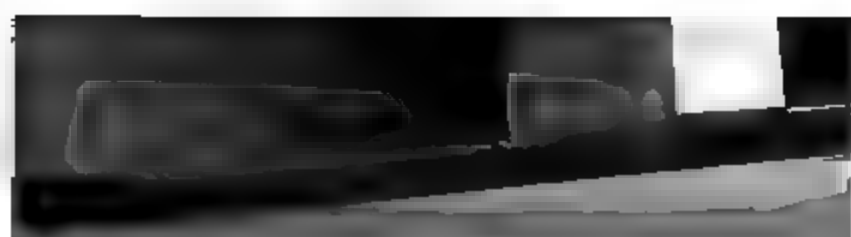
DANIEL de Foe was born in London about the year 1663. His family were protestants, among whom he received no unlettered education ; at least it is plain, from his various writings, that he was a zealous defender of their principles and a strenuous supporter if their politics. He merits the praise due to sincerity, in manner of thinking, and to uniformity in habits of acting, whatever obloquy may have been cast on his name, by attributing writings to him, which, as they belonged to others, he was studious to disavow.

Our Author was educated at an Academy, on Newington Green, kept by Charles Morton. He delights to praise that Gentleman, as a master, who taught nothing either in politics or science, which was dangerous to monarchical government, or which was improper for a diligent scholar to know. De Foe was born a writer, as other men are born generals or statesmen ; and when he was not quite one and twenty, he published a pamphlet against a very prevailing sentiment in favour of the Turks,

as opposed to the Austrians, very justly thinking, that it was better the popish house of Austria should ruin the protestants in Hungary, than that the infidel house of Ottoman should ruin both protestants and papists by over-running Germany. De Foe was a man that would fight as well as write for his principles ; and before he was twenty-three, he appeared in arms for the duke of Monmouth, in June, 1685. Of this exploit he boasts in his latter years, when it was no longer dangerous to avow his participation in that imprudent enterprise, with greater men of similar principles.

Having escaped the dangers of battle and from the fangs of Jefferies, De Foe found complete security in the more gainful pursuits of peace. He was admitted liveryman of London, on the 26th of January, 1687, when being allowed his freedom by birth, he was received a member of that eminent corporation.

As he had endeavoured to promote the revolution by his pen and his sword, he had the pleasure of partaking, ere long, in the pleasures and advantages of that great event. During this time our author is said to have acted as a hosier in Freeman's Yard, Cornhill : but the hosier and the poet were very irreconcilable characters. With the usual imprudence of superior genius, he was carried by his vivacity into companies who were gratified by his wit. He spent those hours with a small society for the cultivation of polite learning which he ought to have employed in the calculations of the counting house ; and being obliged to abscond from his creditors in 1692, he naturally attributed those misfortunes to war, which were probably owing to his own misconduct. An angry creditor took out a commission of bankruptcy, which was soon superceded by those to whom he was most indebted, who accepted a composition on his single bond. This he punctually paid by the efforts of unwearied industry. But some of those creditors, who had been thus satisfied, falling into distress
elves, De Foe voluntarily paid them their whole



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claims, being then in rising circumstances from king William's favour. This is such an example of honesty, which would be injustice to the world and to De Foe, to conceal.

During the next twenty years of his life he was busy in unconsciously charging a mine which was now to blow up himself and family. He had fought for Monmouth ; he had opposed king James ; he had defended the rights of the collective body of the people ; he had displeased the treasurer and General, by objecting to the war in Flanders ; he had satyrised Sir Edward Seymour and sir Christopher Musgrave, the Tory leaders of the house of Commons ; and ridiculed all the high-flyers in the kingdom ; till at length he was obliged to seek for shelter from the indignation of persons and parties, to whom he had thus rendered himself obnoxious.

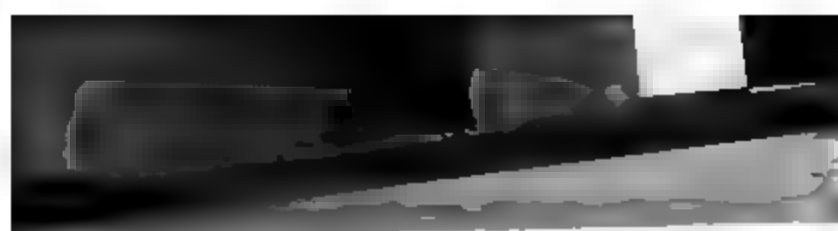
A proclamation was issued in January, 1702, offering a reward of fifty pounds for discovering his retreat ; He is described in the Gazette, as a middle-sized spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark brown hair, having a hook nose, sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth.

He soon published an *Explanation* to his pamphlet of *The shortest Way*, which had given such offence to the high party, and in which though there is the most exquisite irony, there are certainly passages which might have shown considerate men how much the Author had been in jest ; and he justly complains how hard it is that this should not have been perceived by all the town. " But since ignorance," says he, " has led most men to censure the book ; and some people are like to come under the displeasure of Government for it ; in justice to those who are in danger to suffer by it ; in submission to the parliament and council who may be offended at it ; and courtesy to all mistaken people, who, it seems, have not penetrated into the real design, the author presents the world with

the genuine meaning of the paper which he hopes may allay the anger of government, or at least satisfy the minds of such as imagine a design to inflame and divide us. This submission was not sufficient to shield him from the resentment of his enemies. He was found guilty of a libel, and adjudged to be fined and imprisoned. When by these means, immured in Newgate, our author consoled himself with the animating reflection, that having meant well, he unjustly suffered. During his involuntary leisure, he employed himself in correcting for the press a collection of his writings which had already been published by a piratical printer.

When the high flyers were driven from their station, De Foe found an unexpected friend in the secretary of state, sir Robert Harley, who probably approved the principles and conduct of De Foe; and represented to the queen and treasurer, lord Godolphin, his unmerited sufferings. The queen enquired into his circumstances, and lord Godolphin, as our author thankfully acknowledges, sent a considerable sum of money to his wife, and to him to pay his fine and the expence of his discharge.

During the five or six following years he published several works, and was employed by the minister to write in favour of the Union, which he in a great measure promoted; and afterwards published a history of. This history was at first little noticed, but afterwards passed through three editions. He was again tempted to engage in party writings, and through an entire perversion of his meaning, by attributing their being written in favour of the pretender, he was again arrested and obliged to give eight hundred pounds bail, contrary to the Bill of Rights; and prosecuted by information, during Trinity term, 1713. Our author attributes this prosecution to the malice of his enemies, who were numerous and powerful. Some considerable people were heard to say, ~~they knew~~ his books were against the pretender, but that



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De Foe had disoblged them in other things, and they were resolved to take this advantage to punish him. This story is the more credible, as he had procured evidence to prove the fact had the trial proceeded. He was prompted, by consciousness of innocence, to defend himself in his work of the *Review*, during the prosecution, which offended the judges, who being somewhat infected with the violent spirit of the times, committed him to Newgate in Easter term 1713. But it was happy for De Foe that his first benefactor was still in power, who procured him the Queen's pardon on his making a proper submission.

The death of Anne, and the accession of George I. seem to have convinced De Foe of the vanity of party writing ; and from this eventful epoch he appears to have studied how to meliorate rather than to harden the heart ; how to regulate more than to vitiate, the practice of life.

Early in 1715, he published *The Family Instructor*, in three parts. He carefully concealed his authorship, lest the good effects of his labour should be obstructed by the great imperfections of the writer. The bookseller soon procured a recommendatory letter from the Rev. Samuel Wright, a well known preacher in Black Frier's. It was praised from the pulpit and from the press ; and the utility of the end, with the attractiveness of the execution, obtained it, at length, a general reception. The family of George I. had been instructed by the copy of this book ; and it was, with Mr. Wright's *Letter*, entered at Stationer's Hall, by Emanuel Matthews, on the 31st of March, 1715 ; and will last while our language endures ; at least, while wise men shall consider the influences of religion and the practice of morals as of the greatest use to society.

De Foe afterwards added a second Volume, in two parts ; 1st, relating to *Family Breaches* ; 2nd, to the great mistake of mixing the passions in the managing of

children. He considered it, indeed as a bold undertaking, there being a general opinion among modern readers, that second parts never come up to the spirit of the first. Of De Foe's second volume it will be easily allowed, that it is as instructive and amusing as the first.

The *Religious Courtship*, which he published in 1722, may properly be considered as a third volume ; for the design is equally moral, the manner equally attracting, and it may in the same manner be entitled a *Religious Play*, a title given by some to the Family Instructor, when first published.

Our Author afterwards published his *Robinson Crusoe*, which in spite of the severe critiques against it, has passed through innumerable editions and has been translated into foreign languages while the criticism has sunk into oblivion.

While De Foe in this manner busied himself in writing adventures, which have charmed every reader, a rhyming fit returned on him. He published in 1720, *The complete Art of Painting*, which he *did into English* from the French of Du Fresnoy. Dryden had given, in 1695, a translation of Du Fresnoy's poem, which has been esteemed for its knowledge of the sister arts. What could tempt De Foe to this undertaking it is not easy to discover, unless we may suppose, that he hoped to gain a few guineas, without much labour of the head or hand. Dryden has been justly praised for relinquishing vicious habits of composition, and adopting better models for his muse. De Foe, after he had seen the correctness, and heard the music of Pope, remained unambitious of accurate rhymes, and regardless of sweeter numbers. His politics and his poetry, for which he was long famous among biographers, would not have preserved his name beyond the fleeting day ; yet I suspect that, in imitation of Milton, he would have preferred his *Jure Divino* to his *Robinson Crusoe*.

De Foe was now in prosperous circumstances, for his genius united with his unwearied industry were to him the mines of Potosi; but whatever might have been his opulence, our Author did not waste his subsequent life in unprofitable idleness; for no one can be called idly employed who endeavours to make his fellow subjects better citizens and wiser men. This will fully appear if we consider his future labours, under the heads of Voyages; fictitious Biography; Moralities, either 'grave or ludicrous; domestic Travels; and Tracts on Trade.

Of a writer of voyages his *Robinson Crusoe* and *A new Voyage round the world, by a Course never sailed before*, have placed him above the hope of imitation, as in the former we are gratified by continually imagining the fiction to be a fact: in the *Voyage round the World*, we are pleased by constantly perceiving that the fact is a fiction which, by uncommon skill, is made more interesting than a genuine voyage. De Foe was studious to avoid that fault which most Voyagers fall into, viz. that, whatever success they had in the adventure they had very little in the narrations that are indeed full of the incidents of sailing, but have nothing of story for the use of readers who never intend to brave the dangers of the sea.

Of fictitious biography it is equally true; that, by matchless art, it may be made more instructive than a real life. Few writers have excelled De Foe in this kind of biographical narration, the great qualities of which are, to attract by the diversity of circumstances and at the same time to instruct by the usefulness of examples.

The moralities of De Foe, whether published in single volumes, or interspersed through many passages, must at last give him a superiority over the crowd of his contemporaries. The approbation which has been long given to his *Family Instructor* and his *Religious Courtship*, seem to contain the favourable decision of his countrymen. But there are other performances of his of this nature of

scarce inferior merit. His *Journal of the Plague in 1665*, is one of this kind. The author's artifice consists in fixing the readers attention by the deep distress of fellow-men; and by recalling the recollection to striking examples of morality, he endeavours to inculcate the uncertainty of life, and the usefulness of reformation. In, 1727 he published his *Treatise on the use and abuse of the marriage bed*. The Author had began this performance thirty years before; he delayed the publication, though it had been long finished in hopes of reformation. But being now grown old, and out of the reach of scandal, and despairing of amendment from a vicious age, he thought proper to close his days with this satire. He appealed to that Judge before whom he soon expected to appear, that as he had done it with an upright intention, so he had used his utmost endeavour to perform it in a manner, which was the least liable to reflection and the most answerable to the end of it—the reformation of the guilty. After such an appeal and such assertions, it will only remain to remark, that this is a most excellent work with an improper Title-page.

We are now to consider our Author's *Tours*. He published his travels through England in 1724 and 1725; and through Scotland, in 1727. De Foe was not one of those travellers who seldom quit the banks of the Thames. He had made wide excursions over all those countries with observant eyes and a vigorous intellect. The great artifice in these volumes consists in the frequent mention of such men and things as are always welcome to the reader's mind.

De Foe's commercial tracts are to be viewed lastly. Whether his fancy failed as old age advanced, I am unable to tell; but he certainly began, in 1726 to employ his pen more frequently on the real business of common life. He published in 1727, *The Complete English Tradesman*, directing him in the several parts of trade. A second ~~one~~ soon after followed, which was addressed chiefly

to the more experienced and opulent traders. In these treatises the tradesmen found many directions of business and many lessons of prudence. De Foe was not one of those writers, who consider private vices as public benefits: God forbid, he exclaims, that I should be understood to prompt the vices of the Age, in order to promote any practice of traffic: trade need not to be destroyed though vice were mortally wounded. With this salutary spirit he published in 1728, *A plan of the English Commerce*, which seems to be a conclusion to what he began in 1713.

De Foe, after innumerable labours in the literary world, died in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London, in April, 1731, at the age of 68. He left a widow, who did not long survive him, and six sons and daughters, whom he boasts of having educated as well as his circumstances would admit. He probably died insolvent, as it was discovered, by searching the books at Doctors Commons, that letters of administration on his goods and chattels were granted to Mary Brooke, widow, a creditrix in September 1733, after summoning, in official form, the next of kin to appear.

Our Author is described as a man of good parts and clear sense; of a conversation ingenious and brisk; of a spirit enterprising and bold, but of little prudence; with good nature and real honesty. Of his petty habits little can be said more than that he thus confessed himself, "God, I thank thee, I am not a drunkard, or a swearer, or a whore master, or a busy-body, or idle, or revengeful; and though this be true, and I challenge all the world to prove the contrary, yet, I must own, I see small satisfaction in all these negatives of common virtues; for though I have not been guilty of any of those vices, nor of any more, I have nothing to infer from thence, but *Te Deum laudamus*." He says himself—

Confession will anticipate reproach,
 He that reviles us then, reviles too much ;
 All satire ceases when the men repent,
 'Tis cruelty to lash the penitent.

When De Foe had arrived at sixty-five while he was encumbered with a family, and I fear, pinched with penury, Pope endeavoured, by repeated strokes to bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. This he did without propriety, and it is to be believed without provocation ; for our author is not in the black list of scribblers, who, by attempting to lessen the poet's fame, incited the poet's indignation. The offence and fate of De Foe and Bentley were nearly alike. Bentley would not allow the Translation to be Homer : De Foe had endeavoured to bring Milton into vogue seven years before the *Paradise Lost* and *Cherry Chace* had been criticised in the Spectators by Addison. Our Author had said in *More Reformation*.

Let this describe the nation's character,
 One man reads Milton, forty —————
 The case is plain, the temper of the time,
 One wrote the *lewd*, the other the *sublime*.

An enraged poet alone could have thrust into the *Dunciad*, Bentley, a proud scholar, Cibber, a brilliant wit, and De Foe, a happy genius. This was the consequence of exalting satire as the test of truth ; while truth ought to have been enthroned the test of satire. Yet it ought not to be forgotten, that De Foe has some sarcasm, in his *System of Magic*, which Pope might have deemed a daring invasion of his Rosicrucian territories.



DANIEL DE FOE.

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De Foe did not outlive his century, though he has outlived most of his contemporaries. Yet the time is come, when he must be acknowledged as one of the ablest, as he is one of the most captivating, writers, of which this island can boast. Before he can be admitted to this pre-eminence, he must be considered distinctly, as a poet, as a novelist, as a polemic, as a commercial writer, and as a grave historian.

As a poet we must look to the end of his effusions rather than to his execution, ere we can allow him considerable praise. To mollify national animosities, or to vindicate national rights, are certainly noble objects, which merit the vigour and imagination of Milton, or the flow and precision of Pope; but our Author's energy runs into harshness, and his sweetness is to be tasted in his prose more than in his poetry. If we regard the adventures of *Crusoe*, like the adventures of *Telemachus*, as a poem, his moral, his incidents, and his language, must lift him high on the poet's scale. His professed poems, whether we contemplate the propriety of sentiment, or the suavity of numbers, may indeed, without much loss of pleasure or instruction, be resigned to those, who, in imitation of Pope, poach in the fields of obsolete poetry for brilliant thoughts, felicities of phrase, or for happy rhymes.

As a novelist, every one will place him in the foremost rank, who considers his originality, his performance, and his purpose. *The Ship of Fools* had indeed been launched in early times; but, who like De Foe, had ever carried his reader to sea, in order to mend the heart, and regulate the practice of life, by shewing his readers the effects of adversity, or how they might equally be called to sustain his hero's trials, as they sailed round the world. But, without attractions, neither the originality, nor the end, can have any salutary consequence. This he had fore-

seen ; and for this he has provided, by giving his adventures in a style so pleasing, because it is simple, and so interesting, because it is particular, that every one fancies he could write a similar language. It was, then, idle in Boyer formerly, or in Smollet lately, to speak of De Foe as a *party writer*, in little estimation. The writings of no Author since have run through more numerous editions. And he whose works have pleased generally and pleased long, must be deemed a writer of no small estimation ; the people's verdict being the proper test of what they are the proper judges.

As a polemic, I fear we must regard our Author with less kindness, though it must be recollected, that he lived during a contentious period, when two parties distracted the nation, and writers indulged in great asperities. But, in opposition to reproach, let it ever be remembered, that he defended freedom, without anarchy ; that he supported toleration, without libertinism ; that he pleaded for moderation even amidst violence. With acuteness of intellect, with keenness of wit, with archness of diction, and pertinacity of design ; it must be allowed that nature had qualified, in a high degree, De Foe for a disputant. His polemical treatises, whatever might have been their attractions once, may now be delivered without reserve to those who delight in polemical reading. De Foe, it must be allowed, was a party-writer : But, were not Swift and Prior, Steel and Addison, Halifax and Bolingbroke, party-writers ? De Foe, being a party-writer upon settled principles, did not change with the change of parties ; Addison and Steel, Prior and Swift, connected as they were with persons, changed their note as persons were elevated or depressed.

As a commercial writer, De Foe is fairly intitled to stand in the foremost rank among his contemporaries

whatever may be their performances or their fame. Little would be his praise, to say of him, that he wrote on commercial legislation like Addison, who when he touches on trade, sinks into imbecility, without knowledge of fact, or power of argument. The distinguishing characteristics of De Foe, as a commercial disquisitor, are originality and depth. He has many sentiments with regard to traffic, which are scattered through his *Reviews*, and which I never read in any other book. His *Giving Alms no Charity* is a capital performance, with the exception of one or two thoughts about the abridgment of labour by machinery, which are either half formed or half expressed. Were we to compare De Foe with D'Avenant, it would be found, that D'Avenant has more detail from official documents; that De Foe has more fact from wider inquiry. D'Avenant is more apt to consider laws in their particular application; De Foe more frequently investigates commercial legislation in its general effects. From the publications of D'Avenant it is sufficiently clear, that he was not very regardful of means or very attentive to consequences; De Foe is more correct in his motives, and more salutary in his ends. But, as a commercial prophet De Foe must yield the palm to Child: who foreseeing from experience that men's conduct must finally be directed by their principles, foretold the colonial revolt: De Foe allowing his prejudices to obscure his sagacity, reprobated that suggestion, because he deemed interest a more strenuous prompter than enthusiasm. Were we however to form an opinion, not from special passages, but from whole performances, we must incline to De Foe, when compared with the ablest contemporary: we must allow him the preference, on recollection, that when he writes on commerce he seldom fails to insinuate some axiom of morals, or to inculcate some precept of religion.

As an historian, it will be found, that our Author had few equals in the English language, when he wrote. His Memoirs of a Cavalier shew how well he could execute the lighter narratives. His History of the Union evinces that he was equal to the higher department of historic composition. This is an account, of a single event, difficult indeed in its execution, but beneficial certainly in its consequences. With extraordinary skill and information, our Author relates, not only the event, but the transactions which preceded, and the effects which followed. He is at once learned and intelligent. Considering the factiousness of the age, his candour is admirable. His moderation is exemplary. And if he spoke of James I. as a tyrant, he only exercised the prerogative, which our historians formerly enjoyed, of casting obloquy on an unfortunate race, in order to supply deficiency of knowledge, of elegance, and of stile. In this instance De Foe allowed his prejudice to overpower his philosophy. If the language of his narrative want the dignity of the great historians of the current times, it has greater facility; if it be not always grammatical, it is generally precise; and if it be thought defective in strength, it must be allowed to excel in sweetness.



THE

Family Instructor.

PART I.

THE INTRODUCTION.

CATECHISING of children, and instructing them in the principles of the Christian religion, has been a practice in the church as antient as religion itself; and, besides the nature of the thing which requires it, was deduced from that strict injunction laid upon the children of Israel, Deut. vi. 7. "And thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children;" speaking of the laws and statutes which God then commanded Moses; and again, Deut. iv. 19. "But teach them to thy sons, and thy sons' sons."

It is not the design of this undertaking to give a list of authorities in Scripture for catechising and instructing of children, or the commendations and testimonies given there to those who did instruct their children in the knowledge and practice of religion. That eminent text is sufficient to this, being the blessed character given to Abraham from God himself: "I know Abraham (says the Lord, Gen. xviii. 19,) that he will command his children, and his household after him," &c.

But we live in an age that does not want so much to know their duty, as to practise it; not so much to be taught, as to be made obedient to what they have already learned; and therefore I shall take up no time in proving this matter to be a duty; there is hardly a wretch so hardened, but will readily acknowledge it. But we are, I say, arrived at a time in which men will frankly own a thing to be their duty which at the same time they dare omit the

practice of: and innumerable arts, shifts, and turns, they find out to make that omission easy to themselves, and excusable to others.

One part of this work is pointed at such, if possible, to make them blush at their unaccountable rashness, and to shame them out of such a sordid inconsistent course, as that of living in the allowed omission of what they acknowledge to be their duty.

The way I have taken for this is entirely new, and at first perhaps it may appear something odd, and the method may be contemned. But let such blame their own more irregular tempers, that must have every thing turned into new models, must be touched with novelty, and have their fancies humoured with the dress of a thing; so that if it be what has been said over and over a thousand times, yet if it has but a different coloured coat, or a new feather in its cap, it pleases and wins upon them; whereas the same truths, written in the divinest style in the world, would be flat, stale, and unpleasant, without it.

If, then, after all the pains which have been taken by ministerial labour and instruction, and by the pressing exhortation and moving arguments of eminent divines, even of all opinions, in their writings on this subject, this mean and familiar method should by its novelty prevail, this will be a happy undertaking, and at the same time be no reproach at all to the labours of others.

In the pursuit of this book, care is taken to avoid distinction of opinions as to the church of England, or Dissenters; and no offence can be taken here either on the one side or the other. As I hope both are Christians, so both are treated here as such; and the advice impartially directed to both, without the least distinction.

If those who call themselves Christians and Protestants will not instruct their children and servants, here they will find their children and servants instructing them, and reproving them too; and both they and their children may here meet with instructions together.



The father represented here, appears knowing enough; but seems to be one of those professing Christians who acknowledge God in their mouths, yet take no effectual care to honour him with their practice; that live in a round of religion, as a thing of course; have not the power of godliness, nor much of the form; a kind of negative Christian, a God-I-thank-thee Pharisee; sound in knowledge, but negligent in conversation; orthodox in opinion, but heterodox in practice. And that I have found out such a person, is to signify, that let him be where he will, and who he will, this work is calculated to reprove and admonish him.

The mother here represented, is likewise a formal, loose living Christian, a Protestant professor of religion without the practice of it; but yet she is a professor, one that knows how to talk of religion, and makes a show to belong to it. But, alas, for the rest! the consequence will appear in the book, in which I doubt a great many may see their own pictures drawn. May the sight of it have the same healing, convincing efficacy as appears upon the persons here, whose story is therefore brought for an example to them.

May they see it, and blush, like the father here mentioned; like him, may they be ashamed of their likeness: may they see it, and, like him, effectually reform the dreadful practice. This would completely answer the end and the design of the author of this book, and rejoice the hearts of all serious Christians in the nation.

The child who is here made the inquirer, has no questions put into his mouth but what are natural and rational, consistent with principle, and, as near as could be, are such as are proper even to a child: none but what the author wishes every body would put seriously to themselves as often as they look about them in the world, and none but what even a child is capable to inquire into. The author has endeavoured to produce the questions with an air of mere nature, innocence, and childhood; yet such as, being

naturally adapted to the general state of things, may be apposite and direct: such as being the mere product of the most common reasonings, and even the understandings of children, a child's understanding may justly be supposed to have proposed them.

Though much of the story is historical, and might be made appear to be true in fact; yet the author, resolving not to give the least hint that should lead to persons, has been obliged to leave it uncertain to the reader, whether it be a history or a parable; believing it may be either way adapted to the sincere design; which is (1) to reprove those parents who neglect the instruction of their children; and (2) to direct young persons in their first reflections, guiding them to inquire about themselves, their original, their state, their progress in this world, the reason of their being born into it, their passing out of it, and, which is the main cogitation, their condition beyond it.

The method is new, as is said above, but perhaps may be the more pleasing. Any thing, or any method, if we may but bring the main end to pass, viz. to bring young and old to set earnestly and heartily about the great work of serving, glorifying, and obeying the God that made them.

The child is supposed to come up to such years as to be thinking and inquiring, suppose about five or six years old; and as nature is always prompting the soul to be searching after something which it did not know before, so that inquisitive temper is in some sedater than in others. However, our little child asks but very little of his father but what a child of that age may be very capable of asking.

The scene of this little action is not laid very remote, or the circumstances obscure. The father, walking in a field behind his garden, finds one of his children wandered out, all alone, under a row or walk of trees, sitting upon a little rising ground by itself, looking about, and mighty busy, pointing this way and that way, sometimes up and sometimes down, and sometimes to itself: so that the father, coming unperceived pretty near, found the little creature



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very busy about something, he could not tell what; when the father, after much observation, and some surprise, discovering himself, asks the child what he was doing, and so sits down by him; which question begins

THE FIRST DIALOGUE.

I was looking up there (says the child, pointing up in the air.)

Fath. Well, and what did you point thither for, and then point to the ground, and then to yourself afterwards? what was that about?

Child. I was a wondering, father.

Fath. At what, my dear?

Child. I was wondering what place that is.

Fath. That is the air, the sky.

Child. And what is beyond that, father?

Fath. Beyond, my dear; why, above it all there is heaven.

Child. Who lives there, father? My nurse talks of heaven sometimes, and says God is in heaven. Is that the place up there?

Fath. Yes, my dear.

Child. Why, father, does God dwell there? Sure it is a fine place. How do we know that he dwells there? Have you been there, father?

Fath. No, my dear; but we know it two ways. 1. The scriptures tell us heaven is his throne; that he has spoken from heaven, and has been seen come down from heaven; and the Son of God was seen to ascend into heaven. 2. Besides, child, he made heaven for his eternal habitation; and the making of, and preserving all things, is a token of his being, and of his being God.

Child. But, dear father, my nurse tells me that God made me too; and that was it I was pointing to myself about. If God made me, how did I come from thence hither, father? I was a wondering, for it is a huge way.

Fath. Child, God made you by the course of nature. Having made the whole world at first, and all the things therein, he gave a command, and with that command gave a power, to nature to grow and increase. By virtue of that command, every thing increases, and every creature is produced by its own kind. But at first all was made by his infinite power who made the whole world.

Child. Why father, did God make all those creatures we see about us, this grass, and the trees, and these cows and horses, and the dogs and cats, and every thing?

Fath. Yes, my dear; he “made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is,” as you read in your commandments, child.

Child. And what a creature am I, father? I an’t like them; I can speak; they can’t speak, father.

Fath. No, child, you are not like them. God has made you a rational creature, and given you a soul.

Child. A soul, father! what is that?

Fath. It is a part of his own image stamped upon you, and the breath of an invisible power, by which you can think of things to come, and remember things past; reflect, argue, and know both yourself and him that made you.

Child. Why, dear father, cannot the horses and cows do so too?

Fath. No, child, not at all.

Child. Why, has he made me a better creature than they?

Fath. Yes, he has, and has given them to you for food and service. Don’t you see that we eat them, and ride upon them, and the like?

Child. I am glad I am made a better creature than they. I’d thank him for it, if I knew how. Should I not do so, father?

Fath. Indeed you should, child.

Child. But you never told me so before, father, as I remember.



Fath. Not so often as I should have done, child; but remember it now, my dear [and kisses him].

Child. So I will—But how must I thank him for it, father?

Fath. You must pray to him to bless you, child, and then give thanks to him for your creation and preservation.

Child. Do you do so, father?

Fath. Yes, child.

Child. O, ho; because I never heard you do so, father.

Fath. Well, but you have been taught.

Child. Yes, my mother and my nurse taught me to say my prayers; but I don't see a word there that thanks God for making me a boy, not a horse or a cow, or giving me a soul, father.

Fath. But it is included, child, when in the beginning of your prayers you say, "Our Father"—For God is a father in giving you a soul, as well as a creator in making your body.

Child. But may I not say so in my prayers, then?

Fath. Yes, child, if you were taught.

Child. Indeed I can say that without teaching; sure I can thank God for giving me a soul, and making me better than the horses and the cows, without my nurse. I wish I had known it sooner, father. Won't God be angry that I never thanked him for it yet?

Fath. I hope not, child, since you did not know it.

Child. Dear father, won't God be angry with you that you never told me before?

Fath. Indeed he has reason.

Child. Dear father, why did not you tell me?

[Here the child cries, and the father blushes, or at least ought to have done so.]

Fath. Well, child, do not cry: come, take care you thank God for it, now you do know it.

Child. Indeed I'll thank him for it; for my heart jumps within me, to think he has made me better than other creatures.

Fath. My dear child!

[The father is moved with the child's expression, and kisses him.]

Child. But, dear father, if God should be angry with me for thanking him, will he not take this soul away again, and turn me into a horse or a cow?

Fath. No, child; God does not punish that way. It is true, God may take away the use of it, take away the reason, or the speech, or the senses, and leave you in some kind worse than if you had no soul at all; he may do all these things, and more.

Child. Then should not I, when I say my prayers, remember to pray, that God would not be angry that I never thanked him for it before?

Fath. Your nurse will teach you to do so.

Child. Indeed, father, I'll do that, whether my nurse teaches me or no. Sure, if God made me, I may pray to him not to be angry with me. If you were angry with me, father, I don't want my nurse to teach me to come and say, My dear father, do not be angry. Besides, if God has made me so much better than other things, won't he teach me to thank him for it?

Fath. I hope he will, child.

Child. But, dear father, wherefore has God made me better than other creatures? Had he not some reason for doing so?

Fath. No reason, child, on thy side.

Child. But does not God expect then that I should do something that the cows and horses cannot do? Is there not something for me to do for it?

Fath. Yes; indeed there is, child.

Child. What is that, father? for I have been wondering what my business is in this world, as well as how I came hither. What am I to do here?



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Fath. You are to live here to the glory of him that made you.

Child. How's that, father?

Fath. You must fear God, and keep his commandments.

Child. What, the ten commandments, father?

Fath. Yes, my dear.

Child. Truly, if God has made me, and made me better than the rest of his creatures, and take away from me, as you said, father, all that he has given me, and make me worse than the cows and horses, sure I should do what he commands me.

Fath. That's true, child.

Child. But mayn't I do more than that? Mayn't I love him too, father? for sure he loves me, or else he would not have made me so, and given me all this.

Fath. Yes, child, you must love him too.

Child. But, father, that is not in my commandments; won't God be angry with me if I should love him?

Fath. No, child, to obey God, and to fear God, is to love God; for to fear him as your father, and to serve him as your father, is to fear him and to serve him as a child; and that is to love him. Don't you love me, my dear?

Child. Yes, dear father.

Fath. Why do you do what I bid you? and why do you cry when I am angry with you?

Child. Because I love you, dear father.

Fath. So, if you fear God, and serve God as your father and as his child, that is, loving him; for "they that love him keep his commandments."

Child. Indeed I think it need not be put into my commandments; for sure when we know what he has done for us, to make us souls, and not make us like the horses and cows, we must needs love him. Don't you love him, father?

Fath. Yes, my dear.

Child. And do not every body else love him, father?

Fath. No, child; a great many wicked children, and wicked people, don't love him.

Child. And has he given them souls too, father, and made them better than the beasts, as he has done for me?

Fath. Yes, child.

Child. But sure they do not know it then?

Fath. They do not think of it as thou dost, my dear.

Child. It may be their fathers and mothers never told them of it, father, as you do me now.

Fath. They don't so much as they should, nor so soon as they should.

Child. I wish you had told me of it sooner, father.

Fath. I hope 'tis not too late now, child.

Child. But, father, if these wicked children do not love God, nor thank God, for giving them souls, and making them better creatures than the horses and cows, is not God angry with them for it?

Fath. Yes, my dear, God is very angry with them.

Child. But why does he not take away their souls again, and turn them into horses and cows, or take away the use of their reason, and leave them worse than the beasts, as you said he could do, father? Sure God is not angry with them at all.

Fath. Yes, my dear, God is angry with them for all that; he lets them go on; sometimes till they amend and repent, and turn to God again, and then he forgives them; other times he lets them go on, and grow worse, and punishes them for all together at last.

Child. That's a sad thing, father; sure God is very angry when he lets them go on, and takes no care of them, father, isn't he?

Fath. Yes, indeed, it is a sign of his severest anger when he lets them go on, and does not punish them till the last; for it is a signal that he has no thought of mercy in store for them.

Child. And when God leaves them so, are they not sorry for it, father?



Fath. No, no; they always grow worse and worse, till they grow mere reprobates, and hardened against him that made them.

Child. They are sad folks indeed. But, father, does not God destroy them at last?

Fath. He does worse, child; he punishes them everlastingly in hell.

Child. Dear father, don't let me make God angry with me, as they do; won't you tell me what I must do to save me from God's being angry?

Fath. Yes, I will, child.

Child. But you never did yet, father? I am afraid he is angry with me already: for I am almost six years old, and never thanked him, nor loved him, nor feared him, nor nothing, father: he has let me alone, and has let me go on, just as you say he does the wicked folks; I am sure he must be angry with me, and he will punish me everlastingly in hell, as you said, father. O what must I do?

[Here conviction works in the child, the child weeps.]

Fath. Why, child, did you not do all this?

Child. Dear father, I never knew what God was, or what he had done for me; you never told me a word of him in all my life till now! I never heard you pray to him in all my life! I know nothing of him! How should I, father?

Fath. But, child, your nurse and your mother taught you that God made you.

Child. Yes; but they never told me what God was, and what he had done for me, and what I was to do again. I thought nothing, not I, father; I lived just as I saw you live, father; I never prayed to God in all my life, father.

Fath. Why, child, did not your mother teach you to say your prayers every night and morning?

Child. Yes, father, I said the prayers over, but I never thought a word what they meant; I only said them by rote. Sure God does not take notice of that; does he; father? If he does, our parrot can pray as well as I.

Fath. True, child, God requires the heart, and regards no prayers but what the heart joins in.

Child. You say, I may pray to God for what I want, and I may thank him for making me, and for making me better than the horses and cows.

Fath. Yes, I do say so.

Child. But, father, am I to do nothing else? Did God make me for nothing? Have I no other business now I am made? What do other folks do that are made as I am?

Fath. Yes, child, you are made to serve him. You know your catechism.

Child. What's that, the questions and answers my nurse taught me?

Fath. Yes, the questions and answers. There you are told, your business here is to serve God.

Child. Dear father, did God make me to serve him?

Fath. Yes, child, he made you to serve him.

Child. And do you serve him, father? What is it to serve him? how must I do it? I would fain serve him; because he has made me, and made me better than the horses and cows.

[Here the father weeps, and, speaking to himself with a sigh, says, Lord, how this child is made to sting my soul to the quick! God knows, I have neither served him, nor taught this dear little creature to do it, as I should have done.]

[The father was so struck with the child's question, viz. Do you serve him, father? that he gives no present answer; and the little inquisitive creature goes on again.]

Child. Dear father, may not I be taught how to serve God?

Fath. Yes, my dear.

Child. Will you teach me, father?

Fath. Yes, child.

Child. Why, you never did it yet, father: may be, I ben't big enough yet; when shall I be big enough, father? when I am a man?



Fath. You may learn to serve God, though you are a child.

Child. Does my brother know how to serve God, father? He is a great boy, and I never saw you teach him. Can you teach me, father?

Fath. God will teach you himself, child.

Child. God teach me himself! How can that be?

Fath. He has many ways of teaching, child, viz. by his word, his ministers, and his Spirit.

Child. What are they, father? you said just now, you would teach me.

Fath. I may teach you too, child; but the word of God is given to teach you; ministers are sent to instruct by that word; and parents are ministers of God to instruct their families and children; and the Spirit of God is given to seal the instruction, and make it effectual.

Child. Do the fathers teach their children?

Fath. It is their duty to do so.

Child. And be they ministers to their families?

Fath. So far as to instruct and teach their children, they are, my dear.

Child. And when will you be a minister, father, that I may be instructed how to serve God?

Fath. My dear, I am so much a minister at any time.

Child. I wonder.

Fath. What do you wonder at, my dear?

Child. Dear father, you say the fathers are to teach their children, and are ministers to their families, and you are a minister, and yet I was never taught. I wonder what all this is; for I have never been taught any thing, but to play, and sing the songs my nurse teaches me, and read in my sister's song book.

Fath. Well, my dear, you shall not want teaching.

Child. Will you teach me to serve God, father?

Fath. Yes, my dear.

Child. I am glad of it; I would fain serve God, father; for I love him already dearly.

[Conviction of sin thus working up to a love to God, a fear of God, and a desire of serving God, which is holiness, may be very well allowed here to be an appearance of converting grace in the heart of a little one.]

[The father takes notice of it as such.]

Fath. That's a true principle to begin to serve God from, my dear; for God accepts no fear but what is founded in our love to him; pray, then; my dear, that he will increase your love to him, that you may serve him acceptably.

Child. But, dear father, you say God dwells up there in heaven; how can he hear what I say? I can't speak loud enough to be heard so far; and then, though God could hear me, how does he know when I speak as my heart means?

Fath. Yes, child, God can hear and know, for he is infinite.

Child. What is that, father?

Fath. Why, child, it takes in all the attributes of God.

Child. I don't know these hard words, father. Pray, who is God, and what is he? Can't you tell me, father, so as I may understand it?

Fath. It is very hard to give a description of God to thy understanding, my dear.

Child. And that is the reason you never said any thing of him to me, father; is it not? Must not I know who God is till I am a man, father?

Fath. Yes, child; the scripture says, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Child. But, dear father, how shall I remember him? I never heard any thing of him, you never told me a word of him yet; may be I an't a youth yet; I long to be a youth, father; then you'll tell me who God is, that I may remember him, father, won't you?

Fath. Dear child! you ought to have been told who God is before now; indeed I have neglected to instruct thee as I ought to have done; but I'll tell thee now, my dear.



Child. Isn't it too late, father? O why would you neglect it, father? Was you angry with me, and would not instruct me, father? What if God should let me go now, and punish me everlastingly, as you said? I wish you had not neglected it, father.

Fath. No, child, it is not too late, as you shall know by and by.

Child. Tell me then, father, what is God? I would fain know God. Can't I see him? To be sure I should know him if I could see him.

Fath. No, child, you cannot see him: "No mortal eye hath seen God at any time."

Child. How shall I know then what he is?

Fath. You must know God by the scriptures, by reading and by meditating on the revelation he has given of himself there; you must read of him in your Bible.

Child. But, father, I can't know him by reading my book; I have read my book often, but I know nothing about God: can't you tell me what God is, father?

Fath. No words can express his being, or describe him.

Child. How shall I know then by reading, father?

Fath. I mean, child, no words can express it fully; but the Spirit of God expounds the word of God to us, and by that Spirit he teaches us the knowledge of himself.

Child. But you can tell me something of him, father? You say he dwells up there: what is he like, father?

Fath. God is one, infinite, eternal, incomprehensible, invisible being; the first cause of all things; the giver of life and being to all things; existing prior, and therefore superior to all things; infinitely perfect, great, holy, just, wise, and good.

Child. These are hard words, father; how shall I understand them? What do you mean by the word infinite, for I see you put that in among the rest over and over?

Fath. Why, child, infinite is a word to signify something beyond all that is known, and can only be described in thought; and these thoughts only describe it by acknow-

ledging that they cannot describe it. But thus much you may understand by it :—That which was before all things, and shall continue after them ; that he hath power to make all things, and the same power preserves and maintains all things, and at last will put all things to an end. Of the particulars, you may understand thus : that he is infinitely great, signifies, that he has made thee, my dear, and all the people in the world ; that he is infinitely wise, signifies, that he knows every thought in the heart, and that implies, that he hears every word that is spoken, and sees every action that is done, though ever so secret ; that he is infinitely holy and just, signifies, that he hates all that is evil, and will punish it ; that he is infinitely good, signifies, that he loves every good action, and will reward it ; that he is infinitely powerful, signifies, that all other powers move and act by him ; “ for by him we live, and move, and have our being.” Dost thou know him, child, by this description ?

Child. I am wondering ! father, I don't say I know, but I wonder ! I am afraid, I tremble ! father, sure God is very dreadful !

Fath. He is so, child.

Child. Does he ever speak, father ? Can't I hear him speak ?

Fath. His voice is terrible, and is a consuming fire. thou canst not hear him speak, my dear.

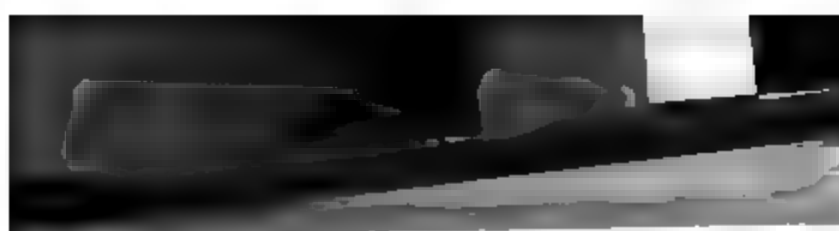
Child. My nurse said, father, that when it thundered, it was God spoke. What is the thunder and lightning, father ? Is that God ?

Fath. No, my dear, it is the work of God, as all the rest of the creation is his work, but no otherwise ; the voice of God is compared to thunder, indeed, but God speaks to us in another kind of voice than that.

Child. What voice is that, father ?

Fath. The voice of the gospel, and the voice of his creatures.

Child. What is that, father ? I never heard it ; may I



hear that voice? I would fain hear God speak, father; for I would do what he bids me, and never make him angry.

Fath. The gospel is the word of God, the message of life sent from heaven, revealed in the scriptures, and preached by his servants, the ministers; this is the voice I mean, child.

Child. I don't understand it, father.

Fath. Why the Bible is the word of God, it was dictated by the inspiration of the Spirit of God; when you read in the Bible, you are to believe that God speaks to you in the words you read; this is his voice.

Child. Why! doth God speak to me when I read my book, father?

Fath. Yes, my dear.

Child. But then, what if I do not understand it? then it is nothing to me; how shall I do to know what I read?

Fath. You shall be taught, my dear.

Child. Who should teach me; won't God make me understand what he says when I read my book?

Fath. Indeed I should have taught thee, my dear, that is true.

[The Lord pardon me, I have too much neglected it, says the father aside; and turning away his head, cannot refrain tears.]

Child. Dear father, tell me, what does my book say? what shall I learn there of God?

Fath. You will learn that God is from the beginning, and to the end; from everlasting to everlasting; has created all things, and knows all things.

Child. Knows all things! that's strange, father; does God know all things?

Fath. Yes, my dear.

Child. If God knows all things, he knows how old I am, and that all this while I never thought of him, nor served him, and never knew any thing of him till now; and he knows father, you never told me any thing of him before

now: sure he is very angry, and will punish me; what must I do?

Here the child weeps again.]

Fath. But God is merciful too.

Child. What is that, father?

Fath. Why, to those that repent of their sins past, and reform their lives, he is merciful; that is, upon their repentance he forgives them, for the sake of Jesus Christ, and is reconciled to them, as though they had not sinned against him.

Child. Jesus Christ! father, who is that?

Fath. He is God.

Child. Why, father, you said, God was one first being, is there more Gods than one? is there two firsts? my commandments say there is but one God.

Fath. No, child, there is but one God; yet Jesus Christ is essentially God, though in a second person; he is God co-equal, co-eternal, that is the same in being, nature, and attributes; "God manifested in the flesh," sent from heaven to redeem a lost world.

Child. I don't understand a word of all that, father; what does it mean?

Fath. Why, child, you are to understand, that when the first man and the first woman in the world were created, God having made a covenant or agreement of holiness and life with them, and in them, with all that should be born of them, they broke that covenant, and so involved all their posterity in their guilt, the punishment of which was eternal death: but God, who as I told you, child, was infinitely good, though provoked utterly to destroy the whole race for that sin, and being under the engagement of that covenant to do it, yet, in the mere operation of his own goodness, determined to recover sinful men from the gulf of death: to make this adequate or suitable to his own infinite justice and holiness, he incarnated, by a miraculous birth, the divine nature into the human, and caused this blessed conjunction to appear in the world in the likeness of sinful



flesh; so being infinite God on the one hand, and man on the other, he became capable of being a complete sacrifice for the satisfaction of God's justice; and afterwards suffering the divine wrath, made peace for us by the blood of his cross; was crucified, dead, and buried, as you say in your creed, rose again, is ascended into heaven, sits at the right hand of power, and shall come again to judge us all: and this, child, is called our Saviour, the Son of God, and is indeed God himself.

Child. I don't know how to understand all this, father.

Fath. You must understand it gradually, my dear, a little at a time; you can understand this, that we are all under the sentence of death for the first man's sin: "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin," Rom. v. 12.

Child. That is a strange thing, father! what, are we all condemned to suffer for that man's transgression?

Fath. The scripture is plain in it—"By the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation," Rom, v. 18.

Child. But, father, you said just now, God would be reconciled to me, if I repented, and was sorry for my sins.

Fath. Yes, child, I did so.

Child. But how can that be, when you say I shall be condemned for another man's transgression?

Fath. It is very plain, that the effect of that man's first sin is a corrupt taint which we all bring into the world with us, and which we find upon our nature, by which we find a natural propensity in us to do evil, and no natural inclination to do good; and this we are to mourn ever, and lament, as the fountain of sin, from whence all our wicked actions do proceed; and this is called indwelling sin.

Child. Have I this in me, father?

Fath. Yes, child; did you not say, how should you do this, or that, for you were not taught? you can be a naughty boy without teaching, to sin is natural. But you must be instructed and laboured with to be a good child. "To will,

is present with me, but how to perform that which is good, I know not; in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing," Rom. vii. 18.

Child. What will become of me then, father, if I was wicked when I was born?

Fath. This, my dear, is that which I named Jesus Christ for.

Child. Why, what will he do for me?

Fath. He will deliver thee from this body of death :—
"Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through [or for] Jesus Christ our Lord," Rom. vii. 24, 25.

Child. How can he do this?

Fath. "He hath delivered us from the curse of the law, by being made a curse for us;" and whereas we are no able to perform any thing, he hath "fulfilled all righteousness for us, [if we believe in him;] for being justified by faith, we have peace with God; and so as by the disobedience of one man, many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one, [Christ] shall many be made righteous," Rom. v. 19.

Child. But, father, will Jesus Christ answer for me for that first transgression, and take away the sentence you say I was under? for if he does not, I am undone; to be sure I can't do it myself.

Fath. Yes, my dear, "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," as well of nature, as of life; "and there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus," Rom. viii. 1.

Child. And now we are all saved again by this new Saviour's satisfaction; an't we, father?

Fath. No, child, not all! We cannot say all are saved, but all those who are saved, are so saved, viz. by the satisfaction of the blessed Redeemer, being chosen from eternity by the mere grace and good-will of God; to whom, after they come into the world, God of the same grace gives repentance and faith, sanctifies and justifies them,



and then accepts them for the sake of the Saviour of the world.

Child. So there are none saved, but such as God has chose again out of the rest?

Fath. We have no warrant to say any other are saved, and yet we dare not say who shall not be saved.

Child. But who then are they that are chosen, father? don't you know their names?

Fath. No, child, God has left that uncertain to us.

Child. But, dear father, I would fain know if my name be among them; for what will become of me, if I should not be one of them?

Fath. I hope you are, child: God has not let us know who are shut out, but by shutting out themselves.

Child. But is there no way to know, father?

Fath. Why, child, it may be presumptively known by this, that since to all that God has thus chosen, he, by his Spirit, gives faith and repentance, sanctification in heart, and justification of person, whoever the Spirit of God worketh this faith and repentance in, have a very good assurance that they are not in the number: "the Spirit witnessing with their spirits, that they are the children of God," Rom. viii. 16.

Child. But how shall I know if I have faith and repentance? what are they, father? I never heard of them in my life: you never told me a word of them before.

Fath. Repentance, child, is a sense of, and sincere sorrow for sin, in all its parts, as well original, as actual; and this sorrow must be always attended with a sincere desire of pardon and sanctification, and earnest endeavours after reformation and amendment. And faith, child, is a fiducial, filial confidence in the promises of God, and consequently in God himself; thereby humbly realizing, and appropriating to ourselves, the whole purchase of the death of Jesus Christ, with a relying upon his merits, resting on him, and adhering to him for life and salvation.

Child. I shall never remember all this, father, how did

you come to remember it? did your father only tell it to you, as you do me? are there no books to teach me? if not, won't you write it down for me, father? you know I can read.

Fath. It is all written down already, child, and you have it every word in your Bible.

Child. I do remember something, father, of Adam and Eve; were they the folks that sinned first?

Fath. Yes, child, and han't you read of Jesus Christ?

Child. Yes, father, but I do not understand a word of him, nobody ever taught me; besides, I have heard my brother cry, O Jesus! and O Christ! at his play, and nurse chide him for it, and said it was a naughty word.

Fath. Your brother is a naughty boy, and should be whipt when he uses those words.

Child. Who should whip him, father, you don't?

Fath. But I shall, if I hear him say so again.

Child. But why, father, if Jesus Christ be God, how is it a naughty word?

Fath. It is a naughty, profane thing, to name his name on slight occasions; that name should only be named with fear and reverence, and, on a serious occasion, as we use it now, my dear: your commandments say, you must not take the Lord's name in vain; that is, upon common occasions, such as passion, play, imprecation, profane cursing, swearing, and the like.

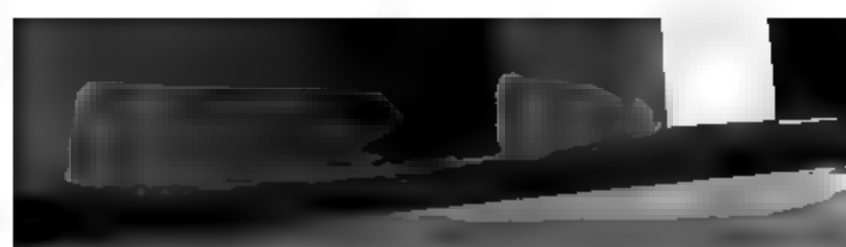
Child. But who is this Jesus Christ, father? I have never heard any thing of him before, but only by his name.

Fath. He is "God manifested in the flesh," and the Son of God sent down from heaven to die for sinners, and to save us from eternal death.

[Here the child is silent, and tears fall from its eyes.]

Fath. Don't cry, my dear, why dost thou cry?

Child. I must cry, dear father, there is something bids me cry! I cannot tell what you say at all, father; but my heart beats, I am affrighted,—die for sinners! Jesus Christ



Dial. I.] THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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God! God, and yet die! and die for sinners! what is all this? am I a sinner?

Fath. Yes, my dear, all of us are sinners.

Child. What, and did God die for me? Jesus Christ die for me!

[The child trembles and cries; the father weeps too, and kisses it, moved to see the Spirit of God visibly working in the heart of the little creature.]

Fath. Yes, my dear, and will save thee, I hope: for he is thy Redeemer.

Child. Then God is not angry with me for my fault in not knowing of him sooner?

Fath. No, my dear, he is reconciled by Jesus Christ, who died to bring thee to God, to make peace for thee by the blood of his cross, and procure pardon for all thy faults.

Child. How does he do it?

Fath. He gives repentance and remission. Have you not read in your Bible of repentance, my dear?

Child. I don't know, I believe I have; but nobody told me any thing what it is, and I do not remember, father: is all that in my book too?

Fath. Yes, my dear, I will show it thee there, and explain it to thee: thou shalt not want teaching any longer, if thou wilt but learn.

Child. Indeed I'll learn it, father, with all my heart: shall I know what God is, and what Jesus Christ is, if I learn my book, father?

Fath. Yes, child, all that I have told thee, and a great deal more is there, my dear; and you must read the Bible, and there you will learn it all.

Child. Did you learn it all there, father?

Fath. Yes, my dear.

Child. But did your father never show you where to find it, and tell you what it meant? for I have read a deal in that book, father; but I never knew what it meant, and you never showed it me, father: you know it was not my fault; dear father; was it? you know I am but a child.

Fath. Do that, child! the Spirit of God is God, and therefore can do all things. But it is the peculiar work of the Spirit in this case. The Spirit is your sanctifier; it is the light of your path; it works faith and gives repentance; it puts every good thing into you, and works every good work for you: it gives a saving efficacy to every ordinance, and it brings you to Christ, to rely on him for salvation; he brings you to God the Father, whose acceptance in Christ is your life.

Child. And will this Spirit be had by praying to God for it?

Fath. Yes, child; for you cannot pray to God in faith without the help of the Spirit; and when the Spirit works in you a disposition to pray, it cannot but answer its own image, and the breathings of the soul, which itself has created: "for the longing soul shall be satisfied."

Child. But, father, you say the Spirit of God has given the word, which you say is the Bible, for my teaching; and yet you say the Spirit teaches: what, do they both teach the same thing?

Fath. Child, the Bible is your rule of life. Though the Spirit is the secret instructor, the scripture is the key of instruction. There you are to learn how God is to be worshipped: how to order your conversation aright: how to perform your duty, and "what it is the Lord thy God requires of thee." There you have an historical account of the whole world: of its creation, the fall, the first condemnation of it to a general deluge, typical of the great deluge of God's wrath, which shall drown all ungodly men for ever. There you have the history of God's church, from the beginning to the fulness of the time, and the fulfilling Old Testament types, and Old Testament promises. There you have the history of our Saviour, of his miraculous conception and birth, holy life, wondrous doctrine, stupendous miracles; his death, passion, resurrection, and glorious ascension. There you have an account of the first mission of the Holy Ghost, and at last the whole doctrine of the



gospel of truth founded on the redemption purchased by Christ. There you have the whole mystery of godliness unfolded; the great wonder of wonders! the immortal to die! and the eternal to begin! the great destruction of sin, the condemnation of the devil, and the salvation of the world. All this is to be seen in the Bible: which being the word of God, you are to read it with reverence, regard it with faith as the word of God, and obey it as your rule.

Child. And to pray for the Spirit to help me to do so, must I not, father? for you told me I could not believe or understand it without the Spirit to assist me.

Fath. That is true, child.

Child. But, father, are you sure that the Bible is the word of God?

Fath. Yes, child, very sure of it.

Child. And that the Spirit of God can only teach us to understand it?

Fath. Yes, child.

Child. Why, don't the ministers understand it, and teach folks to understand it? What do they go to church for?

Fath. The ministers are called ministers of the word, that is, expounders of the scriptures; and the preaching of the gospel is one of the ordinary means, as the reading of the word is another, by which the blessed Spirit of God instructs the hearts of his people, and turns them to himself. Reading the word written, that is, the Bible, and hearing the word preached, that is, the sermons preached by God's ministers, are the common methods appointed, by which the knowledge of God is conveyed to us.

Child. Then I must go to church, and hear the ministers preach, as well as read the Bible?

Fath. Yes, child.

Child. Why, father, my mother has carried me to church a great many times; but I thought I was carried there only to show my new coat, and my fine hat. I don't know what the man said, when I went.

Fath. But you were a naughty boy then: you should

have minded what he said; you were not carried there to show your fine clothes.

Child. Why, father, I thought so; for when it rained, and I could not wear my best clothes, my mother would not let me go out; or when the wind blowed the powder out of my hair, my mother would not let me go. And I heard you say, father, last Sunday, that you could not go to church, because the barber had not brought your new perriwig home: and another Sunday, for want of a pair of gloves, you stayed at home, and played with me all Sunday long, or lay down on the couch to sleep. I thought father, I had gone thither for nothing but to show my fine clothes.

Fath. No, child, there is other work to be done there.

Child. What, father, to remember what fine clothes other folks have on, is not that it? I know my sisters go to church, and they do nothing but look about them, to see how every body is dressed; and when they come home, my mother and they, you know, father, take up the whole night in telling one another what every body had on: and they do it so well, I wondered, father, and I thought I'd try if I could do so too: but I could not remember half of it.

Fath. They might have been better employed, my dear.

Child. What, my mother? Indeed, father, I thought it had been all they went for; and I could not think any thing else, you know, when my mother did so too. I am sure my mother would not have done so, if it had not been good: for 'tis my dear mother, and I love her dearly; and I am sure she would not do a naughty thing.

[O see here the mischief of evil examples in parents.]

Fath. Well, child, thou wilt know better in time. The business of going to church is quite of another nature. It is to hear the word of God expounded and preached; and it is hearing for thy life. It is a duty in the ministers to preach: they were first sent by our Saviour himself, who appointed apostles and prophets for the work of the ministry, and gave them their errand in his command, "Go,



preach the gospel to every creature :” and it is a duty to us to hear, and to hear diligently, and not to forsake assembling ourselves together.

Child. Why, father, you seldom go yourself. It is only for little boys to learn then, is it ?

Fath. No, child, it is every one’s duty to hear the word preached, and to mix it with faith in the hearing.

Child. Then you will let me go to church : won’t you, father ? for sometimes my mother won’t let me go to church, if it be but a little ill weather, and if a little wind does but blow : and if God requires me to go, and my mother won’t let me, what must I do ? Won’t God be angry with me for not going to hear his word preached ?

Fath. If your mother won’t let you go, then, child, it is none of your fault.

Child. But will not God be angry with my mother, dear father, for not letting me go ? that’s all one.

Fath. Well, child, be not troubled at that : thou shalt go to church every day, and not be hindered. Come, my dear, thou wilt catch cold to be so long out ; let us go home to your mother.

The father, as may be well imagined, warmed with the various thoughts that occurred to him upon this surprising discourse, was willing to get the child away, that he might give vent to his own mind : and bringing the child in, walks out again, till he was got to retirement, and then breaks out in a most passionate manner upon himself, giving full vent to convictions in such a manner as this :

“ What an ungrateful creature have I been to the goodness and bounty of God ! that goodness and bounty which have given me so much advantage, and so many ways to glorify him and honour him in the world, and to whom I owe my life, my being, and well-being in the world ! And how has God reproved me in this little dear creature !

“ Wretch that I am ! how I have lived as without God in the world, and in my family ! that I have not so much as told my children who made them, or let them know or

guess, by my behaviour, that there is such a thing as a God in the world, or that any worship is due to a sovereign Almighty Being! How has the little lamb complained to me, that he has never heard me pray to God in all his life! and it is but too true! How did it reproach me when I spoke to it of Jesus Christ, to hear the little creature say, 'Who is that, father?' and of the Holy Ghost, 'Who is that, father?' and of serving God, 'Do you serve him, father?'

"What a life have I led! Good Lord, what have I been doing! How shall I account to thee for the souls committed to my charge! that I should have the blessing of children given to me, and my children have the curse of a prayerless uninstrucing father to them!"

Tears followed the parent's speech; and he prays earnestly to God to forgive him the neglect and omission of his duty to his children and family; and enters into a secret engagement between God and his own soul, and that for the future he will set up the due and daily worship of God in his family, and will diligently and carefully instruct his children, teaching them the knowledge of God, and how to serve him, and walk in his ways.

After some composure of mind upon this resolution, a new trouble breaks in upon him. He had elder children than this; and he had lived in a continual neglect of his duty, either in teaching them the knowledge of God, or showing them a religious example. These children had contracted a profane habit, both in words, manners, and constant practice: had little inclination to religion; less knowledge, and no thoughts at all about their souls; and began to be too old and too big to be wrought upon by instruction, or persuasion, much less by violence and correction.

When this reflection came upon the parent's thoughts, after the convictions he had met with from the little inquirer aforesaid, it brought a second flood of tears from him, and he breaks out thus:

"Lord, what will become of my poor wretched family;



my other children, my uninstructed, unreprieved children! What an instrument have I been in the ruin of their souls! How does it all lie upon me as a weight never to be removed! They are grown up, yet they know nothing of God but to take his name in vain! They neither call upon him, nor have I taught them to do so! If this poor lamb reproaches me with having never prayed with it, or for it: and too true it is, God knows! what these may say to me, that have let them go on thus far in a loose, profane, ignorant, irreligious life, and have neither reprieved nor instructed them either by word or example, prayed with them, or taught them to pray for themselves? Merciful God! why have I not been removed, and in mercy to them, as well as in judgment to myself, been snatched from them, that some other person might have been set over them for the good of their souls?"

Upon these convictions the man prays earnestly to the Lord to pardon the heinous offence of his neglecting his duty to his children; that God would supply, by the teaching of his blessed Spirit, that great want of family instruction in his children, which he had been the cause of: that he would work convictions upon them, and would continue to stir him up to his duty in the future, directing, teaching, and governing his family.

But what a hard task he has with his other children, and how difficult a work it is to bring children to a sense of God and religion, after their green and tender years are past, in which they are moulded like wax to a seal, to receive such first impressions as the persuasion and example of parents are apt to make, will be apparent in the following dialogues.

Notes on the First Dialogue.

The observing reader will see here, that the author, to keep a just equality between all opinions, and in order to make this work generally useful and acceptable to all de-

nominations of Christians, and to all among them who seriously apply themselves to the great business of their eternal salvation, has kept himself in the answers to this little child's inquiry, to the plain general principles of the Christian religion: wherein he has neither prescribed himself, in method or in words, to the catechisms of either the church of England, the Assembly's catechism, or any other; but laid down the principles of religion consonant to them all, as plainly as he could, as they are deduced from the holy scriptures: and as they agree with the several confessions of faith, and doctrinal articles, as well of the church of England, as of all the Protestant churches and congregations in Europe, who profess the same faith, believe the same God, and hope for eternal life through faith in the same for ever blessed Intercessor and Redeemer.

If any particular Christian's opinions may carry them further, or not so far as the author has expressed himself here in the doctrines of original sin, election, of grace, repentance, and faith in Christ: he prays, that while they can allow what is laid down here to be orthodox in the substance, they will extend the same charity to his design as he does to their opinion, viz. to leave room for further explanations, to judge the best, and to consider, that as this part is spoken to a child, and is for children to read for their instruction, it requires to be plain and concise, and so be it, that it be essentially right: the more adapted it is to the meanest understandings, the better it answers the design of this undertaking.

Some may think, the child here is brought in too often falling upon the father with a charge of not instructing him, and not praying with him, and not telling him these things sooner. But to such it may be sufficient to say, that as this is one of the great designs of this work, and is not spoken so directly to in any other part, it required to be more than ordinarily pointed out here: especially, because that upon these little reprehensions of this infant, are grounded the several most considerable parts of the dialogues which

follow in the first part: as particularly the convictions wrought by it upon the father, mentioned at the end of the dialogue: where he is brought in retiring himself to give vent to his soul, and reflecting on the breach of his duty, and in prayer to God; also the concurring convictions wrought by the same method, and by the same instrument upon the mother, as in the second dialogue; and more especially the resolution of both to reform themselves, and to do their duties more effectually in their families.

These appearing, as is observed, to be the main design of this first part, and indeed something of this running through the whole course of the work, it could not but be needful to let those little sharp reproofs, innocently expressed by the little child in the first dialogue, be often repeated; especially where the sense brought them in with a kind of natural, unconstrained innocence in the expression, as is generally carefully ordered wherever those proofs are to be met with; nor indeed could the expressions of the parents, either in their private ejaculations, or mutual conversing upon that part, one with another, have been consonant with the rest of the work, or the cadence of things preserved, if this had not been laid as a foundation.

These notes are not designed to talk over again the whole subject of every discourse. If the part deserve any comment, every considering Christian will make it to themselves as they go; but where the case is particular, a word may be said, which in the dialogues would have been digressing too long, and have made it tedious.

From the inquiries of the child may be observed, how naturally the connection of the gospel truths one with another appears; I mean those essential to our salvation. How bright a chain, and how closely hanging one upon another, in a climax that cannot but be admirable to observe, is the great mystery of man's fall and recovery; sin entering into the world, death by sin; nature corrupted by the fall, sanctified by redeeming grace; by the offence of one man many made sinners; by the obedience of one

many made righteous ; justice offended by sin, eternal death denounced as the punishment ; justice satisfied by a Redeemer, eternal life the consequence ; “ no condemnation to them who are in Christ.” These things lie so plain, so natural, and in so exact an order, that nature seems to direct the child, who knows nothing of them to force them from the father, by the power of the most innocent uninstructed inquiries.

How unaccountably to blame are those parents, who let their children know nothing of these things, till their own little innocent inquiries extort it from them !

How naturally does the discourse of this little child reprove parents for their neglect of the Sabbath-day's work, viz. of attending the public worship of God ! and how could the child but suppose, that going to church was only a light matter, since his father went very seldom himself, and staid at home upon the most frivolous occasions ?

The child's discourse about going to church only to show his fine clothes, and his mother and sisters being chiefly employed there, to observe the fashions and dresses of their neighbours, with the conversation they have of those things after they come home, needs no enlargement here. The consciences of most young people in their own families, will teach them to apply that part to themselves ; and the author is content to leave it out, if it is not generally acknowledged to be a needful reproof. The child is brought in here several times saying to his father, when he speaks of serving, loving, and praying to God. “ Do you do so, father ?” This puts me in mind of a story not improper to be related. A wicked boy that had been addicted to swearing and ill words, was reproved by his father with more seriousness than usual. and his father told him, “ That God heard him.” The father, it seems, was a man of no religion, or at least of very ill morals himself ; but what he happened to say to the boy, struck him so deeply, that it was a means of conviction in the child. But ignorance having been the boy's greatest unhappiness, when



he came to consider of what his father had said, he asks one of the family, whether God could see as well as hear? When he was answered, yes, that God was infinite, and could hear and see all things, he told them he could not believe it; "for my father was drunk last night," says he: "sure he would not have been drunk if God could see him, else why did he tell me I should not swear, because God could hear me?"

If parents knew, or at least considered, the influence their evil examples have upon their children, and how fatal an encouragement to sin it is to children to be able to say, "My father does so himself," the presence of their children would be a greater restraint to conscientious parents, even in things really sinful, than it is possible the presence and awe of the parents can be to the children. It is enough that religious parents have to struggle with in the perverse and wicked inclinations of their children; but they will find, those liberties their children take from the encouragement of their parents' example, will be ten times more difficult to restrain afterwards, than those they have from their own inclination, or example of others. It enervates all the exhortations of a father, takes the edge off from their reprehension, makes their resentment seem unjust and unreasonable, and makes the child rather apt to retort the practice of the parents upon themselves, than receive patiently and meekly the admonition.

I humbly recommend this thought to those parents who indulge themselves in any vanity or excess, such as in passion, in hasty expressions, in expenses, in waste of time, in ill words, in gaming, nay, or any of those things which the world are apt to call lawful and innocent. If such things must be indulged, and you will allow yourselves in them, upon a presumption that you can do them innocently; at least, then, conceal them from your children, lest what you can use with moderation, they fall into with excess, and justify the practice from your example.

It will be a very uncomfortable reflection, and will fill the

mind with bitter reproaches, if ever God pleases to try such parents, when they shall see the introduction to their children's ruin, formed and begun in their (the parents) example. Nor will it be any alleviation to their sorrow, to say I used those diversions moderately, and kept myself within compass; it was but very seldom I used an ill word; I played at cards but very moderately, and never for much money; I seldom drank hard; and the like. If our moderation in diversion shall introduce our children's excess, and if the apostle, rather than offend a weak brother, would wholly abstain even from part of his necessary sustenance, viz. eating of flesh, how much more should parents refrain their excesses, nay, even their lawful diversions, rather than lay a foundation for the ruin of their children, and prompt them to sin, by giving them a pretence from, or encouragement by, their father's example?

From the whole of this dialogue, parents may see, besides their duty to God, what they owe to their children, in timely and early instructing them; how much instructing our children is a debt to them; and how unjust and injurious we are to our children in omitting to instruct them. What moving expressions of the child to the father are these: "Dear father," says the child, "why would you not tell me of it before? Was you angry with me, father? And what if it should be too late now? Will God punish me everlastingly now, because I have not known this sooner?" How cutting must it be to a parent that has any sense of eternity, to think that his dear children should be lost by his example, or remain blind by his omission?

These and many other observations, might be made here, from the particulars of this first dialogue? but it is hoped the reading the dialogue itself will cause many of them to occur: and the brevity of this work admits our notes not to be too long.

THE SECOND DIALOGUE.

THIS dialogue begins upon the following occasion. The next day after the former discourse with the father, the child was carried to church, and the minister happened to be preaching upon the death of our Saviour. His text was, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son," &c. And the minister giving some historical account of the death and sufferings of Christ, and making some practical improvements of it in his discourse: the child, when he came home, was found crying in a room by itself; and the mother being called, begins the dialogue thus:

Moth. Child! what dost cry for?

After some difficulty, the child answers, The minister made me cry.

Moth. How so! why, what did he say?

Child. He said that God was dead.

Moth. Child, he did not say any such thing; you have forgot what he said.

Child. No I han't, mother. I am sure he said Jesus Christ was dead; and my father told me yesterday that Jesus Christ was God.

Moth. But, child, Jesus Christ is risen again.

Child. I know that, he said that too; but he was dead first, and the wicked Jews killed him. Sure they were sad folks, mother. Why did they kill him?

Moth. You will read it in your Bible, my dear.

Child. But, mother, the minister says he died for us, and my father said he died for me. Did the Jews kill him for me, mother?

Moth. He died for thee, my dear, and me, and every body else that believes in him.

Child. Why did he die for me, mother? I don't know

what you mean? Tell me, dear mother, did I make him die?

Moth. My dear, he died to save his people from their sins, and I hope thou art one of them.

Child. Why, mother, have I any sins? What are they, mother?

Moth. We are all sinners, child; sin is offending God in thought, word, and deed, at which he is angry.

Child. When I do a fault, is God angry for that? Is that a sin, mother?

Moth. Every fault you do, my dear, is not a sin against God.

Child. When did I make God angry then?

Moth. When you break any of God's commandments, then you sin against God; as when you take God's name in vain, when you disobey your father and mother, and the like: these are sins against God, and these he is angry at.

Child. I never take God's name in vain, mother, nor never disobey you, mother. I love you dearly, and do every thing you bid me; don't I, dear mother?

Moth. Well, my dear, and I hope God is not angry with thee: be a good boy then, I am not angry with thee, my dear.

[Hitherto the mother speaks coldly, and makes light of the thing; and having no other view at first than only quieting the child, was for going away, at which the child cries again.]

Moth. Why dost cry, my dear? I tell thee I am not angry with thee. Do not cry.

Child. God may be angry with me for all that, mother.

Moth. No, no: God is not angry with thee. Do not cry, my dear.

[Still the mother is insensible of the work of God in the heart of the child, and takes all this for common talk; but she soon sees with other eyes.]

Child. Why, mother, will God never be angry with me but when you are angry? I am afraid God is angry with

me, though you kiss me, and be friends with me, and love me.

Moth. Why so, my dear?

Child. Why, dear mother, my father told me yesterday that God has done a great many things for me, and given me a great many good things; and I never thanked him, nor loved him for it yet, nor served him, nor prayed to him yet: and is not God angry with me then?

[The child weeps.]

Moth. That is very true, my dear; but I hope God is not angry. Do not cry, my dear.

Child. But should not I have thanked God for all that? Is it not a fault, mother?

Moth. Yes, my dear, you should have thanked him, prayed to him, and praised him.

Child. But how should I have done it, mother? I did not know, and you never told me, and my father never told me, nor showed me how. Will God be angry that I did not thank him, when I could not tell how to do it?

[The mother was but cold and indifferent all this time; but now she found herself touched, and was confounded with the child's discourse; and taking the child in her arms, she kissed it, and wept, but could not speak to it a great while: at last she said, with great tenderness—]

Moth. My dear child, it is not thy fault, it is our fault, it is my fault, and it is thy father's fault: we have not shown thee, nor taught thee, nor given any good example to thee how thou shouldst thank God, or serve or know God.

Child. Yes, my father did it last night.

Moth. Alas, poor child! thy father, and I too, should have done it many nights and years ago: more shame for us that we have neglected it till thou should reprove us for it thyself.

Child. But my father said it was not too late now, mother.

Moth. I pray God it may not: but that's no thanks to us.

my dear; thou mayest have cause to blame us to thy dying day.

Child. But is it too late for me then, mother?

[Here the mother finds the heart of the child is touched; and it immediately entered into her thoughts, that she might be made a temptation to the child to despair, and cast off convictions: this alarms the mother, on the other hand, and therefore she adds—]

Moth. No, my dear, God forbid! the sin has been our's, not thine; but it is never too late to pray to God.

Child. What must I do when I pray to God?

Moth. You must confess your sins to him, pray to him to forgive your sins, to bless you, and sanctify you, and preserve you: you must pray to him to give you your daily bread, and keep you from all evil, you must give thanks to him for all mercies, and all the good things he has done for you.

Child. Must I thank God when I pray, mother? How can I do so? Is that praying?

Moth. Yes, my dear, praising God for mercies received, is part of the duty of prayer, as well as seeking to him for mercies we want; for so God has commanded, "in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, making our requests known unto God.

Child. But if I have made God angry, how can I ask him for forgiveness? Will God forgive me?

Moth. Yes, my dear, he will forgive thee: he is a merciful God; it is his nature and property ever to have mercy and to forgive.

Child. How do you know it? Are you sure, mother, that God will forgive me my fault, if I ask him forgiveness?

Moth. He has promised to do so, my dear.

Child. Promised, mother! How is that? I never heard him speak. Did he tell you so, mother?

Moth. My dear, he has promised in his word: it is in your Bible, which is the word of God



Child. O! I am glad if it is there. My father told me that God speaks to me, and I hear him speak when I read my book. Show it me there, mother.

Moth. There it is, my dear.

[Here the mother shows the child the several texts following:—Whoso confesses and forsakes, shall find mercy. If we confess and forsake our sins, he is just and faithful to forgive us our sins. The blood of Christ cleanseth from all iniquity.]

Child. The blood of Christ, mother! what is that?

[Interrupting her.]

Moth. Why, my dear, this is that the minister made thee cry about God. Jesus Christ is that great Saviour, which the minister told thee shed his blood for our sins, died, and was crucified, to save a lost world.

Child. But, dear mother, my father told me Christ was God. Can God die?

Moth. My child, Christ was God eternal, one with the Father; but Christ, to fulfil the great purpose of man's redemption, according to the eternal counsel of God, before the world began, in the fulness of time became man, took upon him, not the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham: and this he did that he might be God-man, and therefore be a Mediator between God and man, partaking of the nature of both, and laying his hand upon both, to "make peace for us through the blood of his cross."

Child. I cannot understand this, it is all wonderful! a wonderful mystery!

Moth. It is so, my dear: "This is the great mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh."

Child. And did this God-man die for me, mother? How is that?

Moth. He died for the sins of all that believe on him.

Child. But what is it you mean by dying for sin, and dying for me, mother? I do not understand it.

Moth. Sin, my dear, is offending God, or making God angry: and this sin, or this anger of God, would end in

death; "for the wages of sin is death:" but God, in his own original love to us, sent his Son to die in our stead, "that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

Child. So, if I sin, I must die, mother?

Moth. Yes, my dear.

Child. And must you die, if you sin, mother?

Moth. Yes, my dear.

Child. But you never sinned, I hope then?

Moth. Alas, my dear, I am a great sinner.

Child. Why, you must not die, mother; you shall not die, mother. Shall you?

[The child weeps.]

Moth. We must all die, my dear; but this is meant of eternal death,—going to hell, child,—dying for ever. This is that which is the wages of sin.

Child. Must all that sin go to hell, mother?

Moth. No, my dear: this is what I was saying before, that God being thus angry with sinners, and the wages of their sin being death, this blessed Son of God, this God-man, the Mediator, came into the world, and taking on him our nature, died for us. There 'tis, my dear, in your Bible, Rom. v. 6—"That while we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly;" and there again, 1 Tim. i. 15—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners:" and in abundance of other places.

Child. Let me see it, mother; for my father said God spoke in my Bible, and I shall be sure it is true, if it be there.

Moth. I'll turn the leaf down at it, my dear, that you may find it again.

[The child reads again—"died for the ungodly!" and looking up to its mother, asks this very affecting question.

Child. Dear mother, did Jesus Christ die for me? what, for me! I did not know him! I have done nothing to make him die! nor have I done any thing to please him! I never



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loved him! how should he love me! and love me so as to die for me! why for me, mother?

Moth. This, my dear, is the great thing for which we should praise, and love, and adore God and Jesus Christ, that all this should be done for us, before we had either done good or evil; as thou hast said, my dear, thou hast done nothing to please him, nor hast loved him, it is all his own love to us, not our love to him.

Child. Why, would God love me, whether I loved him or no, mother?

Moth. Yes, my dear, see in your Bible, John iii. 16—“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.” And again, 1 John iv. 10, “Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.”

Child. But may not I love God now, for all his love to me, mother?

Moth. Yes, my dear; his love to us moves us to love him: 1 John iv. 19, “We love him, because he first loved us.”

Child. Indeed I will love God. Sure I must love him, if he will not be angry, though I sin against him? Don't you love him, mother?

Moth. I desire to love, and fear, and serve him, as long as I live, my dear.

Child. And may I not do so too, mother?

Moth. Yes, my dear.

Child. And did you so before, mother?

Moth. I hope I did, my dear.

Child. But I have not done it before, mother: was not that a fault in me, mother? and is not God angry at that?

Moth. Well, child, but you have heard that Jesus Christ died to turn away God's anger for that and all other sins.

Child. Indeed, dear mother, I did not know I must love

God, and fear God before. I never heard any thing of it in my life.

[Here the mother is stung again, and reproaches herself with having neglected the instruction of her child, and weeping, says to the child—]

Moth. My dear, that is my sin, and thy father's sin, and not thine; we ought to have taught thee long ago; and we have reason to mourn for it, and repent of it as long as we live.

Child. But may I not love God now, mother?

Moth. You must love God, and love Jesus Christ, and serve and fear him; this is the end of your creation.

Child. How can I love Jesus Christ now, mother? you say he is dead, can I love him now he is dead?

Moth. He is risen again, child, from the dead

Child. Risen again, mother! How is that?

Moth. My dear, as I told thee before, it was necessary for him to be man as well as God, that he might in our nature satisfy divine justice; so likewise it was necessary, that he that was to be Mediator should be God as well as man, that he might justify us before God, and intercede with God for us for ever.

Child. How is this? I wonder at it, but do not understand it. How is it, mother? Dead! and live again! and risen! and intercede! What is it all? I do not understand it.

Moth. As man, he could die, child; but, as God, he could not remain dead.

Child. Is this in my Bible too, mother: Does God say this there too?

Moth. Yes, my dear, look here, Acts ii. 24—"Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death, because it was not possible he could be holden of it."

Child. But is he risen again for me too?

Moth. Yes, my dear, he hath both died for thee, and is risen again for thee too.

Child. Show me that in my book, mother?



Moth. Here it is child, Rom. iv. 25—"Who was delivered for our offences, and is risen again for our justification."

[Here the child, in a little ecstasy of soul, moved by the blessed Spirit of God, grasps the book, and kisses the leaf eagerly, and clapping it to its breast: at which the mother, surprised, says—]

Moth. Why dost thou do that, my dear?

Child. I love him, dear mother, I love him.

Moth. Dost thou know why thou lovest him, my dear?

Child. I love God, dear mother, that has loved me so much before I knew him; and I love Jesus Christ, because he has died for me, and is risen again for me. May not I love him, dear mother? But though I love him, I am afraid; for my father told me he is God.

Moth. It is true, he is a consuming fire to sin, and the workers of it; but to those who love and fear him, he is a faithful Creator, and a merciful Redeemer.

Child. Then I may love him for that.

Moth. May! my dear, you not only may, but must, Matt. xxii. 37, 38—"Jesus Christ said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great command."

Child. Will he not be angry, mother, if I don't love him?

Moth. Yes, my dear; for he has commanded you to love him, John xv. 9—"Continue ye in my love;" and Gal. v. 22, he saith—"The fruit of the Spirit is love." And he has promised a blessed return to those that love him, John xiv. 22—"He that loveth me, shall be loved of my Father: and I will love him, and will manifest myself unto him."

Child. I wish I could love him more, dear mother.

Moth. You will, my dear, as you grow up.

Child. How, mother?

Moth. Why, the longer you live, the more you will know

him; and the knowledge of God, and the experience of his goodness, will increase your love.

Child. How shall I know him more?

Moth. I hope he will fill your heart with knowledge, according to the promise of the covenant of grace.

Child. What is that, mother?

Moth. It is the blessed declaration of God in his word, wherein he has engaged himself, and his faithfulness, to his believing people, both to be their God, and to preserve them in his fear.

Child. And has he promised me that I shall know him, mother?

Moth. Yes, my dear.

Child. Is that in my book too, mother?

Moth. Yes my dear; here it is, Jer. xxxi. 34—"And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and remember their sin no more.

Child. And what shall I do when I know him?

Moth. Knowing him, you will believe on him; and, believing, you will have life through his name, John xx. 31.

Child. When shall I do this, mother?

Moth. As thou growest up, my dear.

Here some family occasions calling off the mother, the second dialogue ends.

Notes on the Second Dialogue.

First, observe of the child's being carried to church. That by the word church, or going to church, in all these dialogues, is to be understood the place, and going to the place, of public worship, whether by the church of England people to their parish churches, or Dissenters to their several meeting-houses, particular distinctions one way or another being studiously avoided here; the subject, as the



author humbly conceives, being not at all concerned in our diversity of opinions, sects, or separate assemblies, but equally instructing to all who call themselves Christians, and especially Protestant Christians. He believes it would be very wrong to lay a stumbling-block at the threshold, and to put any prejudice in the minds of the serious readers, which also might prevent, by partiality to opinions, the benefit which may otherwise be universal to Christians of all opinions whatsoever : and this latitude in his charity, and in his design of doing good to all, he hopes none will be offended at.

The father and mother of this little child appear here to be no ignorant persons in the principles or duties of Christianity. But as to the rest, it may be observed, (1) what a wretched irreligious life some of those who have the greatest share of knowledge in matters of religion do lead, especially in their families ; (2) what regret it brings upon their minds, when they are convinced of their wickedness in the neglect of their families, and when, as in this case, much of it may be too late to be retrieved ; (3) what bitter reproaches such children oftentimes cast back upon their parents, when they (the children) come to find what they have lost, for want of a godly, religious education, and early instruction.

If the children prove sober and religious without the helps of instruction, for the Spirit of God is not confined to, or constrained by, these outward helps, how are they ashamed of, and a shame to, their parents ! And how must the parents blush, when they may upon any occasion be told, that the knowledge, the piety, the fear of God, which is found in their children, is no product of their planting, no fruit of what they had sown ! Religious children, of profane or negligent parents, are a double testimony to powerful invincible grace, but a dreadful reproach to their parents.

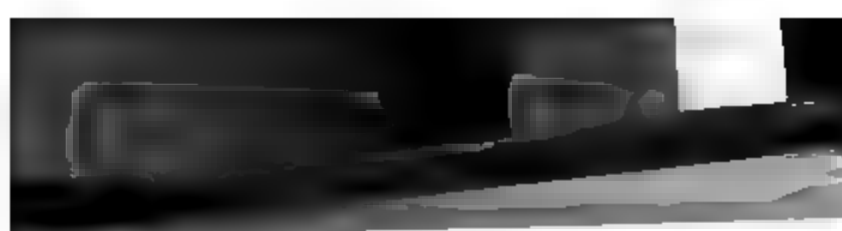
This may be a thought worthy the consideration of any Christian parents that have neglected the instruction of

their families, and have neglected teaching and praying with or for their children. What a just contempt will those children naturally have for those parents, especially if ever God comes to enlighten their hearts, and open their eyes, as he sometimes does without the help of paternal instruction? When the children come to reflect how their parents totally neglected the salvation of their souls, compared to which the provision made for their bodies was but of little value, the disgust at the omission of the former will be too apt to take off all the gratitude and affection due for the latter.

Nothing but mere duty can be supposed to preserve the child's respect, and even common civility to its parents, when he comes to be sensible how unnaturally they abandoned his immortal part, how unchristianly they exposed his better, his intellectual part, to eternal destruction; as if the duty of a parent had ended in, or been restrained to, the narrow compass of the office of a nurse, or a school-master; and that they had no obligation upon them to regard the eternal happiness of that part of their posterity which can never die.

Such parents are certainly the most unnatural, and may justly be reproached by their children, not with neglect of their duty only, but with their being without natural affection; and consequently can by no means expect suitable returns of affection from their children, when they come to be made sensible of the treatment they have received from them. If they show them common respect, as above, it must be all owing to that very grace which, in spite of the obstruction of the godless education, has been planted in the heart by the powerful influence and invincible operation of the Spirit of God.

For parents to pretend love to their children, and natural affection, as they are the fruit of their bodies, and as it is vulgarly expressed, their own flesh and blood, and at the same time neglect to instruct them, or educate them, either in human learning or religious knowledge, is just as



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if, when their children are taken sick, they should employ themselves in mending or making them clothes, or dressing up fine banquets or entertainments for them, and wholly omit the necessary cordials or applications for the recovery of their health: only with this difference, that the soul to the body has infinitely a greater disproportion, than the health and the daily food.

But our case extends yet farther, viz. that the defect complained of here is not the want of education and instruction, from the ignorance or incapacity of the parent, for this had been the hand of God immediately in bringing forth the child from parents that knew not God; but the case here is yet more aggravated, in that this happens in families where the parents have the knowledge, and have the capacity, and know and acknowledge it to be their duty to instruct their children, and yet entirely neglect it, which adds to the crime in the parents, and will be ground of astonishment and reflection in the children, if they ever come to the knowledge of God without the due assistance of their parents. Nor will the reflections of the parents be less bitter on themselves than those of their children, as will be more lively represented in the other dialogues of this part.

But this subject may also be of present use to children who have not the blessing of godly parents to instruct them: and for this it is also designed; and these, as well as those whose parents neglect the great duty of instructing them, are desired to consider, from the example of this little child, these few things.

1. That the most plain, most natural, and most easy questions that it is possible a child can ask, will lead them to both their Creator, and their duty to him; such as

Who made me?

What am I made for?

What am I?

What business have I here?

How came I hither?

P.

Whither am I going?

What is my end?

What is good?

What is evil?

The little babe here presented, infers, by the mere power of natural reasoning,

1st, That he was made better than the brutes.

2dly, That it was the goodness of his Maker which distinguished him so.

3dly, That fear, service, love, and obedience, were natural returns for that goodness. Thus the meanest capacity, and the youngest children, may supply the defect of education, if they think but a little seriously of themselves and the original of their being.

2. It is also observable, that as soon as ever the soul is but able to inquire rationally about itself, nature and reason concur to lead him to the knowledge of God, a first cause, a chief good, and an ultimate end; "of whom, and for whom, and to whom are all things." And these impulses go on, till natural religion, joined with revealed religion, discovers Christ, "and God in Christ reconciling us to himself, not imputing our trespasses," which is the sum and substance of the Christian religion.

This is the great end of these dialogues, as they respect children, viz. that they may, where perhaps family instruction has been wanting, guide themselves to the knowledge of God, and of their duty, by these familiar steps which nature itself will be most certain to concur with. As they respect parents, their end is plain, viz. they are a satire upon their neglect of duty, and a reproof to them in order to amendment.

THE THIRD DIALOGUE.

The mother of this pretty infant, sensibly affected with the discourse she had had with him in the last dialogue, and in teaching her child, being particularly taught how she

had neglected her own duty before, appears under a great and more than ordinary concern. Her husband was under the same convictions, and both were very desirous to unbosom themselves to one another, though utterly ignorant of the respective circumstances. This occasions the following dialogue or discourse between the husband and wife. The rest of the family being withdrawn, the husband, perceiving his wife melancholy, and that she had been weeping, and being a very tender, loving husband, begins with her thus:—

Husb. My dear, what is the matter? I believe something troubles thee.

Wife. I cannot deny it; and if I did, you see I cannot conceal it.

[The wife weeps, and is backward to tell the occasion; but her husband presses her to tell him.]

Husb. Tell me, my dear, what afflicts thee. If it be in my power to relieve it, you have no reason to doubt, but as in duty I ought, so in affection I am inclined to give you all the comfort, all the advice, and all the assistance I am able.

Wife. Alas! you cannot assist in my case; no, nor any one in the world: and the reason why I am backward in telling it is, because when I do you will perhaps be so far from easing my grief, that you will add to it, by falling into the same yourself; for my affliction equally concerns you and myself.

Husb. My dear, there is no affliction can befall thee, but either I must have an equal share in it, or be wanting in affection to thee, which I never was yet, or want a concern for my own happiness; seeing, ever since we have been one by consent, or by contract, I have but one interest, one wish, and one desire with you; and this not by duty only, but by inclination.

Wife. I have full experience of that, and thought my happiness always complete in it; and the more, in that I have not been able to charge myself with the least breach

on my part, to render that affection less pleasing to you, or less satisfying to me. But we have both been wanting in one thing, and I fear have nothing to excuse or to accuse one more than another. And this is my present grief.

[The husband, touched before, answers with blushes in his face.]

Husb. I know not what you can mean, unless it be want of performing some duties which we owe to God and our children.

Wife. O you have touched it! there it lies! And if you had had such a messenger sent from God to reprove you for it as I have had to-day, I question not but it would have touched you as nearly as it does me.

Husb. I know not what thou hast had to-day; but I had such a lecture preached to me yesterday by a little dear infant, even our own youngest child, that has almost broke my very soul within me; and you may know part of it by this, that you know I slept not a wink all last night.

Wife. O, my dear! the same is my instructor! He has certainly been sent from God to me.

Husb. And to me too. Whether it be for a blessed restoring end, or for judgment, and the terrible part of conviction, he only knows.

[Here they repeat to one another the circumstances of the former dialogues with the child, and the effects which the surprise of it had upon both their minds severally.]

Husb. It is impossible to express to you how the little creature moved me. It was a dagger struck into my very heart, to hear the dear lamb ask me—"Father, will not God be angry with me that I have not thanked him, and loved him, and prayed to him before? And how should I know it, father? you never told me." When I told him he must pray to God, was it not cutting me to the heart to hear him say—"Do you pray to him, father?" and when I told him yes, to hear him say—"I never heard you, father," I was not able to bear it, I was fain to stop and turn away from him.



Wife. I believe we may both say as the disciples at Emmaus—"Did not our hearts burn within us, while he talked to us by the way?" For my part, I am amazed when I look upon the child. But when I look in, and reflect how I have neglected the great duty of instructing, not this child only, but all my children, I am confounded, and not able to lift up my head. How justly may my children reproach me, not only with omitting to teach them to do good, but with abominably encouraging them to vanity, and neglect of God, by my example! O I have ruined all my children!

Husb. No, no, you have not ruined them; it is I have ruined them; for it was my duty to have exercised the authority of a father, and of a governor of a house, or have set up the worship of God in my family; to have prayed with them, and instructed them to pray for themselves. They could not have asked me then, whether they might pray to God, or whether ever I prayed to God or no?

Wife. And I have been a great cause of your neglecting that part too; for I have slighted it, and ridiculed it in others, and thought it mere ostentation and form, as if none but persons of higher quality should have prayers in their family, and thought it looked too big for us?

Husb. Ay, but my temptation has been of another kind. I have thought it a solemnity I was not fit for; I have questioned my own performance: I have often thought, if I were a nobleman, I would keep a chaplain. I was ashamed to pray in the hearing of my servants and children, as if that were dishonourable and mean which was my natural duty; or, as if I were ashamed to own that which is the glory of a Christian, viz. to worship and call upon Him that made him; as if nature, which dictates to the least child, to call and cry to its father and mother for bread when it is hungry, did not dictate to me, and to every rational creature, to worship that God in whom we live, move, and have our being!

Wife. And what course shall we take now;

Husb. There is no difficulty in resolving what course to take with this little infant. He is taught from Heaven, and the Spirit of God is visibly working in him. If we do not instruct him, he will every day instruct us, and reprove us too. But what shall we do with our other children, who are grown up, and have imbibed a course of vanity and levity without any restraint? There will be our difficulty.

Wife. And who are very likely to be impatient of restraint, and perhaps not so easy to be governed now. For my part, I do not think I shall ever be able to break my daughter from her foolish habits; such as, playing all night at cards, going to the play-house, wearing patches, reading foolish romances, singing idle songs, taking God's name in vain, and an intolerable looseness of behaviour, which I have too much given her a liberty in, and encouraged her also from my own example.

Husb. I shall have as hard a task with my elder sons. They have got a habit of company, of ill words, and of idleness. It is impossible to reclaim them! They are gone too far! What shall be done! They are lost through my neglect! and justly may they lay their ruin at my door, both of body and soul.

Wife. My dear, we are in a sad condition; and mine is worse still; for I have not only neglected my duty to my children, and praying with my children, but my duty to God too; I mean my private duty; for I neither prayed with them, nor for them, nor by myself, nor for myself; the common going to the public worship excepted, which I have passed over as slightly and unconcerned also, as if it were only a thing of course.

Husb. This touches me too, my dear; for it was my duty not only to have prayed with my children, and with my family, both in private with you, and for you; but we both ought mutually to have assisted, encouraged, and exhorted one another in and to our duty. I ought to have watched over you, and moved you, and persuaded you to our duty, and you me, both as to private and family worship.



Dial. III.] THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

55

It all lies at my door; and at my hand will God require the souls of those he has put under my roof.

Wife. I have been as guilty as you, for I have shown a general contempt of this duty. I have never encouraged you to it, or shown you in the least that I desired it, or would be willing to join in it: on the contrary, you have always seen me as wild, and as vain, as if I were not the mother of a family, but a single person, without any relative obligations on me.

[Here both husband and wife, not able to refrain tears, from the power of their conviction, the discourse breaks off for a time, till the husband reviving it, goes on.]

Husb. Well, it must be done, however difficult, however seemingly fruitless and to no purpose. By how much the greater it has been a sin in us both to neglect it, by so much stronger is the obligation upon us both to undertake it. The poor children are well nigh undone already. It is never too late. Who knows but God may bless instruction, though begun at an unseasonable time. It may be we may meet with success in the way of our duty. If not, we must leave that to God: we must begin and go on; for as we both know it is our duty, our children may be still lost, notwithstanding our endeavour; but we are sure to be lost if we wilfully neglect it.

Wife. Alas! what can we do? Where can we begin now? Which of our children will mind what we say? How will they humble us, by throwing our own example in our way, and object our former practice, as an answer to all our future instructions? I think verily it is too late now. It will be all to no purpose to go about it; it will have no effect at all.

Husb. My dear, you say you are sensible it has been a sin that you have not encouraged me in it, and joined with me in it before. It must therefore still be a sin to continue to do so, and a greater sin than before, by how much we are convinced now that it was our sinful neglect before.

Wife. Nay, I will not obstruct it. God forbid! I only

say, I fear in the event it will not answer; and I am at a loss which way to go about it.

Husb. I'll tell you, my dear, which way we will go about it. Let us first join together sincerely to God in prayer, acknowledging, with a deep humility, and hearty repentance, our great sin in neglecting his worship in our family, as well as in private, and our dishonouring him in our conversation: imploring, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our only Mediator and Advocate, pardon for those our past sins of omission and commission; seeking his blessing upon our resolution and amendment; and begging, that our instructing our family and children, however late and long omitted, may yet be successful, and have a double effect, to the salvation of the souls of our children, and to the glory and honour of sovereign grace.

Wife. My dear, however doubting I am of the success, yet I'll join with you with all my heart in that, and in every thing else that I can, which may serve to reform, reclaim, and restore our poor children, whose danger is so plainly occasioned by our neglect.

Husb. As to my family, I'll tell you what I purpose to do. I desire you to let your daughters know, that we are resolved to reform several practices which we do not like in their behaviour; that their father dislikes their general conduct, expects they'll use more modesty in their dress and conversation, will have them wear no more patches, go to no more plays, spend no more precious time at cards, nor walk out in the park or fields any more on the Lord's day; but, on the contrary, that they apply themselves to reading the Scriptures, and to think of worshipping God after a different manner than they have hitherto done. And I shall take care to do the same by my sons.

Wife. I will do all I can with them, though I fear their compliance.

Husb. Then, as soon as they come home next Sabbath-day from the sermon, I will call them all together; and, to the best of my capacity, tell them their duty in general,



THE END

both to God, themselves, and their parents; and that whereas I have thought they have taken too much liberty for the time past, because I have not restrained them, and showed them their duty, they shall have no reason for the future to make that excuse from me; but that from this time I resolve to oblige all my family to serve God both publicly and privately, as much and as well as I can, that they may both incline to pray to God themselves, and know how to do it. I shall, beside the public worship of God, which I shall expect they constantly attend, always have proper times set apart for worshipping God together in the family, I will pray with them and for them as well as I am able; and having said thus, I will begin with reading the word of God to them; and then, as well as I can, will go to prayer with them myself.

Wife. My dear, I'll be glad of this with all my heart, and rejoice at the thoughts of it. But, O! my soul trembles for the poor vain creatures, our children, especially our two eldest, son and daughter. I am certain they will but laugh at it, and despise it; they are run on too far; we should have begun this when they were young. I know it by their temper and carriage in other things.

Husb. My dear, it is our duty to do it, and it is our duty to make them observe it; and though they are too old to correct, yet I assure you, if I don't find a ready compliance with it, I shall find ways to show my resentment; for we have too long dallied our duty already; and as God will not be mocked by us, so we must not be mocked by our children.

Wife. My dear, I am most desirous of the thing, only my heart fails in case of success.

Husb. We must do our duty. If God will bless us in doing it, he will bless the work too, and will cause such an awe of his majesty to go with the performance, as that they shall not dare to despise it, or to show any contempt of us for it.

Wife. The God of heaven give it such a blessing, if it be

his will! I go as willing about it as you, but with many discouraging thoughts for the event; but, however, I'll do all my part according to your direction.

Notes on the Third Dialogue.

What a great deal of work have those people behind hand, who do not begin to instruct and restrain their children till they are too big for correction! "Folly that is bound up in the heart of a child," says Solomon, "is driven thence by the rod of correction." But when it remains in the child, and neither the rod of correction, nor the voice of instruction is made use of to drive it out, till the child grows up to be a man, it is very hard, nay impossible, unless by supernatural assistance, to drive it out. What this folly is, needs no description here, other than an allowed custom in doing evil: a natural propensity we all have to evil. With this we are all born into the world. The soul is originally bent to folly: this bent or inclination must be rectified, or driven out either by instruction, or if that proves insufficient, by correction. And it is to be done while the person is young, while he is a child, and then it may be done. The child may be wrought upon. Nature, like some vegetables, is malleable when taken green and early; but hard and brittle when condensed by time and age. At first it bows and bends to instruction and reproof, but afterwards obstinately refuses both. .

The temper of a child, misled by vice or mistake, like a dislocated bone, is easy to be reduced into its place, if taken in time; but, if suffered to remain in its dislocated position, a callous substance fills up the empty space, and, by neglect, grows equally hard with the bones, and resisting the power of the surgeon's skill, renders the reduction of the joint impossible.

The heart of the tender youth, by forbearance of in-

struction, grows opinionated, and obstinately embraces the follies he has been indulged in, not being easily convinced of the criminal quality of what he has been so long allowed the practice of by his negligent parents; and this renders late instruction fruitless. 'Then as to correction, the heart being hardened, as before, by opinion and practice, and especially in a belief that he ought not to be corrected, the rod of correction has a different effect; for, as the blow of a stripe makes an impression on the heart of a child, as stamping a seal does upon the soft wax, the reproof even of words, on the same heart, when grown up and made hard, is like striking upon steel, which, instead of making an impression on the metal, darts sparks of fire in your face.

As this whole work is chiefly designed to convince parents of the necessity of beginning early the great work of instructing and managing their children, so two things will run more visibly through every part of it.

1. For their encouragement, the examples of the easiness and advances of early instruction will be seen. How soft! how pliable the minds of little children are! how like wax they lie, ready to be moulded into any form, and receive any impression, that the diligent application of parents thinks fit to make upon them! From whence, also, parents are warned to be very careful, that, by their example or negligence, those first softened circumstances of their children's minds are not passed over, without suitable applications to forming them aright, filling them with learning and knowledge, and with just principles, both religious and moral: above all, that they receive no bad impressions from the practice of their parents, whose example, especially in evil, takes such deep root in their children, that nothing is more difficult to remove.

2. For warning and serious caution, by letting them see the dreadful effects of the neglecting their children when young,—what work it makes for repentance in both,—what breaches it makes in families, when necessity drives them to begin that work late,—what treatment they are like to

meet with from their children,—how these will think it hard to be instructed when grown up,—count it imposing upon them in their parents,—reject the arguments their parents shall use,—despise and contemn their reproofs,—think themselves past correction,—and turn their backs not only upon the methods their parents shall take with them, but even upon the parents themselves, when they attempt by government and discipline to retrieve the error they have committed.

In this last dialogue, the husband and wife appear sensible of their mistake this way; and the difficulties they have before them in retrieving it, justly appear terrible, almost drive them to despair of the success, and to give over any thoughts of the attempt. In the subsequent part of this work, we find they were not mistaken in the prospect they had of the difficulty before them, or of the obstinacy and opposition which they should meet with from their children.

As to their being so discouraged as not to make the attempt, the husband argues wisely, that it is not less their duty for its having been delayed; that it must be set about, let the difficulty be what it will; and that therefore he is resolved to attempt it, and, if possible, to go through with it, leaving the success to God,

This is a wise and Christian resolution, and argues, that the convictions the parents were under were sanctified by the Spirit of God, and carried on to effectual conversion, for all convictions of sin that do not go on to reformation, and effectual application to our duty, are ineffectual convictions; like waking in a dream, while the heart is asleep, when slumbering on, we fall into the same dream again.

For the encouraging parents to pursue these convictions, and to hope for some success in their work, though begun late, and under some weighty discouragements, the following part of this work will show how far he met with success in his family reformation and instruction, as well as what



obstruction he met with from his eldest children, for all were not alike obstinate and refractory, as the two eldest were ; and the mother was but too true a prophetess of the consequence from their obstinacy.

From the discourse between the husband and wife, under their convictions, may be seen something of the duty of such relations.

1. To communicate to one another their griefs, and most inward afflictions of mind, as well as their common disasters and troubles in the world. This is one part of the duty of husband and wife to one another, though understood by few, meant and included in that phrase, an help-mate. And it is observable, when such near relations do affectionately communicate to one another, their souls' concerns in such a manner as I speak of now, God is often pleased so variously to act in the minds of such by his Spirit, that they shall in their turns be mutually able to assist, comfort, direct, and counsel one another. This, if it were well observed, would be very useful and encouraging to Christian relations, in their most serious and reserved reflections ; where they might take notice how that party that is discouraged and dejected to-day, and receives support and encouragement, relief and direction, from the counsel and comforting assistance of the other, shall be restored and comforted, and perhaps enabled the next time to give the same encouragement, counsel, advice, and comfort to the other, who may in like manner be sunk under his own fears and temptations !

This I thought fit to recommend in the most earnest terms, and, from just experience, to the consideration of Christian relations, as an useful observation, in hope it may be improved by the experience of others, to the glory of God, and their own comfort.

2. The duty of parents may be seen here, as it respects the necessity of setting about the great work of family reformation, however late, and whatever the discouragement may be. The father here expresses this affectionately to

his wife:—"Our children," says he, "may be lost, notwithstanding our endeavour; but we are sure to be lost, if we continue to neglect it."

From these considerations, the father resolves to see about the work, and immediately gives his wife an account of the method he proposes to himself to go upon: in which method, like a prudent man, and a good Christian, he proposes a serious mutual humiliation to his wife, for their former neglect of their duty, and a fervent praying to God for his blessing upon their endeavours in their family reformation.

Hence it is intimated, and seriously recommended to parents and heads of families, the great work which is so much neglected, or rather so little regarded, of a family joining in confession of those sins, I mean of husband and wife, which they have joined in the committing. Would husbands and wives join seriously in humbling themselves together before God, for those family sins which they joined in the guilt of, family reformation would be set about with much more earnestness and application, than we now see it is, and many obstructions to it, which happen by our willingness to excuse ourselves, would be removed.

From the manner of the husband and wife's discourse here, may be noted, that where thorough conviction works in the mind, both parties are, as it is here, forwardest to accuse themselves; whereas, in most family cases, the heads of families seem always forward to shift off the fault from themselves, though they acknowledge the error, and see plainly the defect and consequences of it also in the ruin of their children; yet they are diligent, like Adam and Eve, in throwing the guilt of it off from themselves, either upon one another, or upon accidents and circumstances, which they think may serve to excuse themselves. But if they were thoroughly touched with the thing itself, with the guilt of it upon themselves, and the fatal consequences of it upon their children, they would mutually own the first, and deprecate the last, as our two penitent parents do here.

"O! I have ruined all my children," says the mother. "No, no, you have not ruined them; it is I that have ruined them," says the father. "I have neglected my duty to them." "But I have been the cause of your neglecting your duty," says the mother.

Here is a complete view for parents, both of the error, the repentance, and the reformation;—the disease, the effects of it, and the manner of the cure. And as these are the foundation of what follows, so the following dialogues are an exemplification of most of the things contained in these discourses of the two parents, and the connection of them will be taken notice of throughout the whole work.

THE FOURTH DIALOGUE.

For the better understanding this discourse, it is to be understood, that the father and mother, according to their resolution in the last dialogue, had set effectually about the reformation of their family, and about proper methods for reducing their children to an obedience to and sense of their duty.

Their children were most of them grown up, and had run a great length; they had been indulged in all possible folly and levity, such as plays, gaming, looseness of life, and irreligious behaviour: not immodest nor dishonest. These they were not yet arrived to. But they were bred up in gaiety and gallantry, as being of good fortunes and fashion; but nothing of religion more than just the common course of going to church, which they did because it was the custom and fashion, rather than with any other view. And being thus unhappily educated, we shall find the instruction they are now to bear met with the more opposition in them; and we shall see how it had a various effect, according to the different tempers and constitutions of the children.

Their eldest daughter was about eighteen years old ; and her mother, it seems, began with her first. Her mother found it a very difficult matter to deal with her ; for when she came to tell her of laying by her foolish romances and novels, of which she was mighty fond,—leaving off her patches and play-books,—refusing her going to the park on the Sabbath-days, and the like,—she flew out in a passion, and told her mother, in plain words, that she would not be hindered, she was past a child, she would go to the park, and to the play, and the like, aye, that she would.

But the mother, whose resolution was too well fixed, after such an occasion as has been said, to be conquered by her daughter, having tried softer methods to no purpose, took her roundly to task, and told her, that as she took those measures with her for her good only, and that she could not satisfy her own conscience, to see her ruined, body and soul together, so she was resolved to be obeyed ; and that, since she would not comply by fair means, she would take another course. This course, it seems, beside other things, which will appear in the following part of this dialogue, was particularly, that it being Sabbath-day, after they came from church, when her mother began this discourse, her daughter called for her coach to go to the park, as their custom, it seems, had always been ; but her mother would not suffer her to stir out ; and, upon her being a little stubborn or resolute, had used some little violence with her in showing her resentment, and threatened her, as will appear presently.

Upon this repulse, she flings up stairs into her chamber, where she sat crying ; when her elder brother, whom the father, it seems, had not yet begun with, came to her ; between which couple begins the following dialogue.

Bro. Sister ! what, in tears : what's the matter now ?

[She cries on, but makes no answer.]

Bro. Dear sister, tell me your grievances ? I say, tell me what is it troubles you ?

[And pulls her by her clothes.]



Dial. IV.] THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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Sist. I won't. Don't trouble me: I won't tell you: let me alone.

[Sobs and cries still.]

Bro. Pr'ythee, what is the matter, sister? Why, you will spoil your face, you won't be fit to go to the park. Come, I came to have you go out, we will all go to the park.

Sist. Ay, so you may if you can.

Bro. If I can! what do you mean by that? I have ordered Thomas to get the coach ready.

Sist. 'Tis no matter for that, I assure you he won't do it.

Bro. I'll cane the rascal if he don't, and that presently too. Come, do you wipe your eyes, and don't pretend to go abroad with a blubbered face.

Sist. I tell you, Thomas will not obey you, he is otherwise ordered. You will find, that neither you nor I are to go out to-night.

Bro. Who will have the impudence to hinder us?

Sist. I have been hindered already; and my mother has told me in so many words, I not only shall not go to-night; but never any more on a Sunday; though I think I shall fail her.

Bro. What does my mother mean by that? Not go to the park! I must go, and will go, as soon as sermon is done. What harm is there in't? I warrant you we will go. Come, get you ready, and wipe your eyes.

Sist. You'll find yourself mistaken in my mother. I'll assure ye, I told her I would go, as you do me; and she was in such a passion with me, she struck me, which she never did in all her life before, and then read me a long lecture on the Sabbath-day, and being against her conscience, and I know not what; things I never heard her talk of in my life before. I don't know what ails her to be in such an humour.

Bro. Conscience! What does my mother mean by that? Why, have we not gone every Sunday to the park, and my mother always gone with us? What, is it against

her conscience now, and never was against her conscience before! that's all nonsense. I'll warrant you I'll go for all this new bustle you make about it.

Sist. I'd go with all my heart; but I tell you she is in such a passion, you had better let her alone; it will but make her worse.

Bro. Pr'ythee don't tell me: I will go to the park if the devil stood at the door. What, shan't I have the liberty to go out when I please? Sure I am past a boy, an't I?

Sist. I tell you my mother is very positive, and you had better let her alone: you will but provoke her. You may do as you will.

Bro. Not I, I won't provoke her at all, for I won't ask her: I'll go out without her.

Sist. Then you will go without a coach too; for I assure you, as I said before, you won't get Thomas to go.

Bro. Then I'll take a hackney, and go to the Mall.

Sist. Come, brother, we had better let it alone for once, my mother will be better conditioned another time,—I hope this will be over.

Bro. Nay, I don't care. Come, let us read a book then. Have you never a play here? Come, I'll read a play to you.

Sist. Ay, what will you have?

Bro. Any thing.

[She runs to her closet for a play-book, and finds plays, novels, song-books, and others of that kind, taken all away.]

Sist. Oh, thieves! thieves! I am robbed!

Bro. Robbed! What do you mean, sister?

[He runs to her.]

Sist. All my books are gone! they are all gone! all stole! I have not a book left!

[Here you may suppose her taking God's name in vain very much, and in a great passion.]

Bro. What, all your books?

Sist. Every one that are good for any thing. Here's

nothing but a Bible, and an old foolish book about religion, I don't know what.

[Her brother looks.]

Bro. I think, as you say, they are all gone. No, hold, here's a Prayer-book, and here's the Practice of Piety,—and here's the Whole Duty of Man.

Sist. Pr'ythee what signifies them to me? But all my fine books are gone. I had a good collection of plays, all the French novels, all the modern poets, Boileau, Dacier, and a great many more.

Bro. What's the meaning of this?

Sist. I'll lay a hundred pounds this is my mother.

Bro. I believe so too. I wish my mother be not mad. This is horrid. What can my mother mean?

[The sister falls in a great passion of crying; the second brother comes up to them, and the father had been talking to him.]

2 Bro. What is the matter with my sister? What, is she not well?

1 Bro. I don't know what's the matter very well; but my mother has been ruffling her a little, and put her out of humour.

2 Bro. What has she done?

1 Bro. Why, she won't let her go to the park; and when she said she would go, my mother struck her; and we find she has taken away all her books. I can't imagine what the meaning of all this is. I think my mother is mad.

2 Bro. No, no, brother, my mother is not mad. If she is mad, my father is so too. You will not wait long to know what the meaning of it is; for you will hear of it quickly too yourself, that I can assure you.

1 Bro. I hear of it! What, from my father?

2 Bro. Yes, from my father. He has told me his mind already, and the reason and occasion of it; and I know he is inquiring for you, to do the like.

1 Bro. He may talk what he will to me; but I'll do what I please for all that.

2 Bro. Hark! you are called just now; you will be of another mind when you come back, I'll warrant you.

[The eldest son is called to come to his father.]

1 Bro. Never, as long as I live.

[Goes out.]

2 Bro. If my father's reasons do not persuade him, I can assure him his authority will, for he is resolved upon the thing.

Sist. What thing is it, brother? What is our father and mother going to do with us? For my part, I cannot imagine what they mean.

2 Bro. Why, really, sister, I find they have begun with the youngest first; for my father has been upon me, and my mother has begun with my sister Betty; but, you will have your turn too.

Sist. I think my mother has begun with me already; for I was but humming over a new song this afternoon, though church was done, and all over, and every body come home, but my mother was in such a passion with me that I never had so many words with her in my life. She would not let me go to the park, and had much ado to keep her hands off me.

2 Bro. I heard she was angry with you: but it seems you answered her rudely.

Sist. I said nothing but that I would go to the park.

2 Bro. Well, but you told her you would go to the park whether she would or not.

Sist. Why, was that such a crime? And so I would say again.

2 Bro. Well, but if you did, you would not say it was well done, would you? And it seems she told you then, so I can satisfy you now, she would not take it from you, nor none of us, as she has done.

Sist. It may be so, and I have found it otherwise already.

2 Bro. What, has she not taken some books out of your set?



Dial. IV.] THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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Sist. Some! Nay, she has only taken all my books away.

2 Bro. I warrant she has left your Bible and prayer-books, and such as those.

Sist. Ay, those! What does that signify? She has taken away all my plays, and all my songs, and all the books that I had any pleasure in.

2 Bro. Yes, I have heard of it.

Sist. But I will have them again, or I'll lead her such a life, she shall have little comfort of me.

2 Bro. Truly, sister, you may fancy you may have them again; but I can satisfy you, most of them are past recovery; for I saw them upon the parlour fire before I came up.

Sist. The fire! I'll go and pull them out before her face.

[Here she is raging, and in a violent passion at her mother, and makes as if she would run down stairs.]

2 Bro. Come, sister, you had as good be easy; for I find both our father and mother are agreed in the thing; and I must own I begin to see they have reason for it. For my part, I am inclined to submit to all the measures; for I think in my conscience we have all been wrong; and if my father and mother see reason to have me alter my conduct, and especially when I am convinced it is to be the better too, I think it is my part to submit.

Sist. I'll never submit.

[The sister cries again.]

2 Bro. Perhaps you will be persuaded, when my mother talks a little calmly to you. I believe my sister Betty is of another mind already.

Sist. I have had talk enough already. My mother tells me I shall not go to the park, nor to the play-house, nor patch, nor play at cards; I think this is talk enough. What, does my mother think to make a nun of me?

2 Bro. No, I dare say she does not.

Sist. No; and if she does, she will be mistaken; for I

shall not be hindered of my innocent diversions, let my mother do what she pleases.

2 Bro. But, sister, I do not think you find my mother unreasonable in what she desires, if you will but allow yourself leisure to think of it a little.

Sist. Unreasonable in her desires! Pr'ythee can you tell me what it is she does desire; for I cannot imagine what my mother would be at?

2 Bro. As for my mother I cannot be particular; but if you are willing to hear me, I'll tell you what my father said to me.

Sist. You may tell me if you will, though I don't much care; I won't be made a fool of. What, I an't a baby to go to school again.

2 Bro. Why, look you, sister, you may stand out, if you will, a great while; but I warrant you must be content at last, for I do not see how you will help yourself.

Sist. I warrant you I'll help myself.

2 Bro. Then you must renounce your father and mother, and leave the family: and I do not see what good that will do you, for I am satisfied my father is resolute. I was going to tell you the short history of it, if you would have patience.

“ Early this morning, before we went to church, my father called me up into his chamber, and, after inquiring several things of me about my learning, my company, and my behaviour in the world, to which I made as good an answer as I could, he told me, with a great deal of tenderness, that he loved me so very dearly, that he intended to do very well for me, and that he had a particular kindness for me, that he had but one thing he desired of me, and that this was for my own good too, and desired to know if I was disposed to comply with him. I told him, I was very willing to do any thing to oblige him, who had been so good a father to me. He told me all he desired of me was this:—He had observed, that his family in general were running on into all kinds of levity and looseness,

which he was satisfied would be their ruin: that he had been remiss in his duty of instruction and reproof to his children; but that he begged God's pardon for that omission, and would do his best to make us all amends. He concluded with asking me whether I had rather be a rake or a sober man? I answered, I hoped he did not expect any reply from me to that, and that I hoped I had not gone so far as to make him doubt in the least that I did not design to be a sober man. Why, son, replies my father, you have no other way to do this, but to conclude, that if there was no divine law, no future state, no rewards or punishments; yet, regarding the honour and character which you expect in the world, you ought to be sober, if it were only to preserve your reputation. He told me, that I knew he had designed me for the practice of the law; that though he would do what he could for me, yet, as he had a great many other children, I must expect to live, or at least to advance myself, by my own merit and industry; and that a lawyer, like a virgin, having once lost the reputation of his virtue or sobriety, no body will meddle with him.

"I not only listened very attentively to my father's discourse, but, looking steadily upon him, I thought I saw more than usual tenderness and affection in him, all the while he was speaking. Whenever he mentioned his having omitted his duty to his family, I thought I saw tears standing in his eyes; and to hear him say, he begged God's pardon for the neglect of it, brought tears into mine. When he told me he would make us all amends for the future, it suggested to my mind, that my father supposed that this want of more early instructing us, who are his children, was our loss, as well as his fault, and that we were not such children as we should have been if we had been better taught. I must own to you, sister, these thoughts have since made a great disturbance in my mind. I thought I saw the two young ladies at the next door, and their brother too, look quite another sort of people than we did; they appear so modest, so sober, and yet so decently and

genteelly affable and pleasant, that I think they live quite another life than we do; they never swear, nor use lewd and profane words in their discourse; they never sit up all night at cards, or go a visiting on Sundays, nor do a hundred foolish things that our family makes a trade of; and yet they live as merrily, comfortably, sociably, and genteelly as we do.

“ I must own to you, though I have often laughed at them, and ridiculed them before, yet my thoughts often told me they lived a more rational life than we did: and when I heard my father talk thus, it presently came into my thoughts, that if my father took the new course with his family as he talked of, we should begin to like them, and I thought that would be very well for us all.

“ Well, after my father had gone on thus, and paused awhile, I suppose to hear whether I would say any thing to it or not, I told him I would be glad to do any thing to answer his end, and desired to know what it was he expected of me. My father said, the chief end of his discourse was then to convince me of the reasonableness and necessity of an alteration in my life, and of the advantages of a religious family, and of a sober and religious education; and for the rest, if I was first satisfied of the general, he knew it would be easy to bring me to comply with all the measures he should take to bring it about.

“ We had a great deal more such discourse; but I told him I was very well satisfied that he designed nothing but our good, and I should be ready to observe all the injunctions he should lay on me. And truly, sister, now I begin to reflect upon it, I find a great deal of satisfaction in it; for, upon my word, I think we have lived very oddly all along; whether it were my father's fault, or our own, I don't inquire; but if we know no more, none of us, of the town, than we do of religion, we should be a very unfashionable family.”

Sist. Pr'ythee don't fill my head with all this canting stuff; I don't value it a farthing.

2 Bro. Why, sister, have you no manner of inclination to live religiously, and like a Christian, or to listen to what your father may say to you?

Sist. I think I am religious enough in all my conscience; and I don't intend to disturb my thoughts with any more religion than needs must.

2 Bro. You talk wildly now; I hope you will be a good Christian.

Sist. A Christian! Why, what do you take me for a Mahometan? I think I am a very good Christian.

2 Bro. Why, suppose that too; yet, if it were no more than that my father desires it, and says, he resolves to have it so, you will hardly persuade yourself not to submit to him. You know, besides, that he is our father, and we ought in duty to obey him; and not only that, but he has been the kindest, tenderest, obligingest father in the world to us; and it would be very ungrateful to show yourself rude to such a father, as it would be wicked to disobey him. I am sure you would not be a Christian if you should.

Sist. Don't tell me: I think myself as good a Christian as any of you; but I won't be made a fool of, for all that. I had rather you think me no Christian, than you should think me a fool. Sure I am past my horn-book.

2 Bro. And what, because you are past your horn-book, do you think you are past teaching? Have you nothing to learn but your A B C?

Sist. No, no, I'll learn any thing too: but I won't be taught to be a hermit. If they have a mind to breed me up for an abbess, let them send me to a monastery. I'd rather be in a real cloister, than be cloistered up at home. Use none of your new cant with me. I tell you, brother, my mother may ruffle me as much as she will, I'll have my own way still.

2 Bro. Sister! sister! you may talk, and huff, and bounce about as much as you will, but you will have the worst of it at last; for if both father and mother set upon it, as I find they are both of a mind, they will conquer you at

last: and perhaps it may mortify you more than you think of.

Sist. I am not so soon conquered as my father may think. If they will not let me be quiet at home, I'll take another method, I am not so much to seek.

2 Bro. Pray, sister, don't be angry with me for my good will. I am not threatening you, nor my father by me.

Sist. No, no, I won't be threatened neither. Sure I'm too old for correction.

2 Bro. But not for advice, I hope, sister, nor for instruction; and if my father should think you deserve correction, do you think there is no way for him to show his resentment, but laying his fingers on you?

Sist. You may all do your worst. I won't trouble myself about it. 'Tis vain to threaten me.

2 Bro. Nay, sister, I think you are not so above my father's threatening you. Would you be willing my father should hear you?

Sist. You may tell him, if you please.

2 Bro. Though it is very disobliging, sister, yet I love you too well to go on that errand, or to obey a command that would be so much to your prejudice.

Sist. I care not a farthing if you did.

2 Bro. It is a satisfaction to me that I know you will be of another mind hereafter.

Sist. Not I, I defy you all. I'll go as far as my legs can carry me, before I'll be confined, or made a fool of.

2 Bro. Wherever you go, I would have you take this hint along with you, that you leave your reputation behind you, and especially the Christian will be left behind you.

Sist. Don't you trouble your head about that, I shall take care of my own reputation.

2 Bro. While it is in your own keeping, I hope you will, sister; but you talk foolishly enough of going away from your father. If you once go out of your father's



doors, take my word for it, your character is at every body's mercy.

Sist. For what, pray?

2 Bro. Why should you ask for what? Pray what will you say, or what would you have said to any that should ask you, or ask us, why you are gone away from your father? You won't venture to say, that you came away because your father was about to reform his family! That you came away because you would not submit to be instructed by your father! That you came away because your father and mother would have you more religious than you were before! And if you will not say that, pray what can you say, or what can any body say for you?

Sist. I warrant you I shall have enough to say; and as for what you or others shall say, you may say your worst of me, I don't care.

2 Bro. Truly, the greatest misfortune will be, that when we say the worst, we shall say the truth; and that when we say the truth, we must say the worst of you that can be spoken; and, upon that account, I hope you will consider what you do, when you think of going from your father's house, though it were to the best friend you have.

Sist. Indeed, if they put hard upon me, I shall make no scruple of it.

2 Bro. I cannot tell what you will say then to bring yourself off. Pray what do you call putting hard upon you? Will you call my father's desire to reform your life a putting hard upon you? I hope you will first prove, that he designs to press you to some wicked thing, some forbidden unlawful course; but to call my father's desire to regulate your conduct, and reform your life, I say, to call this putting hard upon you, every body that hears it will reflect upon you.

Sist. No matter for that, I won't be confin'd, not I.

2 Bro. Not from the worst wickedness. Do you mean you will not be confined so?

Sist. I desire no wickedness; I don't know what you

mean. I have never exposed myself yet, to be charged with any wickedness.

2 *Bro.* But you will do it now, it seems; because your father requires you to be sober.

Sist. Pr'ythee what do you mean by sober? I think I am sober enough, and want no more reforming than any of you. What would you have?

2 *Bro.* I am no way taxing your sobriety, but should be very glad you should increase the stock, and improve it; and I believe my father means no other.

Sist. Can't I be sober as well with all my books my mother has taken away, as without them? What can you tax me with that is not sober, that there is such a rout about?

2 *Bro.* Dear sister! I do not find that my father or mother is inclined to tax you in particular any more than all of us, but all of us together; nay, even our father and mother themselves have been negligent, godless, and graceless; and if they now resolve to repent, and turn, and to carry it after another manner, and to have us do the same, pray what taxing can you call this? Does not my father say, he confesses he has been negligent, and has not done his duty as well as all of us? And what is all he desires of us, but only that as he begs pardon of Almighty God for himself, so we should ask the same for ourselves;—that as he resolves to reform his practice, so we should do also;—that so at last we may be a sober family, a reformed family, and may serve God for the future after another manner than we have done. Pray where's the hardship in all this?

Sist. Well, you may go on with your reformation, and confessions, and all that, if you have a mind: for my part, I'll have nothing to do with it, I'll let you all go your own way.

2 *Bro.* Well, sister, I am sorry for you. If you hold in this mind, we are like to have a foul house with you, quickly, for I know my father will go thorough stitch with what he has begun.

Sist. My father may go on with what he will, I shan't



hinder him. He may let me alone, and reform the rest of you, can't he ? I need no reformation that I know of.

2 *Bro.* I am not so sorry for the difficulty my father will meet with, as for the hazard you will run for yourself, and the breach you will make in your own happiness. But here comes my sister Betty, I see by her looks she has something to say upon the same subject.

2 *Sist.* How long have you two been together ?

2 *Bro.* A great while.

2 *Sist.* I suppose I know something of your discourse ; at least, I guess at it by your looking so grave. Pray how long have you been here ?

2 *Bro.* I told you a great while. But since you would be answered particularly, I believe we have been here just as long as you have been with my mother ; for I know she has been talking to you.

2 *Sist.* That's true, my mother and I have been talking.

1 *Sist.* Talking ! do you say ? or fighting ?

2 *Sist.* Fighting ! What do you mean, sister ? Do you think I fight with my mother ?

1 *Sist.* No, but it may be your mother may fight with you. Why not with you, as well as with your eldest sister ?

2 *Sist.* My mother never struck me in her life, and I never gave her any cause that I know of.

1 *Sist.* That's more than I can say, yet I think I never gave her any more cause than you did.

2 *Sist.* If my mother has struck you, certainly you must have given her more cause than I have done ; for every body knows she loves you to a distinction above every child she has.

1 *Sist.* I don't believe a word of it, nor do I desire such love.

2 *Bro.* Well, sister, but you may tell us a little how you like things, and what discourse my mother has had with you, for we all know the subject already.

2 Sist. My mother said nothing to me but what I like very well, and am very willing to comply with.

2 Bro. I am very glad to hear you say so, I wish we were all of the same mind.

2 Sist. I hope we shall. I think what she proposes is so rational, and the reasons of it so unanswerably good, that I see no room to object against it in the least; nor do I see any thing designed in it at all, but what is for our good.

2 Bro. I am perfectly of your opinion, and am glad to find you of mine. But here is my sister Mary, quite of different sentiments from us all.

1 Sist. And with a great deal of reason, for I have not been treated with the same kindness as you have been treated with.

2 Sist. Wherein, pray?

1 Sist. Why, I suppose my mother has not been in your chamber, and rifled your closet, and taken all your choice books, and your plays, and your songs, and your novels, &c. and carried them away, and thrown them into the fire.

2 Sist. No, no, my dear; for what my mother said to me was so affecting, so fully convincing, and so unanswerable, that I immediately fetched them all down myself, and put them into the fire with my own hands, before her face.

1 Sist. A pretty, complying easy fool! I warrant she kissed thee, and called thee dear child, and cried over thee for thy pains. Did she not, my dear?

2 Sist. I am ashamed to hear you talk so of my mother, sister. Sure you han't lost your manners and duty, as well as respect and religion. Sister, I beseech you what is the matter with you?

1 Sist. And have you really burnt all your plays to please a humour?

2 Sist. Indeed I have burnt them, but not to please a humour. I have done it to oblige the best mother in the world: and I have done it from a sense of its being very fit to be done.

1 Sist. A fine child! and are not you a deal the wiser for it? Do you not repent it already?

2 Sist. No, sister: so far from repenting it, that I never did any thing in my life that gave me more satisfaction; and if it were to do again, I should now do it with ten times the pleasure I did it then; and if God give me grace to keep my resolution, I never design to see a play, or read a play more.

1 Sist. Pretty child! thoroughly reformed at once! this is a mighty sudden conversion, and may hold accordingly, I suppose, as most such hasty things do.

2 Sist. It will hold, I hope, longer than your obstinacy against it.

1 Sist. When it has as good reasons, I may think so too.

2 Sist. I shall debate that with you hereafter, when you have heard the same reasons for it that I have heard.

1 Sist. Well, but come, pray let's have a few of your reasons just now, if you can spare them. Pray, what harm is there in seeing or reading a play? Is there any sufficient mischief in them to justify your burning them, and to justify mother's using me about them as she has done?

2 Sist. In the first place, sister, the time we have before us, compared to the eternity that is to be prepared for, is so little and so short, that, if it be possible to employ it better, there is none to spare for what has so little good in it as a play.

1 Sist. I have learned a great deal of good from a play.

2 Sist. But might you have learned more from the scriptures?

1 Sist. It may be not.

2 Sist. You would have been a bad scholar, then.

1 Sist. Well, and what's next?

2 Sist. In the second place, the little good which you can pretend is to be found in them, is mixed with so much evil, attended with so much lewd, vicious, and abominable stuff, that no sober person will bear with the wicked part

for the sake of the good part; nor can any one justify it, that the good part is such, or so great, that so much hazard should be run for it.

1 *Sist.* Very well; so you are afraid you should be in every thing that is right, more especially in every thing that is for my own good, and, most of all, where my duty to God joins with it. If you think it below you to do so, I am tempted when you go to the play; I suppose that is because you are so tempting yourself.

2 *Sist.* No, sister, I am in no more danger, I hope, than another; but sure, if I am to pray to God, as in the Lord's prayer—"Lead me not into temptation," I must not lead myself into it.

1 *Sist.* And is this all you have to say for throwing the best collection of plays the whole town had into the fire?

2 *Sist.* I have many more reasons which I shall bestow on you, when you have answered these. But there is one more which I will bestow upon you now, which you may give an answer to before the rest, if you please, viz. that it is my mother's desire and resolution that I should do so; and that she declares it is against her conscience to permit me the use of these things as formerly,—and therefore desires, and in one kind commands, that I should do thus: and I am bid in the scriptures many ways to obey:—"Children obey your parents in all things," &c.

1 *Sist.* That is the best reason you have given yet.

2 *Sist.* I think not, neither; for the other reasons are better, as they are drawn from the nature and authority of God, and this but from the authority of my mother; which, though it is great, and ought to be very prevalent with me; and ever shall be so, yet not quite equal, or up to the authority of him that made us all: nor will my mother think hard that I say so.

2 *Bro.* Sister, indeed I think my sister Betty has fully answered you there.

1 *Sist.* Yes, yes, you are two fine new converts.

2 *Bro.* Which I hope we shall never be ashamed of.



1 *Sist.* Well, and pray what said you to her about going to the park on Sundays? Had you nothing to say about that?

2 *Sist.* Yes, yes, my mother showed her dislike of it, and said it was a plain violation of the commands of God. I mused a little while about it; and being convinced that it was so, I presently resolved never to go any more.

1 *Sist.* So, and you had not a box on the ear then, as I had?

2 *Sist.* I gave my mother no occasion for that, sister, as I understand you did.

1 *Sist.* No, no, you are a mighty good obedient thing.

2 *Sist.* I am not ashamed to own, that I obey my mother, and am willing to do so in every thing, especially sorry for it. I cannot follow you in that example; for the scripture says expressly—"Children, obey your parents in all things," much more where the command of God, and the command of our parents concur together, as it does in this case.

1 *Sist.* You preach nicely, sister. You shall marry a parson; and, when you turn Quaker, you shall be a speaking sister.

2 *Sist.* Any thing rather than a rebel to God and my parents;—break the commandments of the first, and abuse the tenderness of the last.

1 *Sist.* You are mighty mannerly to your sister.

2 *Sist.* Much more to you than you to my mother. I love my sister very well; but I know neither brother nor sister when they rise up against my mother, and that such a mother as our's is; who, I must tell you, sister, deserves other things at your hands: and, unless you behave better, you will find the whole family against you, as well as I; for every body says you treated my mother rudely. The very servants speak of it with abhorrence, and of you with contempt. Every body must despise you, if you carry it so to your mother.

1 Sist. With all my heart. If every body despises me, I'll despise every body, and so I'll be even with you all.

2 Sist. You'll soon be tired of that.

1 Sist. If I am, I bear my affliction with patience.

2 Sist. You are like to be a martyr in the worst cause that ever a saint suffered in: no doubt but you will suffer for conscience sake. Two excellent points in divinity you maintain, viz. contempt of God, and rebellion against your parents. I wonder what evil spirit is your instructor.

1 Sist. You are very pert, madam, and show abundance of affection and respect.

2 Sist. I follow your example still, sister; but I'll be very honest to you. I'll never have respect nor affection to you, nor any body that shall carry it to my mother as you have done. I would not load you, nor add to your sorrows, but no body in this house can do otherwise, who have such a father and such a mother as we have.

1 Sist. I have no sorrow about it, and I am resolved I will have none.

2 Sist. I think the best way to deal with you is to leave you,—your crime will be your sufficient punishment. But I must tell you, before I go, which I should have told you at first, that my business was not to visit you now, but to call you to my father and mother, who want to speak with you in the parlour, and where, I suppose, you will hear more of it.

1 Sist. I will not go.

2 Sist. As you please, sister, for that; I have delivered my message.

1 Sist. And you may carry that for an answer.

2 Sist. No, sister, I'll have no hand in your misfortunes: besides, I believe here comes another messenger from them.

[A servant comes up stairs, and tells the eldest lady that her father and mother wait to speak with her.]

1 Sist. I am indisposed, tell my mother, I cannot come, I am upon the bed.

Serv. If you won't go, madam, I doubt they will come to you.

1 Sist. Go and deliver your message.

2 Sist. And are you so resolute against yourself, sister? Can nothing persuade you to your own good? Certainly you will be wiser.

1 Sist. What would you have me do, what is the matter with 'you all?

2 Sist. Nay, sister, I am not fit to give you advice, who are my eldest sister: but methinks you do not want advice to go down to your father, when you are sent for.

1 Sist. I won't.

2 Sist. What shall I say to them? I dare not say you won't, for your own sake.

1 Sist. Tell them I an't well, can't you? that I am upon the bed, and have shut my door, and won't be spoke with. Tell them any thing. Don't you see I am not fit to be spoke to?

2 Sist. As the maid said, I am certain they'll come up to you, for they know your distemper. I would fain have you go down. I dare say you will be treated very tenderly and kindly, perhaps better than you can expect, especially if you do not force them to treat you ill.

1 Sist. Yes, after they have burnt all my books,—robbed me of what they knew was my delight,—refused me the liberty of going abroad, and given me a blow on the face for nothing,—now they'll treat me kindly, will they? I desire none of their kindness. I won't go.

2 Sist. Well, sister, then they must wait upon you, I suppose.

1 Sist. If they do, I will not speak to them, nor open the door.

[She cries vehemently.]

2 Sist. I hope you will alter your mind, I'll leave you to think of it.

[The second sister withdraws, and the other claps the door after her.]

This dialogue needs no observation, save on the different tempers between children, dutifully submitting to family government, and affectionately complying with their parents' just desires; and, on the other hand, children, obstinately adhering to the dictates of their passions. And this will appear to every common reader. Besides, much of this first part being historical, and the family known, I forbear further observations on the particular conduct of the persons. The design of this work being rather to instruct other families, than to reproach those who may think themselves concerned, the author leaves these dialogues, therefore, without particular remarks, and leaves room for abler hands to annotate upon them hereafter, when the persons concerned may be gone off the stage; and then it may appear as a general reproach to those that are guilty, rather than a particular satire upon persons or families, and this he conceives will also tend more to the usefulness of the work.

THE FIFTH DIALOGUE.

The last dialogue is a kind of sketch or draught of the whole family we are speaking of. The eldest son and daughter, as their father and mother had suggested, being grown up in the long allowed course of looseness of behaviour, all manner of liberties having been given them, without any family restraint, without government, and rather encouraged by their parents than limited either by example or command, proved, as might well be expected, very obstinate and refractory; especially the daughter, who being hot and insolent, her mother, at the first attempt, was so provoked, as to use her somewhat roughly. The other children, who were grown up, being also a son and a daughter, are not only brought to submit to the reformation proposed by their parents, but embrace it with willingness and



cheerfulness, and make their duty their choice, to the great satisfaction of their parents.

The following dialogue is between the father and mother, with their sons and daughters respectively, and apart, which are the same that are referred to in the former discourses.

The mother, it seems, began with their eldest daughter upon something in her behaviour about breaking the Sabbath, and this, by the imprudence of the daughter, ended rougher than she (the mother) designed it.

The father began with the second son, and finding him very tractable, proceeded to the eldest son, but met with great difficulties and discouragements in him.

The mother found the second daughter sensibly affected with her discourse, and cheerfully willing to submit to her instructions; which was a great comfort to her, and encouraged her to deal the better with her obstinate sister.

The other children were younger, and rather to be governed by authority than persuasion. The dialogue with the eldest daughter began thus. After sermon, every Lord's-day, it had been their custom to walk abroad, to go to the park, or a visiting, and so to wear off the evening, and then come home to supper. But the case being now altered, the father had let the servants know they must all stay at home; and had told his younger son, with whom he had discoursed in the morning, that he would have no more going to the park on the Lord's-day. But the daughter had not yet heard of it, nor the eldest son, or, if they had, they did not believe their father was in earnest; so that, according to their usual custom, they were preparing to go abroad, and the son had bid their coachman get ready to carry them out. The mother perceiving the daughter to be putting on her gloves, calls to her thus:

Moth. What are you dressing for, child?

Daugh. To go to the park, madam.

Moth. I would not have you go to-night, my dear.

Daugh. Why, madam?

Moth. I have a reason which I had rather tell you another time.

[*Note.*—The mother having designed to have a serious discourse with her daughter, did not think fit to enter into particulars now, but her daughter's carriage forced her to it.]

Daugh. I must go, madam, I have appointed company.

Moth. Well, however, disappoint them for once, at my desire.

Daugh. 'Tis impossible, madam, I can't do it.

Moth. O, the impossibility is not so very great as you make it. I warrant you, you can excuse it.

Daugh. I never did such a thing in my life: 'tis rude, madam, to the last degree. I cannot look my Lady Light-head in the face.

Moth. Lay the fault on me, my dear, I'll bear the blame.

Daugh. I'll even lay the fault on nobody, nor ask anybody's pardon, but go myself.

Moth. I wonder, child, you should force me to the necessity of telling you, that you must not go.

Daugh. Why, madam, I must go; I can't put it off.

Moth. But I tell you, mistress, since you will be put off no other way, you shall not go.

Daugh. Shan't I?

Moth. No, you shan't.

Daugh. But I will go.

Moth. I never thought to have had such language as that from you, daughter, and I assure you I shall not take much of it.

Daugh. Why should I not go out then, as well now as at another time?

Moth. Why, daughter, since I must come to particulars with you, I assure you, that you shall not only not go to the park to-day, but never any more on a Sabbath-day, as long as I have the troublesome office of being your mother.

Daugh. What have I done to be used so?



Moth. Nothing more than the rest, nor was I blaming you: but you have been all guilty of profaning the Lord's-day; and to the best of my power you shall do it no more.

Daugh. Why, han't you don't it yourself? and have you not gone always with us?

Moth. Though that is very unnatural and unmannerly in you to reproach me with it; yet I confess, it is but too just, and I deserve it; however, I pray God forgive me, that I have done it, and especially, that I have let you all do it. Well may you upbraid me with it; and I desire to be ashamed, that you have had my example to encourage you to it: but it is the more my duty to reform it, and I expect your compliance with the more willingness.

Daugh. I see no harm in it, not I.

Moth. What, not on the Lord's-day?

Daugh. No, when sermon is over, and church is done.

Moth. Why, does not the commandment say—"Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy, therefore God blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it?"

Daugh. Why, don't I keep it holy enough? Don't I go to church every Sunday?

Moth. Well, and do you think that the Sabbath-day is over when you have been at church?

Daugh. Over! Why, what would you have us do after we have been at church?

Moth. I shall take a time to let you know, what is your duty on the rest of the day: but I did not design to talk of that now, nor of this neither, if you had not moved to it by your undutiful language.

Daugh. I don't trouble myself about it.

[Here the daughter turns away, and with a kind of humming low voice sings the tune of a new play-house song.]

Moth. Unsufferable insolence! Have I been telling you of the command of God to keep holy the Sabbath-day, and of my resolution to do it myself, and to cause you to do it,

and do you despise God and your mother at this rate! It is not to be borne with.

[She first apparently laughs at her mother, and turning away from her, sings on.]

Moth. Your contempt of your mother I place to my account; but, for your contempt of your Maker, take that on God's account.

[Strikes her a box on the ear.]

Daugh. Ha! is it come to that?

[The daughter flies away in a rage, and goes up stairs towards her chamber.]

Moth. Only take this with you in your fury, that I'll have no going out of doors.

Daugh. But I will, for all this.

Moth. I advise you to provoke me no farther.

Daugh. You have done your worst.

[The mother, provoked highly by her tongue, follows her, and goes into her chamber; but she had gone into another room, and the mother, seeing the closet door open in her chamber, goes in and takes away all her books, plays, songs, &c. leaving only her Bible, prayer-books, and two or three good books in their room.]

Moth. These are the cursed roots from whence this blessed fruit grows up! Here's her Sabbath-day's study! and the bait of all her pleasures! These shall be the first sacrifice to the blessed resolution I have taken of reforming my family.

[The mother brings them all down stairs, and, after looking over the particulars, threw them all into the fire.]

[The daughter going afterwards into her chamber, and finding what her mother had done, occasioned the dialogue already set down, between her and her eldest brother.]

This little adventure being over, and the mother having composed herself, she sends for her second daughter, about fifteen years old, and begins the following dialogue with her.

Moth. Child, where are you going? What, are you bespoken to-night too?

2 Daugh. No, madam: who should bespeak me?

Moth. Why, your sister, to go to the park.

2 Daugh. No, indeed, madam, I know nothing of it; and if she had, I have no inclination to it.

Moth. How so?

2 Daugh. I don't know, but I never cared for it on Sundays; but when you go, and every body, then I must.

Moth. Dear child, don't cut me to the heart, by telling me of my going! Your sister has upbraided me with it just now, in her fury; but your innocent way of telling me of it sinks deeper still.

2 Daugh. Upbraid you, madam! 'tis impossible! I hope my sister is not gone mad. Sure you won't call my speaking so upbraiding you with any thing. I abhor it.

Moth. But, my dear, I upbraid myself with it.

2 Daugh. God forbid I should do it, dear mother. But was there any harm in your going?

Moth. Only the wickedest thing in me that I was capable of doing; especially as it was an example to you, my dear, and to your brothers and sisters.

2 Daugh. But if it was a wicked thing, mother, it was so in me too, was it not?

Moth. Most certainly.

2 Daugh. I cannot tell what it was, but I had always some uneasiness when I was out at the park, or a visiting on the Sabbath-day; but I considered my mother was with me, and sure it could not be made wrong then, and that carried me on. But, dear mother, do not call this upbraiding you with it. It would break my heart to have you think so.

Moth. I don't, my dear; but I cannot help upbraiding myself with it, though nobody in the world was to upbraid me with it, for I have run the risk of ruining thee, my dear, and all the rest of my children, both soul and body; and I am afraid some of them are quite ruined already,

2 Daugh. I won't be one of them, mother. I'll do any thing you shall direct me to.

Moth. I would be glad to direct you for the best, my dear; but the work has been so long neglected, I am almost discouraged, and know not where to begin, or how to hope for success.

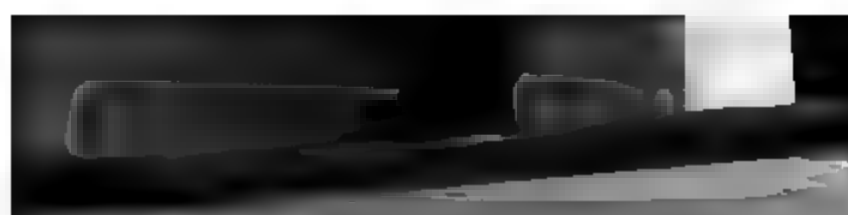
2 Daugh. Why, dear mother, I hope I am not so hard to be instructed, or so backward to learn. I am sure I am willing to change my course of life for a better, not only out of obedience to you, as you are my mother, but out of mere inclination and choice; for I have often thought we were not in the way to do ourselves good, and that the life we led was not as it should be.

Moth. I thank God for that foundation laid in thee, my dear, and hope the rules of amendment will be the more agreeable.

2 Daugh. Dear mother, all your rules shall be agreeable to me, but more especially such rules as shall deliver me from the evil of an irregular life. Sure I cannot be so ungrateful as to neglect the directions you shall give, so much to my own advantage.

Moth. My dear, it is true, that bare amendment of life is not all the duty that is before us; it is not enough that we forbear the follies which we have so long committed, but we must perform the duties we are commanded. A Christian's life consists, as well in discharging commanded duties, as in avoiding forbidden evils. Both must be done, and both submitted to cheerfully.

2 Daugh. I have been uneasy a great while at the life we live. I always thought it was not right; but I did not know what course to take to alter it, nor what I ought to do, or not to do; besides, I thought if I should refuse going to the play, and refuse going abroad on the Sabbath-day, I should anger you, madam; for I always found you were for them, and yet I cannot say I took any pleasure in them; but saw other families did not do so, and I thought they looked soberer, and lived better than our's. I thought



myself in heaven last winter, when you let me stay at my aunt's a few weeks.

Moth. And yet these are the very things your sister calls the pleasures of her life.

2 Daugh. Much good may they do her.

Moth. And puts so much value upon them, that she will affront her mother at any time, rather than deny herself the least satisfaction of that kind.

2 Daugh. She will have all my share in the pleasure at a very low price.

Moth. Indeed, she provoked me just now to the highest degree. When I saw her preparing to go to the park, and desired her to put it off, she told me 'twas impossible, and her honour was engaged; because, forsooth, she had made an appointment to meet the young Lady Lighthouse.

2 Daugh. Her honour engaged! What, her honour engaged to break God's commandments? Sure, madam, you did not tell her, as you do me, of the fourth commandment--"Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath-day."

Moth. Yes, I did several times; and when at last I added my own authority, and told her, she should not go, she told me flat and plain she would go.

2 Daugh. I am amazed!

Moth. Nay, I ought not to wonder; for, when she had laughed at its being a breach of God's command, how could I expect she would lay any weight upon mine?

2 Daugh. It is impossible! Certainly she could never do it in contempt of the commandments: she must rather pretend it was lawful, and that it did not break the command.

Moth. No, my dear, nobody breaks the commandments of God avowedly and obstinately, as God's command. Nobody is so absurdly wicked as to say, I will break God's commandments in defiance of him: but she pretended there was no harm in it, because sermon was done; as if God, who hallowed the Sabbath-day, had only hallowed so much of it

as was taken up in the public worship, and no part of the Sabbath was to be kept holy but sermon time.

2 Daugh. That's the divinity of the day, madam.

Moth. Nay, and which is still more ridiculous, as if one part of the day, being dedicated to the best things, the worst were to come just at the heels of them. I must own, I think people had better open their shops as soon as sermon is done, and fall to their business every Sabbath evening; for sure it would be less sin to spend the day in lawful employments than in sports and recreations. Worship and diversion are putting two extremes next to one another; and it seems a contempt of the day, to set one piece of it apart for the best things, and the other for the meanest, for recreation is the meanest lawful thing that can be done: but your sister thinks her pleasure the reason of her life, and the end for which she was born.

2 Daugh. Then she seems to be born for very little purpose. I hope I am born for something else, madam.

Moth. Yes, she thinks seeing and reading plays, company, visiting the park, and the Mall, such material points of life, and so essential to her happiness, that she will not only contradict my authority, but God's command, rather than not enjoy them.

2 Daugh. I know plays and romances have been too much my sister's study and mine too, but I confess I see nothing in them now so diverting as I have thought of them; but if I did, if I thought it were displeasing to you, mother, more, if I thought it were an error, or an enemy to religion and virtue, I would soon let you see what my real value for them is.

Moth. How dear they are to your sister, you will know to her just reproach, when you come to hear how she treats me for taking them from her; and how dear they are to me, you may guess, by my having put them into the fire just now.

2 Daugh. I am sorry for my sister, and especially, dear mother, that you should meet with so much affliction from



your children ; but depend upon it, madam, you shall meet with nothing from me, to add to it; and as to play-books and novels, I hope, if they were no way offensive on a religious account, I could sacrifice them all, to give satisfaction to my mother.

Moth. My dear, can you do so ?

[The mother weeps for joy.]

2 Daugh. I'll soon put you out of that doubt, madam, if you'll have patience till I fetch them.

[She runs up stairs to her closet.]

Moth. Well, how said my husband to me, that if we began this work heartily, it would perhaps be blessed and succeeded from above, beyond our expectation ! how does this dear child close cheerfully with the very first motion of a reformation ! Who knows, but God in time will mollify the obstinacy of her sister ! This shall, however, encourage me to go on with my work ; to continue instructing and exhorting her, and not despair of a blessing, though the difficulties, by reason of a long delay and neglect, have been doubled upon me.

[The daughter returns with a servant, and their laps both full of songs, plays, novels, romances, and such like stuff, and throws them down on the table.]

2 Daugh. Here, madam, is the willingest sacrifice I ever made in my life.

Moth. And do you do this freely, my dear ?

2 Daugh. With more pleasure, madam, than ever I read them ; and I resolve them to the fire.

Moth. I think, my dear, thou art the only qualified person to be trusted with them ; because, if there be any such thing as good in them, which I will not say there is, thou alone art able to pick it out, without touching, or being tainted with the bad, of tasting what has any relish, without being soiled with the dirt, or infected with the disease of the other.

2 Daugh. Well, madam, but were I so capable, I am not above being enticed ; and, besides, other of my bro-

thers and sisters may make my example their rule, or may claim to use them, though in my possession. I had rather have them follow my sister's, and therefore make it my desire, madam, in order to put an argument into your mouth, from my example, that I may put them all into the fire with my own hand.

[She throws them in.]

Moth. The blessing of thy father and mother be upon thee, my dear child. Thou hast made my heart rejoice, that was almost sunk before, for fear lest all my children were irrecoverably lost, by my neglect of their more early instruction.

2 Daugh. My dear mother! I am happier in that blessing, than in all that ever you gave before.

Moth. What wilt thou say, my dear, to thy sister, when she hears of it?

2 Daugh. Nay, madam, what will my sister say to me, when she shall know that I have heard how she used my mother for a few ballads and play-books?

Moth. She will mock and flout thee, my dear.

2 Daugh. Then I'll pity her, madam; for I am sure she is in a worse condition than I. I have your blessing and affection, madam, which I value above all the world; and she has a heap of plays and novels in the room of it.

Moth. My blessing, my dear! Alas, what is that? May He be thy blessing, whose blessing "maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow to it!" If God give thee grace to go on, thou wilt be a blessing to me, rather than I to thee; for I have been the ruin of you all, and have brought you into the danger of being never recalled, for want of instructing you before.

2 Daugh. Dear mother, do not load yourself with that; I hope it is not too late for us to learn now.

Moth. It is very late, my dear, very late; and what would have been easily taught, and easily learned before, will be hard now both ways. I fear, my dear, you do not see what other things are necessary to be done.

2 Daugh. What things are they, madam?

Moth. Why, my dear, on our part, thy father and I, we must set up a family government entirely new;—we must be angry now at what we were pleased at before, and pleased now with what we were angry at before;—what we laughed at, and made a jest of in our children before, we must now mourn over, and correct them for;—what we not only allowed to be done, but even did ourselves before, we must forbid now;—what we accounted pleasant before, must be frightful now;—and what we delighted in before, must be dreadful to us now: in short, every part of our government, or of our children's obedience, must be altered. O the task that I have to go through! O the difficulty of a late reformation in a family!

2 Daugh. I cannot understand what all this mighty change must be, madam, or wherein there will be so much difficulty, sure none of the family can be backward to listen to such directions as you will give them. Will any of my brothers or sisters be against being made better, or render your task difficult, when it may be made so easy, and when so much for their own good? I am sure I will not, mother.

Moth. I know the mortification must be great on your side too, I mean, all of you. It is not an easy thing to bring children off from their levities and pleasures, which are become so natural to them, by a long uninterrupted allowance of their parents and governors; nay, it is not easy for children themselves to bring their humours and inclinations, fancies and passions, off from the pleasures of life, which perhaps they have, as all mine had, an unrestrained enjoyment of. The work is very hard, my dear.

2 Daugh. I believe it will not be half so hard to me to deny myself any, or all those diversions and criminal enjoyments you speak of, mother, as to guide myself to those things which are necessary to be done, or engaged in afterwards.

Moth. My dear, a religious conversation is not the easiest thing in the world.

2 Daugh. But I believe it is the pleasantest thing in the world, mother.

Moth. Child, I wonder to hear thee say so, for thou hast never seen any thing of it at home.

2 Daugh. 'Tis true, I have not at home, but I have abroad, madam, when you sent me to my aunt's, where you know I was nine or ten weeks. I thought I was in heaven there, to what I was at home; every one there was so sober, so pretty, so grave, so exact, and so regular, and yet so cheerful, so pleasant, so innocently merry, and withal so pious, and so religious, that I thought nothing so happy in my life, nor did I ever spend so many weeks so well in my life.

Moth. Child, your aunt is a Dissenter, you know.

2 Daugh. But, madam, my uncle is a churchman; and let them be what they will, I see no difference in their conversation. They all agree to be a religious, sober, pious family: the children are all under such government, do all things so prettily, and their behaviour is so agreeable, they love one another so entirely, and enjoy one another so perfectly, that I believe they are the pattern of all the town. My uncle every night and morning calls them all together to prayers. My aunt takes all her daughters together once a day, and makes one of them read a chapter, and then she says any thing she finds occasion to say to them, by way of reproof or direction; and I observed, when I went up stairs at night, not one of my cousins would go to bed till they had retired into their closets to their prayers by themselves.

Moth. Poor child! that was a strange way of life to thee, I believe.

2 Daugh. I thought it strange indeed at first; but I was soon able to recollect myself, and was ashamed to let them know that I thought it strange, much less that I did not do so myself.

Moth. Poor child! if thou hadst been taught as well as they, thou wouldst have done so too.



2 Daugh. Indeed, madam, as I was almost left alone, I could not but say my prayers too; and this kind of life began to be so pleasant and agreeable to me, that I never enjoyed myself like it in all my life.

Moth. And didst thou not think thy father's family a kind of hell, when thou camest home again, my dear?

2 Daugh. No, madam, I confess it was odd at first, when, instead of a regular family, I came home to all manner of looseness, and liberty; but it soon began to be natural to me again, and I forgot my good aunt's instructions, ay, and my uncle's too, who used to say a great many good things to me, and gave me a great deal of good advice.

Moth. How seldom is good instruction lost or thrown away! I am persuaded the little good advice they gave thee was the foundation of that willingness to be governed and reformed which appears in thee now. My blessing on her heart for doing thee so much good!

2 Daugh. I believe it has done me no harm, madam.

Moth. How then would good instruction have wrought upon thee, if I had begun it ten or twelve years ago?

2 Daugh. Dear mother, I hope it is not too late.

Moth. Well, my dear, how do they spend the Sabbath at your aunt's? Not as we do, I dare say.

2 Daugh. No, indeed, madam, after quite another fashion. The young ladies are obliged to be down stairs half an hour after nine in the morning, ready dressed; then my uncle calls to prayers, and soon after they go all away, either to church or to the meeting-house; but whichever it is, they are almost sure to meet together after sermon, sometimes at the very door, and then children and servants, not one stirs from home. In the evening my uncle calls them all together, reads to them in some good book, and then sings psalms, and goes to prayers. When that is over, they go to supper; then they spend an hour perhaps or two in the most innocent and pleasant discourse and conversation imaginable,—it is always about something religious; and then every one retires to their apartment,

and the young ladies spend their time in closet devotions, till they go to bed.

The sons, you know, madam, are grown up; and those young gentlemen are the very picture of their father,—sober, virtuous, religious, and modest; and yet are really gentlemen, and behave themselves as much like gentlemen, as any men do. Dear mother, when I came home, and heard my brother damn the coachman, and curse the maids; when I heard the noise, the clamour, the profane words that our servants have in their daily conversation, it amazed me. I thought at first all gentlemen had been like my brother; but I was soon convinced when I had been a while at my aunt's.

Moth. All this, my dear, is the consequence of the difference of education, and signifies, my dear, that your aunt has done her duty, and I have not done mine; nothing else has made the difference, indeed, God's grace excepted.

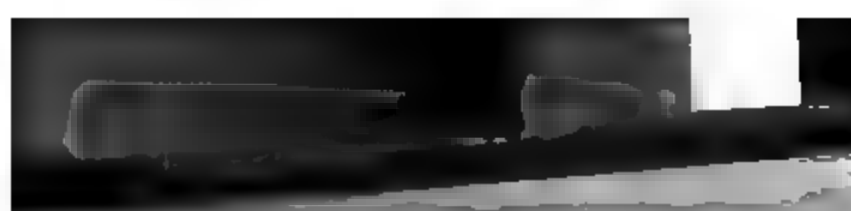
2 Daugh. Dear mother, do not afflict yourself with what is past. Sure none of us will be such refractory creatures, as to resist your good design of reforming us now.

Moth. O, it is too late to bring your brothers to any government now.

2 Daugh. I hope not, madam; if they are grown up, and thereby may think themselves past government, yet sure they are not past persuasion; they may want judgment when little, and are then rather to be taught by compulsion and correction; but as they are now masters of more reason, they will the sooner submit to the affectionate persuasions of a tender father and mother, especially in a thing so apparently and convincingly for their own good, soul and body.

Moth. I have a great deal of reason to fear the contrary, as well in your father as in your brothers.

2 Daugh. I think my sister is passionate, and very fond of pleasure and gaiety; but, madam, time and your autho-



Dial. V.] THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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rity, I hope, will prevail upon her to reflect upon her own interest, as well as duty.

Moth. Go to her, my dear, and see if you can work any thing upon her.

2 Daugh. Alas, madam! I shall be a very simple instructor to her, who thinks herself so wise. She reckons me but a child, fitter to come to school to her.

Moth. A less child than you, my dear, has been my instructor; why may not you be her's?

2 Daugh. I'll visit her, madam; but I question whether she will speak to me, for I know she is in a great passion.

Moth. Well go, and bid her come down into the parlour. Here's your father a coming. Tell her, your father and I want to speak to her.

2 Daugh. Yes, madam.

[She goes up to her sister.]

Notes on the Fifth Dialogue.

This dialogue chiefly discovers the difference of two families: one religiously educated, faithfully instructed, and taught both by the care and example of the heads of the family; the other abandoned to the gust of their own inclinations, and let loose in the pursuit of their pleasures, without any regard to their present duty or future happiness.

The benefit the young lady received in the religious family of her aunt, and the effects of it, shows us, 1. How pleasant a religious life; when duly conformed to, and willingly complied with, appears to be; and, 2. what convincing force it has in it, even upon the minds of those who have no part in it themselves.

THE SIXTH DIALOGUE

While the mother was thus managing her daughters, the father was much engaged with the two sons; and his hardships were every jot as great as the mother's, and his encouragements the same too.

It is to be observed here, that the difficulty in this part of the education of children does not lie so much in the question what to teach them, and what principles of the Christian religion to go upon, as to bring them by reasoning and argument to be teachable; to persuade them that they have any occasion to learn, or that they are capable of teaching them, and to cause them to submit to instruction in general.

The father called his second son up to him on a Sabbath-day in the morning, before he came down stairs, and, taking him into his closet, began this dialogue with him. The son, you are to suppose, has been bred a gentleman and a scholar, was about seventeen years of age, and was newly come from the university.

The father begins thus :—

Fath. Son, I suppose you know what day this is?

Son. Yes, sir.

Fath. But perhaps you do not know, that not you only, but all the family, myself not excepted, have never taken due notice of the Sabbath-day, or of the manner in which we ought to behave on that day. The duty appointed for the day has been too much neglected; above all, the great duty of setting it apart for the worship and service of God, and keeping the Sabbath-day holy.

Son. I remember the fourth commandment, sir.

Fath. Yes, we can all repeat the commandments by rote, and do every day at church say them over and over; but the little regard we have shown to them in the week, is

too plain a proof of our thinking but little of what we say : for God knows, in my house there has been little difference between a Sabbath-day and another day, unless it be, that the Sabbath-day has been spent the worst of the two ; for excepting our just going to church, which also is made a mere diversion, and a kind of entertainment, all the rest is spent in mere revelling, feasting, visiting, and either riding abroad, or mirth and gaiety at home ; and this is so notorious, more in my family than in any other, that I am sensible it is high time to put a stop to it, and I design to tell you all my mind this evening, that the reformation may be effectual. I hope none of my children will oppose their own good.

Son. I hope not, sir.

Fath. Nay, if they oppose me never so much, I am resolved in this, if they will be foolish and wicked, they shall be foolish and wicked for themselves, not for me, or for any body else. For my part, when I look back upon my family, and consider how we have lived hitherto, I wonder that the judgments of God have not distinguished my family, and made us as public, and as much the amazement of the world for our punishment, as we have been notorious for our sin and, therefore, if it were only for the fear of the hand of heaven, though I hope I act from another principle too, I think it concerns me to set about a family reformation, with all possible diligence and application.

Son. Indeed I never considered it, sir, till of late ; but for some time past I have begun to see we have not been right. It is true, we do not live as other families do ; and I have often thought so, but perhaps not with so much concern as I should have done.

Fath. Well, child, my design of altering it will be so much the more agreeable to you then, when you come to practise it.

Son. If it were not, sir, it shall be the more agreeable to me, if it be your command.

Fath. I would not command any thing that should not be

agreeable, if it were not absolutely necessary. But in things indispensably our duty, the humours of any side are of no weight at all. The duty must be considered, rather than the inclination of those who are to perform it.

Son. I am not only willing to obey it, for its being your command, sir; but my own inclination concerns to set about any thing that will rectify my life, and teach me to govern myself according to my duty.

Fath. What you say, child, is very obliging, as it relates to me; and as I have always showed you, by my own conduct in your education, that I have entertained a particular affection for you more than for the rest of your brothers and sisters; so this return is so very pleasing to me, that I cannot but tell you I will not forget to show it you; and that I think myself very highly engaged by it to distinguish you in my affection, and in concern for you, as you have distinguished yourself in your duty and regard to me on this occasion: but the readiness you show to this work of reformation, from an inclination to the thing itself, is a particular which I rejoice in, and love you for, with an affection which I was not master of before. But tell me, child, whence came this inclination? how first came any thoughts into your mind about it? I am sure I have never before spoken a word about religion to you in my life.

Son. I won't say so, sir.

Fath. Aye, but I have too much cause to say so; and I am convinced I have not only failed of my duty, for which I heartily beg pardon of Almighty God, but have been injurious to you, child, and to all my children, in not furnishing you with the knowledge of your duty when you were young, and giving you early instruction; by which much of the follies of your lives might have been prevented, all the time you have now mis-spent had been saved, and you had all been long ago what now I doubt you will not obtain without great difficulty to me and yourselves.

Son. I am sorry to see you afflict yourself, sir, about that, I hope it shall not be too late still.

Fath. But, if not too late, the work is double, the task hard, the attempt almost desperate, and the success very doubtful.

Son. Dear sir, you shall have no difficulty with me. I am entirely resolved to be guided by your instructions, to follow your rules, obey your dictates, and submit wholly to your direction, let the difficulty be what it will to me; and, therefore, I only desire to know what the first steps are you would have me take.

Fath. The first steps, my dear, are the breaking off the ill practices of our family, and the regulating the house by rules of virtue, sobriety, and a Christian life,—things we have all been strangers to here.

Son. This, sir, is that which I told you before I had an inclination to formerly, and 'tis with a great deal of pleasure I shall close with all your schemes of that kind; because it is sometime ago since I have seen and observed, that, as I thought, we did not live like Christians, but rather like heathens, and that other families were quite another sort of people than we; and I could not but be in love with them, and weary of our's; for I cannot but think, that nature itself dictates to a man of sense, that a life of virtue and sobriety is more agreeable to us, as men, than a vicious, wicked, profligate course, which not only ruins the estate, the conscience, health, and the good name of the person, but even his reputation, as to the world also.

Fath. I was asking you before, what first raised these just reflections in you, my dear; for as I acknowledged then, I say again, I own thou art not beholden to me for them.

Son. The first hints I had of this kind, sir, were a great while ago, from some accidental conversation with Mr. ———, our neighbour, when we were little children.

Fath. What, the old gentleman?

Son. No, the young; and afterwards with his mother, when, after our usual recreations, he carried me home to their house.

Fath. How was it, child? for I long to hear the story. If any good person has helped me to do my work, or done it for me, I shall be very thankful.

Son. No, sir, not so much of that; but when I first began to play with that young gentleman, some years ago, his mother heard me use some ugly words, such as I was but too much given to then, and sending her son away, the old lady took me into her parlour, and gave me sweetmeats, and asked me a great many questions.

Fath. What questions?

Son. She asked me, if ever I was taught to swear? I answered, no. She asked me, if my father would not chide me, if he heard me swear? I told her no. But I was sorry for it, sir; for I presently thought, that to say so, reflected upon my father, whether it was true or no; and that I ought to have said, yes, he did, though it was not true.

Fath. Dear child, the sin was mine, and the shame of its being true ought to be mine, and shall for ever be mine. I am glad thou didst not speak a false thing to her. What said she then?

Son. She did not say much to me the first time; but she only told me, it was a sad thing that a pretty boy, as she said I was, should be ruined; and I thought I saw her weep.

Fath. Did you see her again after that?

Son. Yes, sir, she got me in again the next day, and gave more sweetmeats, and asked me several questions about God and heaven; and I was sadly ashamed I could answer her to nothing at all,—for I knew nothing of it but what I had heard by chance, or learned by rote. She asked me if I was willing to know any thing for my own good in another world? and I told her yes, with all my heart. She told me, if I would come and visit her son every day, she would use me like her own child. But she desired me to promise one thing beforehand. I said I would promise any thing she pleased. Then she said, I must promise her not to swear, nor take God's name in vain. She

told me, that I was a gentleman, and my father and mother were persons of distinction;—that it was not only a sin against God, but below me as a gentleman, to swear, and use ill words;—that if I should swear when I grew to be a man, it would spoil all my education, and no sober man would keep me company;—that if I would not leave off swearing, and taking God's name in vain, she must not let her son play with me, for she should be afraid her son should learn such words too, and then he would be undone.

Fath. And did you promise her, my dear?

Son. Yes, sir, I promised her; but I could not forbear crying; and when I got away from her, I could not help crying a great while by myself.

Fath. What did you cry for, when you came away?

Son. I cried for shame, to think I should do any thing that need such a reproof, and that it should be counted scandalous or dangerous to any children to be permitted to play with me.

Fath. And did it not make you angry with the lady that had reprov'd you, and hate her?

Son. No, sir, it made me love her; and ever after that, to this day, I have several times gone to her, and made her long visits.

Fath. And does she continue to talk to you so, child, still?

Son. Yes, sir, to this hour, and calls me her son; and but that I would not dishonour my mother, I should call her mother too, for she has been better than a mother to me.

Fath. How did she go on with you?

Son. When she had gained my promise against swearing, she brought in all the wicked words I had learned among our servants, and made me promise to leave them all off; sometimes she would persuade me, other whiles give me money, and other good things. After that, she asked if I used to pray to God? I told her, I said my prayers. But, my dear, says she, do you know what prayer means? I told her yes; but gave her so weak an account

of it, that she told me very affectionately she would tell me what prayer was; and after having explained the meaning of it, she gave me a few short directions what I should say when I prayed: and then told me, I ought to pray to God every morning and evening, as the Jews offered up their morning and evening sacrifice, and that God expected such a worship; and after she had for two or three times talked so to me, she made me kneel down by her, and she stood up and prayed a short time over me.

Fath. This blessed woman! what does my family owe her! And what didst think of it, child?

Son. Truly it made my very heart turn within me, when I heard a stranger so earnest in her prayers to God for me, who did not belong to her; and some of her expressions cut me to the heart.

Fath. What were they, child?

Son. I fear they will trouble you, sir, if I mention them.

Fath. Well, let me hear them, however.

Son. She prayed that God would supply the want of instruction to that poor neglected child, and teach him by the powerful influence of his Spirit;—that he would give the knowledge of himself to me, and reveal Christ in my heart, that, being taught of God, I might believe in him, and, believing, might have life through his name. She prayed that God would bless her endeavours to instruct me, though I were not committed to her charge, and that I might be convinced of sin, and then converted unto God.

Fath. How canst thou remember all this?

Son. It is written so deep in my heart, dear father, I can never forget it while I live.

Fath. What effect had it upon you, child?

Son. Why, sir, the effect was of many kinds. First, I entirely left off all the ill words I had used, according to my promise, and I went about mighty pensive and sad for some time, musing and considering what my condition was at I was prayed for as one neglected and abandoned;

and what she meant by the teaching of the Spirit, and what by the work of conviction, and conversion, and the like.

Fath. And how were you informed?

Son. I was then as impatient to be with her every day, as she was to have me; and I continually harassed her with questions and importunities; and she opened and explained every thing to me in such a manner, that I soon became able to understand the most difficult points in religion.

Fath. And what effect had it upon thee, child? Didst thou not lose it all when thou camest home to thy father's wicked family?

Son. No, sir, not at all; I began from that time to read the scriptures, to pray by myself, and to consider to what purpose I was born, and what was to befall me in a future state.

Fath. And how long did this last, child?

Son. I thank God it is not wrought out yet, sir.

Fath. And is it possible, my dear child? Has there been such a thing as a child of mine praying to God? Has there been a creature that has thought a word of heaven and his Maker, in my uninstructed, prayerless family?

Son. Little enough, sir.

Fath. And how comes it to pass neither thy brothers nor sisters never heard of it?

Son. I knew they would but laugh at me, and mock me, and think me a fool; and they have done so as it is, when I would not go with them to plays, and to their Sabbath-day rambles.

Fath. Why, my dear, was it you that refused to go? I always thought they slighted you, and did not care to take you with them, and have been angry with them for it.

Son. No, sir, they would always have had me with them; but I durst not go, I abhorred it.

Fath. How camest thou to be against it?

Son. My new mother always persuaded me against it; told me the many judgments of God that attended Sabbath

breaking, and how many miserable lives and deaths took their beginning at a neglect of the Sabbath-day. She persuaded me too not to go to plays and balls; and bade me, if I wanted diversion, when my brothers and sisters were gone to the play, I should come and see her; and that when my brothers and sisters went out to the park, or a visiting on the Lord's-day, I should come thither, and see how they spent their time, or go up into my chamber, and pray to God.

Fath. And did you so?

Son. Yes, sir, I went to her almost every Sabbath-day evening.

Fath. What, and nobody know it?

Son. No, every body thought I had companions of my own to be merry with.

Fath. And so thou hadst, blessed be God for casting thy lot in such company, when thy father's house has been a nest of profaneness and abominations. But how did they spend the Sabbath-day, child, when you were with them?

Son. Very well, sir, for they are all good people. Before supper, they were all called down to prayers; Mr. ———, their father, read a sermon, and every one of the children read a chapter, and then sung psalms, and then all kneeled down to prayers.

Fath. And did you learn to pray there, my dear?

Son. Yes, sir, Madam ———, my new mother, used to take me, and let me kneel down just in her hand, as it were; and when there was any word spoken, that she thought I should remember particularly, she would touch my cheek; and then, after prayers was over, she would tell me why she did so, and how that sentence was proper for me to remember, and to make use of for myself.

Fath. She has been a mother to thee, indeed! a truer mother than she that bore thee! and has acted a truer parent to thee than either thy father or mother ever did! God, that inclined her heart to pity my children, double the blessing upon her own. I'll go and thank her for it, and

acknowledge how little I have done my duty, and how much of my work she has done for me. But, my dear, how long ago was this?

Son. Eight or nine years, sir.

Fath. And how long did you do so?

Son. All along, sir, till you sent me to the university for a year and a half; and then I could not, you know.

Fath. And have you been to give her thanks for her trouble since you came home?

Son. No, indeed, sir; but I have e'en given her new trouble, for I go to her still every time I can get out, not to be seen, and as often as I can find leisure.

Fath. Still, my dear! Why, what does she teach thee now?

Son. O, sir, I find more occasion of her, the more I go to her. She has taught me all the first principles of religion, and, I hope, has put me in a way how to increase and go forward in knowledge and experience, piety and virtue, till I come to be more able to instruct myself without help. She is a most excellent person, and all her family are like her.

Fath. Indeed they are another kind of family than ours is! Well, go on, my dear, and the Lord that has found out an instrument to do thee good, be himself thy instructor. As for me, how am I ashamed! When I look into my own house, and see what a soil I have to plant in, and have neglected to cultivate it;—what children would these have been, if I had begun betimes to instruct them! Well, go, my dear, it is late,—we will talk more of this another time.

Note.—The father was so affected with the circumstances which his son had discovered to him, that he could not contain the surprise, but retired to give vent to his passions. He found that God had taken his children, as it were, out of his hand; and had supplied the defect of instruction, by good people in the neighbourhood, as if he had not been worthy to be the instrument of their good; and

this affected him deeply, as will farther appear in the next discourse between the husband and his wife, when they come to talk about it.

THE SEVENTH DIALOGUE.

The father had not been so happily surprised in his discourse with his second son in the morning, but he is as unhappily mortified with the rencounter he meets with in his eldest son in the afternoon. The young gentleman was above stairs with his eldest sister, as noted in the fourth dialogue, when his father called for him; and, being a little ruffled in his humour with the ill usage, as he thought it, that his mother had given his sister, he came down with a grave discomposed look, and appeared not very respectful in his behaviour. His father, who knew him to be hot and fiery in his disposition, was not willing to have been angry, and designed to treat him, as will appear, very kindly. But he takes up the case first, and began with his father.

Son. Sir, did you forbid Thomas letting us have the coach?

Fath. I ordered in general, that none of the servants should stir out to-day.

Son. I thought so, and told the dog, that I was sure you had not forbid him; I'll break the rascal's head this minute.

[Offers to go out.]

Fath. Hold, George, I must speak with you first.

Son. I'll come again immediately.

[Offers to go again.]

Fath. No, no, I must speak with you now. Sit you down, I'll have nobody's head broke to-day. Don't you know it is Sabbath-day?

Son. Better day, better deed, sir. 'Tis never out of season to correct a rascal.

[Offers to go out a third time.]



Fath. George, sit down, I say, and be easy; perhaps you may be better satisfied presently, if you can have patience.

Son. Sir, I am satisfied from your own mouth, that the villain not only refused, when I ordered him to get the coach out, but told me a lie, and said you forbid him; which I then told him I did not believe, and promised to cane him if it were not true, and I must be as good as my word.

Fath. Well, well, but let it alone for the present, I say.

Son. I must, and will beat the villain by ——

[Swears softly, yet so that his father overhears him.]

Fath. The coachman's usage is not so rough to you, but I think your's is as rude to your father.

Son. Why, sir, what do I say? I don't speak disrespectfully to you, sir; but I speak of this same fellow.

Fath. I heard what you said, sir, and what you might be sure I did not like, and wherever you use such language, if you had any respect for your father, you would not take that freedom where I am.

Son. If it had not been in respect to you, sir, why did I speak softly.

Fath. This was a seeming respect, indeed, but you took care I should not be ignorant.

Son. I did not design you should have heard; I intended no disrespect.

Fath. Well, sit down here then, and suspend your foolish passion about the fellow, at least for the present.

Son. I suppose you don't keep servants on purpose to affront me at that rate.

Fath. If my son had as much patience with his father, as he obliges his father to have with him, he might have had an answer to that before now; but you are too hot for your father to talk with you it seems.

Son. No, sir, I am not hot; but it would provoke any body to be used so by a servant.

Fath. Then you must turn your anger this way, and

quarrel with your father, for the fellow has done nothing but what I commanded him.

Son. Why, you said, sir, you did not bid him refuse me.

Fath. You must have every thing nicely explained to you, it seems. I tell you, what he said to you was the natural consequence of what I ordered, though perhaps the fellow did not give you the true reason; but, in general, I had bid him stay at home.

Son. He might have said so, then.

Fath. No, perhaps I commanded him otherwise too.

Son. I find I am not to know what it is, nor what it means: nor do I care whether I do or no.

Fath. In time you may.

Son. As you please, sir.

Fath. Well, in this it shall be as I please then. But if you had thought fit to have come to talk with me, with less heat in your temper, and waited a little till I had spoken what I had to say to you, all your fury at him, and your indecency to me, might have been spared.

Son. I did not know what you sent for me for.

Fath. And did not design to know it, I suppose, for you gave me no time to speak.

Son. I only told you of the treatment of the coachman, I have no more to say.

Fath. Then I may take my turn, I hope, I shall tell you then, that I sent for you, as I purpose to do for all your brothers and sisters, to tell you, that whereas we have lived in an open, professed contempt of God's commands, profanation of the Sabbath-day, and omission of all religious duties, it is high time to take a new course;—that I was convinced of what was my own duty, as a father and a master of a family;—that hitherto the sin lay too much at my door, but for the future I would discharge myself better;—that if my children would go on, it should be no longer through my omission, but their own. To this purpose I began with my servants, whom, as soon as I came from church, I commanded to be all at home, and that I would have no going

abroad: then I resolved to tell my mind to my children, who, I expected, would not give me the trouble of commanding or using the authority of a father or governor with them; but that I might with reason and argument persuade, and with affection and tenderness invite them to a thing which must necessarily so far convince their consciences as to leave them no room to question but it was infinitely for their advantage, and for their general good, both soul and body.

Son. I knew nothing of this, sir.

Fath. Well, that's true; but, as I said, you might have known it before, if you had patience, or had thought fit to have given me time to speak to you.

Son. Nay, I do not understand it, now I do know it.

Fath. Your ignorance shall serve you but a short while. You can easily understand this part of it, that, without troubling you with any more of the reasons of it, I will have none that are under my roof, children or servants, stir out of my doors on the Sabbath-day after church is done.

Son. You will take it ill, perhaps, if your children should ask you the reason why they must be so confined; and your children will not fail to think it hard to be confined so, and not know the reason of it.

Fath. I might with much more justice insist upon my undoubted right to govern my own family, without giving an account to my children of what I do; also in a case so plain as this, methinks, they need not seek for a reason for such an order; but since they pretend ignorance, let them read the commands of God to keep holy the Sabbath-day.

Son. Those commands were as strong before as they are now, and yet we never were thus confined before.

Fath. The worst of that is mine, son; and all that can be said for answer to that, is, that before I was to blame, and neglected my duty. Now I resolve, God willing, to do my duty, and neglect it no longer; and, if it be otherwise, they that are guilty shall be to blame, not I.

Son. Every body may do their own duty for themselves.

Fath. But it is my unquestioned duty, to make all that are under my command do their duty.

Son. I do not desire to be confined.

Fath. My desire, or my design, was not to confine you, but to persuade you to confine yourself by the rules of your Christian duty; but you have pushed it farther than I expected; and, if you will not do it yourself, I must do it for you.

Son. I hate to be confined, or to confine myself.

Fath. That makes it more my duty to confine you; and since I think your business is to obey, and not to dispute, I desire no more of your arguments, but expect to see my orders observed, since I know they are founded upon both religion and reason.

Son. You may oblige us to stay within, but you cannot oblige us to be willing.

Fath. Then I must be content with as much of your obedience as I can get.

Son. And I hope will expect it no longer than while we cannot help it.

Fath. But I will take care that you shall not help it while you call me father, for I will not bear the title without the authority.

Son. Liberty is a native right: the brutes seek it; not a bird will be in a cage, if it can be free.

Fath. Liberty to do evil is an abandoned slavery, the worst of bondage; and confinement from doing evil, is the only true liberty. But to cut this discourse short, I can give liberty no longer to any under my roof to break God's commands, or profane his Sabbath; it is not in my power. If you will not submit to my government, you must quit my dominions. And as I foresee you will be forward enough to carry it high, you are mistaken if you think I shall wait to be told by you, that you will go abroad, or you will not stay in the family; for, unless you will it to regulate your life after a different manner than

you have done, and to receive advice from your father for your conduct, (flatter not yourself with your father's affection;—I'll love none that hate God, nor shelter none of his rebels) my doors shall be open to let you out when you please.

Son. I care not how soon.

Fath. That's what I expected from you. My answer shall be very plain. You shall be at liberty to go this hour, son, before the next; but take this with you, whenever you go, that if ever you set your foot without the door on this account, you'll never get leave to set your foot within it again, but upon your knees with the humblest repentance and submission both to God and your father; for I am not in jest with you.

Note.—No wise father ought to suffer himself to be threatened by his children with going away from him; but rather to make their being thrust from their parents the greatest punishment they have to fear.

[The father goes out of the room, but returns again immediately.]

Fath. I did not expect this treatment at your hands, son.

Son. I do not know what you would have me do.

Fath. What I would have you do, is very plain, and is nothing but what your duty to God requires, viz. to submit to the regulations and orders which I shall give in my family for the worship of God, and for regulating our morals and our way of living; and especially for restoring a general face of religion and virtue upon our conversation, that we may, according to the scripture, "live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world;" and not be eminent, in the place we live in, for the loosest and most profligate family in the whole neighbourhood.

Son. I think we are religious enough. What should we do more than we do?

Fath. I think my first work is to let you know what you should not do; for if this cannot be obtained, viz. to refrain

from what we do that is wrong, how shall we come to ascertain what is right? and, if we know not what evils to refuse, how shall we know what duties to perform?

Son. I know nothing we do that we ought to leave off.

Fath. That is the reason why I bewail so much your want of instruction and education, and that I am so willing to retrieve the loss. I can soon tell you what you should leave off, viz. you should leave profaning the Lord's-day in sports, diversions, visiting, riding to the park, company, and the like; and spend it, as it was appointed to be spent, viz. in acts of religious worship, in hearing and reading God's word, and in other duties proper to that purpose. Next, you should leave off the play-houses, and reading plays, as not only introductory to vice, and an extravagant mis-spender of time, but as they lead to engaging in such society and bad company, as will be destructive to any sober character in the world. Thirdly, that a general sobriety of behavior be fixed upon the whole scheme of your conversation; free from passion, ill words, swearing, blaspheming God's name, and from drunkenness, and all other excesses. These are the main heads of the negatives which I speak of, and which I desire to be observed; and this is so just, so easy, and so equitable, that I cannot but expect, especially considering how my children are circumstanced, a ready compliance with it. I shall direct you to positive duties afterwards.

Son. I know not how we are circumstanced, or what you would have me understand by that word.

Fath. I find your temper is such, that I am rather to let you know what I expect, than to hope for your observing it, and that you will put the hardship upon me of doing all with you by force. This is a treatment, I think, very disingenuous, and unlike a dutiful son. I am willing to indulge you in every thing that is reasonable and just; but, as I am convinced what I desire is not only your duty, but your interest to comply with, I therefore cannot indulge to your own ruin; and for that reason, if you will oblige

me to use violent methods to restore you, and to restore my family, although I shall be sorry for it, yet, as it is my duty, I must do it. And I let you know therefore very plainly my resolution, and the reason of it. If you can give better reasons why you should not comply with these things, I am ready to hear them.

Son. What signifies giving reasons against what you resolve to do?

Fath. It might take off the scandal of disobedience from you, when you pretend to oppose your practice to my directions.

Son. I don't concern myself about scandals, not I.

Fath. You fortify yourself against every thing a wise man ought to be concerned at; and that by a general negligence of God and man, as if you were unconcerned for conscience and reputation. I hope you don't desire to be known by such a character.

Son. I don't see that I do any thing that deserves reflection.

Fath. Well, come examine a little. Is your Lord's-day conduct to be justified? Do you think you keep the Sabbath-day as you ought to do?

Son. Why, sir, do I not go constantly to church?

Fath. Where do you find in God's law, that going to church is the sum of the Sabbath-day's duties. If you can show me that in the scripture, then I am put to silence.

Son. I see no harm in taking the air a little after sermon time.

Fath. If sermon time be the whole of the Sabbath-day, you are in the right; but then you must prove that the fourth commandment should have been translated thus, viz. "Remember that thou keep holy the sermon-time on the Sabbath-day."

Son. I think there is no need of so much strictness.

Fath. God and your father are of another opinion; or else neither the rules of the one, or the discourse of the other, are to be credited. I see all your arguments against

these things are only in general, that you do not think thus, or you do not see that. But have you any just objections against the express commands of God? If you have, let us hear them.

Son. I do not object against the commands of God; but I do not see, on the other hand, that I break the commands of God, in taking a turn in the park, or visiting a friend on a Sunday after sermon.

Fath. I'll lock up all argument on that side against you, thus:—If you can prove that taking your pleasure on the Sabbath-day is keeping of it holy, you may justify yourself; if not, you cannot. And for that, read this text, Isa. lviii. 13. “If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day,” &c. There is the word of God directly against you: would you have any further authority?

Son. I cannot dispute of these things.

Fath. They that cannot dispute, should not contradict. However, I think it my duty to let all of you know, that as I have no reason to doubt but the command of God is clear, and that I ought to see it obeyed, I join to it my command, viz. that in my family I will have no more profaning the Lord's-day, no more going to plays, no more swearing, drunkenness, or immorality whatsoever, if I can help it; and I expect to be put to as little trouble as possible, in having this order of mine submitted to.

Son. I suppose you may find some opposition besides what you think I shall make. You have more children than me.

Fath. You have the less need to make my task harder, and join with them: however, I am speaking now not of their obedience, but your's.

Son. Perhaps I may obey as much as they; but I suppose I may bear the blame of their standing out.

Fath. If you do well, you are sure to be accepted: if in lies at thy door. If you are an encouragement to disobedience, you take your share of the guilt, whether



it be by words or by example. My business, however, is not with them now, but with you ; and I desire to know your mind, having now told you what I expect.

Son. I know not what you would have me say. You say you will be obeyed : then I must obey, I think. I know nothing else to be said. If you will make the house a monastery, I must turn monk, I think ; but nothing is more certain, than that we shall all think it hard, and think we are not used kindly.

Fath. The commands of God are not grievous, nor are my resolutions hard or unjust ; and that makes the opposition which you make the more unnatural. However, since you are not to be wrought upon to think it reasonable, I must content myself to take your outward compliance, whether willing or unwilling ; though I think your behaviour highly disobliging, and shall always let you know I resent it as such.

Son. You will find all your children will think it hard as well as I.

Fath. That cannot be true ; for I know some of them to whom God has given more grace.

Son. I am sure then others have not.

Fath. Yes, I know your sister has shown herself much to the disgrace of her good breeding, as obstinate as yourself ; and has been very insolent to her mother ; and I hear she talks at a rate of her mother that does not become her. I assure her it shall not be borne with.

Son. I think my mother used her very ill.

Fath. I find you are too partial to be judge of it ; and, therefore, ought to let it alone. What has her mother done to her ?

Son. She has taken away all her books of value, and not only ruffled her with hard words, but even struck her with very little provocation.

Fath. You have a truer account of the fact, I find, than of the provocation. As to striking her, I regret she had not done it sooner, and repeated it oftener. Her sanc-

ness to her mother, and her contempt of God, were insufferable. It was her good fortune that I was not there. And as to taking her books, I have had the mortification to look them all over; and with a great deal of affliction to think that any children of mine should spend their time in such foolish, filthy, and abominable books.

Son. What, do you mean the plays?

Fath. Yes, I do mean the plays, songs, novels, and such like, which made up her whole study. Were they fit for a young maid's contemplation?

Son. I must own I think them very fit.

Fath. Then your sin is come up to a maturity very fit for public reformation, and it is high time you were begun with; wherefore I tell you very plainly, I shall cause you to pass the same trial with your sister: and if I find any such like books in your custody, you may be sure they shall go the same way.

Son. Then you will put me to the expense of buying more; for I cannot be without my plays: they are the study of the most accomplished gentlemen, and no man of sense is without them.

Fath. No man of vice (you may say) is without them: but I am positive against plays, as before; and I had rather have you not accomplished, than that the other inconveniencies of plays shall be your lot: but I can shew you many accomplished young gentlemen who are noways concerned with them.

Son. What, who never see a play?

Fath. No, never.

Son. It is impossible!

Fath. No, no, far from impossible.

Son. I can never promise not to go to the play.

Fath. Then you and I shall differ to the greatest extremity.

Son. This is intolerable! I had rather you would turn out of your door. I'll be content to go to the West Indies, or to be a foot soldier, or any thing, rather than be

made such a recluse. Why was I not bred like a priest ? then you might have sent me to a monastery, and I might have been used to a cloister life : but to be bred up a gentleman, and then to confine me as no gentleman is confined ; this is exposing me, and making me look like a fool among all company.

[He flies out in a rage.]

Fath. I had rather see you a foot soldier, or any thing, than listed in the service of the devil : but here is no need of these desperate resolutions : here is nothing required of you but what becomes a gentleman very well, and as much a gentleman as any body. Can you pretend you cannot serve God, and be a gentleman ? that you cannot live a virtuous life, and obey the commands of God, and yet be a gentleman ? This is a reproach upon the very name of quality, and such a slander on a gentleman, as no gentleman in his senses will allow. However, this, in short, is the case, son : and if confining you from unlawful pleasures, and from ruining your own soul, will make you desperate, and you will be a foot soldier, or run away to the West Indies, you must. I cannot help it. I suppose you will be weary of it quickly.

Son. I care not what I do, or whither I go.

[He walks about in a great passion.]

Fath. Unhappy foolish youth ! Had I extorted obedience to any unreasonable unjust thing,—had I put you to any hardships,—had I exposed you to any dangers, or deprived you of your lawful pleasures,—these things might have been alleged, and you might have had some pretence for talking thus to your father : but all this for laying before you your unquestionable duty,—for requiring nothing of you but what your great Maker commands,—nothing but what is equal, just, and good,—this is a deplorable instance of the woeiful depravity of your judgment, and corruption of your nature. However, though I heartily pity and grieve for you ; yet, the thing I desire is so just, so reasonable, so necessary, so much my duty to command.

and your interest to obey, that I cannot, I will not go from it, or abate one tittle of it; and therefore you may consider of it, and act as you will. You know my resolution, and fall back, fall edge, I will have it done; so you may take your choice, for God or the devil.

[The father goes out, and leaves him.]

Son. You may be as resolute as you will, you will never bring me to your beck. What! must I forsake all my mirth and good company, and turn hermit in my young days! Not I: I'll go to the galleys rather. I'll seek my fortune any where first. Not go to the Park! nor see a play! be as demure as a Quaker! and set up for a saint! what shall I look like? [Swears aloud.] I won't be a mountebank convert, not I: I hate hypocrisy and dissimulation: I have too much honour for it. Well, I'll go up to my sister: she is an honest resolute girl; if she will but stand to me, we will take take our fate together. What can my father do? Sure we are too big for his correction. We will never be made fools on at this rate.

[The father had sent for his eldest daughter, and she had refused to come, as before, and the servant had just brought word she would not come.]

[The father returns,]

Fath. Will not come!

Serv. She said she would not, indeed, first; but, afterwards, she said she could not, sir.

Fath. Go to her again, and tell her from me, If she does not come immediately, I'll come and fetch her.

Serv. Sir, she was laid on the bed, and said, she was indisposed, and could not come.

Fath. Well, go back then, and tell her, her mother and I will come to her.

Serv. Indeed I told her that I thought you would do so.

Fath. Well, and what said she?

Son. She said, sir, she was not fit to speak to you. I believe she is ill, for she has been crying vehemently.

Suppose you and she have conferred notes.

Son. I told you, Sir, you would have more opposition to your design, than from me.

Fath. Perhaps by your means.

Son. If that could be without my knowledge, something might be; but I said before, I shall be taxed with it, whether or no.

Fath. I'll deal with it, let it be where it will.

The son, as soon as he could get away from his father, goes up to his sister's apartment. It seems, the father, though he has resolved to talk to his daughter, had deferred it for some time, and did not go up to her chamber presently.

Being then in some passion at his son's behaviour, and withal being preparing for the great work which he had resolved to begin that evening, he was unwilling to discompose himself, and make himself unfit for what was before him. The rest of the conduct both of the son and daughter, and also the history of the father's management at his first beginning his family reformation, will all be largely set down in the next dialogue.

THE EIGHTH DIALOGUE.

Being between the eldest son and eldest daughter, her brother going directly from his father's discoursing him, as in the last dialogue, up to his sister's chamber, and calling at the door, he begins thus:

Bro. Sister, where are you? Were not you sent for by my father?

Sist. Three times in vain, and ever shall be so, till they shall treat me in a better manner, or invite me by a more pleasing message.

Bro. But I bear all the weight of those refusals. My father says, they all lie at my door; and angrily suggests, that you are all made rebels by me.

Sist. I know no rebellion in it. I do not understand what they would have.

Bro. They would have you come down, and be instructed.

Sist. I sent them word I was indisposed; and they cannot but believe it, when they know how they have used me: besides, I know their business, and desire no more of their instruction; at least of the kind they have already given me a taste of.

Bro. I have had a long discourse of it with my father.

Sist. Well, and what does the good reformer preach? I suppose it is much the same with what I had from my mother.

Bro. Exactly (kick and cuff excepted); and truly, though he kept his hands off from me, he has not spared abundance of threatenings, and other positive testimonies of his patriarchal authority.

Sist. Well, but what is the sum of the matter? What is the course we are to take?

Bro. I know not in the least. I have heard a great deal of stuff, of reforming the family, living after a new fashion, serving God, and I know not what. I wonder who my father thinks we have been serving all this while.

Sist. And does he not say we shall not go out on Sundays?

Bro. Aye, and a great deal more than that; we must go to no more plays or operas, nor have any of the plays brought home to read; and a new family government is to be erected, I don't know of what kind.

Sist. Well, and when are we to begin? When are we to be cloistered for the first time? Won't he give us a week to ourselves before we begin.

Bro. Not an hour.

Sist. Nay, then, I shall break the first commandment he gives me; for I have made an appointment, you know, to be at the play to-morrow with my Lady Lighthouse, and it impossible to put it off.



Bro. Aye, and I will go too, or I shall think it very strange; let him say what he pleases to it.

Sist. I suppose I shall have another slap o' the face for it; but I must venture it for once, for I will not be worse than my word to my lady.

Bro. What, do you talk of venturing it once, as if this was the last time, and we were never to go to a play again? Do you think I will be abridged of so dear a liberty? No, not I, let my father depend upon it, though I never come into his doors again, as he has threatened me.

Sist. Very well! What, did he threaten to turn you out of doors, then?

Bro. No, not directly: but I told him, I would be a foot soldier, before I would be confined so; and, in return, he told me, if I went in a huff at this, I should never come in again, and a great deal more such as that.

Sist. Would I were a man, as you are. If I were, I'd try him. What need you care whether you come in again or not? You know you have an estate left you by your uncle, which my father cannot hinder you of. You can live without him. I wish I could.

Bro. Aye, that's true; but I suppose we shall not come that length.

Sist. It may be not with you; but I know not how far it may go with me: for I hear they are mighty hot and angry with me, which I care little for; and am resolved they shall not conquer me, whatever comes of it. I suppose they think I cannot tell where to go, or how to live without them.

Bro. They may be mistaken, perhaps, in that too.

Sist. Nay, though they were not mistaken in it, I'll go as far as a pair of shoes will carry me, before I'll be made a nun of; nay, I'll go to service first.

Bro. You need not go far, you have friends enow: you will be very well received at my aunt ——'s house; and if they push these things to extremities, I would e'en have you go thither.

Sist. And what will you do? Where will you go?

Bro. Oh, I'll do well enough, I warrant you. I won't go for a foot soldier, though I said so to him. I'll take me a lodging in Westminster, take my pleasure, and never trouble my head with it.

Sist. Agreed, then: but shan't we go abroad to-night? Shall we be baulked at this rate, and let them think they have conquered us already?

Bro. Why, 'tis too late now to go to the Park. My Lady Lighthouse is gone, to be sure: besides, we can't have the chariot, and there's no going in a hack——

Sist. I'll tell you what we will do, then. I am for putting the case to a trial, and see what my father will do, when he thinks we have gone in spite of him; and yet we will be able to come off by it too at last, if we find him furious.

Bro. That's well contrived, if it can be done! but how will you go about it?

Sist. I'll tell you. Let you and I go out through the garden, and take a walk in the close behind, under the lime-trees. When my father calls for me, my maid shall say we are gone to the Park. If he hears it quietly, well and good, we will let him remain in the belief of it, that it may serve another time. If he flies out furiously we must come in again with good words, and tell him where we have been, and that we have not been any further than the close behind the garden.

Bro. Admirably well thought of; let us go immediately; for my father and mother both will be here with you presently: and if you are not gone, it will spoil all the contrivance.

[They prepare to go down stairs, and the young lady talks thus with her maid.]

Mist. Pru.

Maid. Madam.

Mist. Here, take the key of the chamber, and stay in
somebody comes to look for me from my mother.

Maid. What answer must I give them, Madam?

Mist. Tell them my brother and I are gone out together: you may say, you suppose we are gone to the Park.

Maid. Shall I say, Madam, that you said you were gone to the Park?

Mist. No, no; say you do not know whither we are gone, but that you suppose we are gone thither. Do we not use to go thither, you fool you?

Maid. If they should be very inquisitive, they may ask me what reason I have to suppose so.

Mist. Is not that a good reason for you to think so, because we used to go thither always on Sunday-nights, without saying that we told you so?

Maid. Yes, Madam, I think it is; for, indeed, if you had said nothing to me, I should have thought you had been gone thither, and have told them so of my own accord.

Bro. This is a clear thought, my dear: but now we must do it quickly, for I find we are to have a general conference here this evening; and I suppose, we, that they call children too, are to be tutored before all the servants.

Mist. Pru, if you find my father and mother make a great stir for us, slip out through the garden, and perhaps you may find somebody at the back gate to tell you where we are; and then you may come and bring us intelligence.

Maid. Yes, Madam.

[They go out together a back-way through the garden.]

Bro. Come, we are far enough here, we are quite out of sight of the house; and, if your maid comes, we shall see her at the garden-gate well enough.

[They are walking under a row of trees, just where the father found his little child in the first dialogue.]

Sist. Now I cannot but laugh to think what a fright my mother will be in when she misses me.

Bro. As bad as if you were run away with a chaplain.

Sist. She has not been without some whims of that kind

in her head too; but she need not, I am not so fond of a preaching husband.

Bro. I doubt we shall discompose them for their new devotion, which they are setting up to-night.

Sist. Pray, brother, have you learned what they are to do? They treat me so oddly, they will have me comply with I know not what. I want to know what their design is, and what they pretend we are to do, or to be. It is all a heap of nonsense to me.

Bro. O! they talk of a great family reformation, and we must submit to such rules, and such orders, as they shall please to give us; and, as I told you, we two were to be called down together, to be talked to among the rest of the children.

Sist. What, are we to turn babies again, and say our catechism?

Bro. I don't know; but my father, as I hear, intends to make a long discourse of his new schemes for the management of his family, to give them all new rules, and tell them what shall be the standing orders of his house for the future.

Sist. We have preaching enough at church, I think; cannot he let us alone at home?

Bro. I cannot tell what to say to it: but he will do it, and e'en let him go in his own way. Let him make a school of his family, turn pedagogue himself, and make all his people school-boys. Let him but let me alone, I care not what he does.

Sist. Why, that's what I said before. The servants are here to day, and gone to-morrow: if he cannot get a parcel of fools this time, he may another, and, in time, perhaps he may get a whole house full of good pious creatures, that will say as he says, and do just as he bids them. There's my brother Will, and pious Betty, they are grown mighty good things already; and for the little children, they may make them do what they please: but as we are grown up to be past it, they may e'en use the rod and the



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brown where it is fit to be used, and let us answer for ourselves. I think they cannot in reason deny us this.

Bro. Besides, had they done this gradually, and begun it sooner, we might, by degrees, have been brought to have liked it, or at least to have borne with it; but to be driven headlong into a thing of this kind, and forced at once to a whole change upon every part of our lives: this is the foolishhest thing. What shall we look like in the world?

Sist. What, indeed. I am in a fine case already. I can say nothing to my Lady Lighthouse, but make a lie, and send her word I was not well.

Bro. Yes, you may say you are but a child, and your mother boxed your ears for being a naughty girl, and would not let you go abroad.

Sist. Yes, and you may say to my Lord ———, when he asks you, why you disappointed him, that you are but under government, and your father would not let you stir out of doors.

Bro. To be sure I shall affront all the persons of quality of my acquaintance, and shall look always like a school-boy. When I am in company, they will ask me how I escaped out; if I have given my governor the slip; and if I have played truant. When I am for breaking off at night, and not willing to stay, they'll mock, and tell me, I must go home to family duty, and go say prayers like good boy.

Sist. Yes; and that if you stay any longer, you shall be whipped, or looked out of doors when you come home.

Bro. In short, I had as good be out of the world. I am sure I shall be fit for no company in the world.

Sist. I wonder my father should not consider these things: he is no ignorant man, he knows well enough what belongs to being genteel, and has kept as good company himself as any body.

Bro. Why, that is true too; but he is so bewitched with this new whimsey of having neglected the education

of his children, and the government of his family, that he is coming to a confession even to us. He talks of asking God forgiveness for it, and I know not what a deal of such stuff. I am persuaded he will bring his whole family into confusion.

Sist. I cannot tell what to make of it all; it is the oddest thing that ever I saw in my life.

Bro. However, since he will do so, and we cannot help it, I think it may be our best way to let him alone, let him go on; only let him leave us out, we are past tutelage, out of our minority; and I think they may let us alone, that is all I am for asking of him.

Sist. I wish they would but hear reason; if they would let us alone, we would let their reformation go on as it will.

Bro. But I see it will not be done; my father is so over submissive in his confessions, and so warm in his proceedings, that I doubt he will also be obstinate; for nothing is more so than these enthusiastic fits of repentance.

Sist. What a tale is this! He repents, and we must perform the penance. For my part, brother, I cannot entertain any settled thoughts of the ridiculous change of life my mother talked of; there is not the least consistency in it. She says, she has sinned in neglecting to instruct us, and therefore we must all be cloistered up, upon the notion of reformation. If she has sinned, she must repent of it, I think. What is that to us? We did not make her to do it. What can we do in it? We are brought up now, she cannot educate us over again.

Bro. Yes, she says we should have been taught so and so a long time ago; and, since it was not done then, it must be done now.

Sist. What will she teach us?

Bro. Nay, do not ask me. I suppose she told you herself what she would teach you.

Sist. No, she did not, perhaps she intended it; but she

flew out in a rage, and her passion would not give her leave to say it out.

Bro. She says she intended to have discoursed at large with you quietly and calmly, but you provoked her, and would not give her time.

Sist. Indeed I was vexed that we might not go out as we used to do, and I think it was reason; but that was over; and I was only humming to myself the tune of the last opera, and she flung at me, and struck me, because it was the Sabbath-day, forsooth. For my own part, I know no harm in it, not I. I did not sing the song out, as I told you, I only hummed it softly. It might be a psalm tune for aught she knew.

Bro. Well, but come, sister, what shall we do next?

Sist. We must take our measures according as the conduct of my father and mother shall direct.

Bro. Yonder's Pru; I warrant she brings some news, she stays at the garden gate.

[Her mistress goes towards her.]

Mist. Well, what is the matter, Pru?

Maid. Matter, madam! I beseech you come in! I fear my master will go distracted, and you'll be ruined.

Mist. Pr'ythee don't tell me of that. Let him be mad if he pleases. Did they ask for us? Tell me the particulars.

Maid. Ask for you, madam! Yes, you may be sure of it.

Mist. Well, how! Tell us all Pru?

Maid. Why, Madam, about half an hour after you were gone, your mother sent Mrs. Betty, your sister, up to your chamber for you: she asked for you, and I said, as you bid me, you were gone out. She asked whither; I told her, I did not know. Why, said she, she is not gone to the Park, is she? I told her—Yes, Madam, I believe she is; for I heard her speak of it.

Mist. Well, that was right. What said Betty?

Maid. Poor young lady! She fell out into the great-

est passion imaginable, weeping and crying out for her dear sister, meaning you, and that you were lost and undone both soul and body.

Mist. Poor child! what followed that scene?

Maid. She went down stairs to your mother, and the old lady came up immediately; and soon after her came your father, all into your chamber.

Mist. Very well, it works as I would have it now. What said they to you, Pru?

Maid. First, they examined me where you were; then, when you went out; and whether you were alone, or your brother with you. I told them, I believed you were gone together, but I was not sure, or you did not tell me whither you went.

Mist. Well, that was right again, Pru. What said they then?

Maid. Your father made few words; but it might easily be observed they were both very angry. Your mother said you would repent it: and I perceived, Madam, though your mother said most, yet your father seemed most provoked. He said he would not discompose himself then about it, for he had other work before him; but he would take a course to prevent his being insulted at this rate, and so went down.

Mist. And is that all, Pru?

Maid. No, no, Madam, that is not all, I assure you.

Mist. Well, go on, then.

Maid. Why, Madam, my master called all the family together, and——

Mist. What! and made a long preaching to you all, did he?

Maid. Dear Madam, do not mock at your father. I am sure there was not a child, nor a servant in the house, but wept; and I am persuaded, had you been there, you could not have refrained.

Mist. What, are they grown godly too, Pru?



Bro. Nay, sister, come, don't let us jeer them to the servants, neither.

Mist. Well, but, Pru, come tell us the whole matter.

Maid. I cannot repeat particulars, Madam. But when your father had called us all in, the minister (for my master had sent for him on purpose) made a discourse for about half an hour about family-worship, and took his text in Jer. x. 25—"Pour out thy fury upon the heathen that know thee not, and upon the families that call not on thy name."

Mist. Why, then, you have had a sermon, Pru? What, has my father set up a meeting-house?

Maid. Good Madam, do not let me tell you any more; it grieves me for you, to hear you make a jest at good things, and your own father too.

Mist. Go on, Mrs. Pru, you were not sent to preach too, were you?

Maid. I wish you had heard what I have heard. If you had had a heart of flint, it would have moved you. But my telling you will do no good, I fear. I wish you would excuse me, Madam; and, if you love your own welfare, I beseech you come in: there is one step left you to save all still, and but one; if you miss it, I am sure you are undone.

Mist. Pr'ythee, Pru, first tell us the history, and give your advice when you are asked for it.

Maid. I will, Madam, if you will have patience with me. The minister, I told you, made a discourse about family-worship, and directed himself chiefly to us servants. He told us that our master and mistress, being sensible that they had too long neglected the instruction of their children and servants, and omitted the worship of God, and setting up good order in the family, were resolved to alter the same; and he desired us to consider the reasonableness of it, and how much it would be our advantage, that we would all yield a cheerful obedience to such orders as should now be set up in the family, and behave ourselves

sobberly and modestly in the house, avoiding loose profane talk, wicked words, oaths, drunkenness, and the like; and, if we were all willing and desirous to be thus reformed, he desired we would signify our willingness by standing up.

Mist. And did you stand up, Pru?

Maid. Yes, Madam, do you think I would not? And every servant in the house stood up too; but Thomas the coachman went farther than any of us.

Mist. What did he do?

Maid. He stood up, and making a bow to the minister, he said, he agreed to it with all his heart; and he thanked God that he had heard such a proposal in the house, and a great deal more that I can't remember.

Bro. He is a hypocritical rascal. I owe him a caning for all this.

Mist. Let us hear it all, brother. Well, and what then, Pru?

Maid. Why, Madam, after the minister had done, my master, directing his speech to the minister, said, he thought it his duty to acknowledge, with shame, that he had, in a great measure, been the ruin of his family; that he had totally neglected either the worship of God in his house, or the teaching and instructing his children. What he meant by what followed, I cannot tell; but he held your little brother Tommy in his hand, and lifting up the child, and kissing it, he said these words:—This little creature has been the blessed messenger from God to alarm me, and convince me of the great breach of my paternal duty, and has innocently reproached me with not praying to God for it, or with it, and with not instructing it or teaching it to pray for itself. Then turning to us all, he said, Ye have all cause to reproach me with it, as well as this child, and more too; for he is not too old to receive impressions yet, as I doubt some of you are, and as appears by their absence, my eldest children seem to be, whose ruin both of soul and body lies at my door.

Mist. Did my father say all this?

Maid. Yes, Madam, and a great deal more that I cannot repeat.

Mist. It was very moving, I confess.

Maid. It was so; and that made me say, Madam, I wish you had heard it, as I did.

Mist. It is as well from thy mouth, Pru; for I see thou art affected with it; and so am I a little too, I think, in spite of my resolutions to the contrary.

Maid. How would you then, Madam, to have seen your father, when he spoke of you two that were absent? how the tears ran down his face, and he was fain to stop speaking a good while. Do you think you could have contained? I assure you, Madam, there is not a servant in the house could refrain weeping.

Mist. You almost persuade me to cry, Pru; but go on.

Maid. When he had said this, Madam, he told us how he was resolved to live, and that since we had all expressed our readiness to comply with it, he was very thankful that he should have so little trouble. He told us, that all he expected was easy and reasonable, and nothing but what every one would acknowledge was most suitable to the happiness of us all, as men and women, as well as Christians; that he required nothing uneasy, nothing but that all manner of vice might be refrained, and a sober well ordered life might be our rule; that the Sabbath-day might be strictly observed; and that all his servants should attend family prayer, which he resolved to have kept up every night and morning. After this, the minister went to prayers, and after the minister, my master, Madam; but had you heard him!

Mist. What then, Pru?

Maid. I would have gone a mile on my bare knees that you had heard him.

Mist. Heard what, Pru? what should I have heard?

Maid. You would have heard what you never heard in your life.

Mist. That's true, Pru ; for I never heard him pray in my life, nor nobody else, I believe.

Maid. Well, Madam, I wish you had heard it now.

Mist. What was it that would have moved me so, Pru ?

Maid. Would it not have moved you, Madam, to hear your dear father pray for you at the same time that you are grieving him as you do, and beg of God to forgive you, and reclaim you, and to restore you to him, that you might still be a child to him, and he may have an opportunity to make up to you what injury he had done you by his neglect in your education, and that your ruin may not be the effect of his omission ? Would not this have moved you, Madam ?

Mist. Truly, Pru, I cannot tell but it might.

Maid. If the words have not moved you, it would have made some impression on you to have seen the rest of the family.

Mist. What are they concerned in it ?

Maid. Why, they are all concerned for you too.

Mist. For what, Pru ?

Maid. If you will not be displeased, Madam.

Mist. No, Pru, speak freely.

Maid. And if my master will not be offended neither.

Bro. No, no, Pru, let us know it all, and speak your mind freely.

Maid. Why, really, Madam, they are concerned on several accounts, to see such a breach in the family,—to see my master so grieved at it, and yet to see him so resolute against you, that they see plainly it will be the ruin of you both, and then to think upon how unjustifiable a ground you act. Pray pardon me, Madam, it is not fit I should talk thus.

Mist. Go on, Pru.

Maid. Why, Madam, was it ever known that a young gentleman, and a young lady, the eldest branches of the family, should break all to pieces with their father, and such a father too, and on no quarrel, but that he would



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have them refrom, and serve God? What will the world say? I beseech you, Madam, consider of it; all the house condemn you now, and all the world will condemn you as soon as you are gone.

Mist. Well, Pru, but we are not gone yet.

Maid. I am afraid of it.

Mist. Why so, Pru? I suppose that belongs to the latter part of my father's discourse.

Maid. Yes, Madam.

Mist. Tell us that too, Pru.

Maid. Why, that is it which gives me the greatest concern for you, Madam, that when my master had prayed so earnestly and so affectionately for your reclaiming and returning to your duty, he went on to pray for himself, that he might not be suffered to yield to your obstinacy; that his affection might not prevail over his duty; that if God in judgment had resolved totally to cast you off, he might be able to do so too; and that in the mean time he might be supported in maintaining his resolution of not receiving you again but as penitents, and on good assurance of your reformation as well as repentance. And this, Madam, made me so earnest with you: I think I shall break my heart for you.

[The maid weeps.]

Mist. Pr'ythee, don't grieve, Pru; but tell us what is to be done. What did you mean by talking of our coming in? I don't see what we have done, that we must repent so much.

Maid. Why, no, Madam, I hope not, if you will but be prevailed on now; and that made me say there was one step left to save you still.

Mist. I observed you said so, Pru. Pr'ythee, good Pru, what step is that? I did not think things were come to such an extremity with my father.

[She seems to be concerned, and lets fall some tears.]

Maid. Why, Madam, all this, and more that I have not told you, is upon a firm belief that both your father and

mother have, that you are both gone to the Park, as you know you bade me say.

Mist. That's true.

Maid. Now, Madam, if you will give me leave to go in, and say you are both of you here, and have been no farther, perhaps this will alter the case.

Mist. You do not know my father, Pru; he is not so soon altered.

Maid. Perhaps, Madam, you may not know him neither in this case. Do you think, if he reckons your disobedience or fault so much his affliction, he will not be glad to hear that you have not been guilty?

Mist. Guilty of what, Pru? What is the fault?

Maid. Why, Madam, my master believes that, in defiance of his command, and God's command, and on purpose to let him see you resolve not to regard what he has said to you, you are both gone to the Park, to take your pleasure now on the Sabbath-day; and on this supposition he has commanded, when you come back, none of the servants shall dare let you in till they call him; and that, though he be gone to bed, he will be called up.

Mist. Nay, I knew if he was angry, he would be very warm.

Maid. Now, Madam, here are a few minutes left. My master may be convinced you have not been any farther than this place; and you may come in the same way you went out; and I dare say my master will be glad of so just an occasion not to be severe with you. Try him, Madam, dear Madam, for your own sake do: you are quite undone, I am sure, if you do not.

Mist. He won't believe us now, Pru.

Maid. I shall be a witness for you, Madam. Besides, your brother there is in his gown and slippers, and that will prove he cannot have been at the Park.

Bro. Aye, aye, he cannot but be satisfied. Go, Pru, let it be so, we will follow you. I would not push things too far neither, sister.



~~THE END OF THE WORLD~~

Dial.VIII.] THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

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Sist. Indeed, we have tried far enough for the first time, we'll go in after her then.

Maid. If you please to be walking a little while, I'll make you a signal when to come nearer.

Sist. Do so, Pru, we will come forward till we are in sight. If my father continues very angry, do you open my chamber window, and then we will come into the garden.

Bro. Come, let us go directly in after her.

Sist. No, no, let us wait a little: that will look as if she had fetched us.

Bro. I cannot think of provoking my father too much neither.

Sist. But let us get off from this then, as well as we can.

[They continue walking.]

[Pru, being come into the house, makes as if she come down stairs, from her mistress' chamber, and meeting the mother, she begins weeping.]

Pru. Oh, Madam! I am undone! 'tis I have made all this mischief!

Moth. Why, what's the matter, Pru?

Pru. Why, Madam, I told you, I thought my young master and my mistress were gone to the Park, and that made my master so angry with them both; and 'tis nothing like it, 'tis all my fault.

Moth. How do you know that, Pru? I should be glad for their own sakes it was as you say, and so would their father too; for though he is resolved to resent it, as he ought to do, being master of his family; yet, as a tender father, I am sure he would rejoice if it were not so.

Pru. So, Madam, do but go up stairs to our window, you may see them walking together in the back close, under the lime trees.

Moth. That may be, Pru; then they are come back.

Pru. Nay, Madam, that is impossible too; for my young master is in his gown and slippers; and I dare say,

if you send up into his chamber, you will find his clothes there.

[The father comes.]

Fath. What is that Pru says? Are they come back? Has any of my servants let them in? I assure them I'll be as good as my word if they have. No such servant shall stay another day in my house.

Moth. My dear, be not too rash, we are all mistaken. Come along with me. Look, yonder they are; and Pru says they have been there all this while.

[They go up stairs, and look out of the windows.]

Fath. I am not to be cheated. This is a feint. They have their intelligence within doors, and are come back, and walk there to blind us. But it will not do, I will not be imposed upon; and I hope you will not neither, my dear.

Moth. No, my dear. I will not be imposed upon neither; but if it be really so, I believe you would be glad as well as I; for I know your resentment is the effect of your duty, and not the defect of your love to them.

Fath. Indeed, I would be so glad to know that they were not guilty, that I could let out some of my blood to have it so: but I can receive no satisfaction in being imposed upon. I never believe a thing merely because I would have it so.

Moth. Nor I neither; but Pru says, they cannot have been farther, for they are undrest; and I am going to my son's chamber, to see if it be so.

Fath. Do so, that may be some satisfaction.

[Pru throws open her mistress' chamber window and they see the signal, and come on to the garden.]

Moth. The thing is plain, I hope; for here is his hat, and sword, and coat.

[The mother returns.]

Fath. He may have come in and undressed him.

Moth. Some body must have let him in, then; and you now we have had all the servants in our view: besides,



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they would not have been so weak, when they had gotten in, to have gone out again, after hearing what order we had given; and that servant who has been so kind as to have let them in, would not fail to have told them of it.

Fath. That is true; I begin to hope they have not been so wicked as I feared; I'm sure I shall be very glad of it if it prove so.

Moth. Look, they are coming into the garden. It does not look as if they were guilty, I confess.

Fath. I'll go and try them before they shall come within my doors; for not to keep laws, is all one as not to make them.

[They sit down together in the garden, the father goes out to them.]

Fath. I desire a positive answer to a plain question from you both—Where have you been since you went out?

[They stand up, perceiving their father very angry.]

Son. We have been walking under the lime trees, Sir.

Fath. That I know; my question implies, where else?

Son. My answer was so simple and plain, I did not think it would have been suspected, Sir; and therefore I did not add, though it is most true, we have been no where else.

Fath. Your conduct justifies the suspicion. Why was no servant acquainted with it, that when you were called for, might have answered for you?

Son. That might be an omission, but could not be a design.

Fath. Why not a design?

Son. Because it seems to answer no end, or at least that I know of.

Fath. Perhaps you are willing to try me with a belief of your being gone to the Park, contrary to my express command. I am not fond of being played with, in such things as these.

Son. It is a sign to me, Sir, that you are very angry at

something, that you can suppose such a thing of me. Unless there was some great satisfaction in your displeasure, it can be none to try whether you can be angry or no.

Fath. I see no other end in your walking here so long.

Son. You have expressly forbidden our going to the Park, I could not but think our walking here ought to be taken for a compliance with your order.

Fath. While you dispute the reasonableness and justice of my order, I had the more reason to suspect your compliance.

Son. But if I complied, when I disputed the justice of the command, it would more unanswerably argue an entire obedience to it as your command only.

Fath. I had rather you had obeyed it as God's command than as mine, and then you would no more have spent your time here than at the Park.

Son. But if it be the first, Sir, your present displeasure will remove, if it was raised upon a supposition of our having been at the Park.

Fath. Your absence on another account has been offensive.

Son. But cannot be justly charged as a fault, Sir; for I had no command except a negative, not to go to the Park, which you will easily see is obeyed.

Fath. I must suppose it.

Sist. Our dress will be an evidence for us, if your suspicions are not to be satisfied by the assurance of one who never prevaricated with you. Perhaps, if I could have dissembled more, as others have, I might have been less suspected.

Fath. You have much advantage, you think, in not being guilty this time. I should have been more glad to have seen your inclination reformed too.

Son. I do not see my inclination vicious, and am not a little surprised at the construction that is put upon my most innocent actions.

Fath. And I do not see that what I expect is unrea-



sonable, and am as much concerned to see myself contradicted by my eldest son and daughter, in a proposal for their good, both for soul and body.

Daugh. I oppose nothing that I know of.

Fath. And comply with nothing.

Son. We had no command from you to stay within.

Fath. I demand of you both, whether you have been in no company, or any where else, than as you say walking under the lime trees? and I expect to be answered without the least prevarication.

Son. You may be assured, Sir, we have been no where else.

Fath. I am glad for your own sakes; for the measures I had resolved to take would have been very irksome to me, though absolutely necessary. I shall say no more now; it is on the condition only that your answer is literally true, that I can admit you to come into my doors. I shall state your duty more exactly to you in the morning, and perhaps too exactly expect your compliance.

[The father goes away.]

Sist. I never saw my father look so in my life. I am affrighted.

Bro. He convinces me he is in earnest, after a manner I never expected. It falls out very well that we contrived this shift, we should have made such a breach as would never have been reconciled. I will carry the jest no farther.

Sist. What must we do, then? I cannot think of being a nun, and being abridged of those liberties and pleasures I always enjoyed. Why did they not bring us up to it from children? then it had been natural to us, and we had known no better.

Bro. I'll tell you, sister, what I'll do. My father promised me I should travel. I'll see if I can get leave to go abroad; then I shall be a little out of company, and shall not look so like a fool under government as I must do now.

Sist. And what must I do?

Bro. Ask their consent to go and live at your aunt's, as we said before.

Sist. So I will, then.

[They go in, and go up stairs, and in the chamber they meet the maid.]

Bro. Well, Pru, how stands matters?

Maid. I am glad you are come in, Sir. I trembled for fear you should quarrel, when I saw my master go to you; for he was in a great passion; and he declared, when he went out to you, that if he was not very well satisfied that you had been no farther than the lime trees, you should not come within the doors.

A short Discourse between Husband and Wife, which finishes the History of the Conduct of their Children.

Husb. My dear, we have had a hard day's work; but I hope it will issue well.

Wife. Alas! how easily had all this been prevented, if we had begun well; and how great advantage have they who begin their family work when they begin to have families!

Husb. I have eased my heart in the public acknowledgment I have made of that omission; and I hope we shall testify our sincere repentance for that sin, by our exact observing our duty in time to come.

Wife. But the difficulty of our two eldest children, I doubt, will every day renew our affliction.

Husb. I must take it for a just punishment upon my past neglect, but I will not for that cease to go through with my work. I will not cease to pray for their reducing, nor to use my endeavour, as well by persuasion as by severity, to oblige them to a reformed life; and I have a full dependance upon God's goodness, that he will restore them both to me yet, though they may stand out a great while; and this hope preserves my resolution to omit nothing that may reclaim them.



Wife. I see them both so wadded to their pleasures, that they think it a most intolerable burden to be abridged of them; and I find my daughter sullen and melancholy upon it. She tells me she cannot be seen among company, and she is ashamed to be seen; and desires me to let her go to her aunt's, and live with her awhile.

Husb. By all means, let her go. I think it is a step of that providence to reclaim her, that I was telling you I hope in; for my sister will allow her, or encourage her, in none of her levity, I am sure of that; and my brother keeps just such an orderly house as I ought to have kept, and hope to keep for the future.

Wife. Indeed, I am very willing to it; for her sister owns to me she received the first impressions of religion and serious thoughtfulness at her aunt's. I'll e'en send her away.

Husb. But what shall we do with our son? for I have a secret hint given me to-day, that he designs to ask me leave to travel, and pretends that I promised him.

Wife. Yea, and I have been told, that if you refuse him, he will go without your consent, depending upon his own estate.

Husb. I shall be more willing to let him go now than ever, because as I would have no obstruction to the resolution I have taken to reform my family, so I would be very sorry to see him expose his reputation so much as to contradict me in it, and appear obstinate in doing so; which must embroil me with him, for I shall not yield to my son, especially where I am sure he is in the wrong; and, indeed, his carriage hitherto has been a very great affliction to me:—if he proves impertinent, I shall be obliged to resent it. Therefore I shall only put in one condition, if he asks me, viz. that he take Mr. B—— for his tutor to travel with him, and he shall go when he will.

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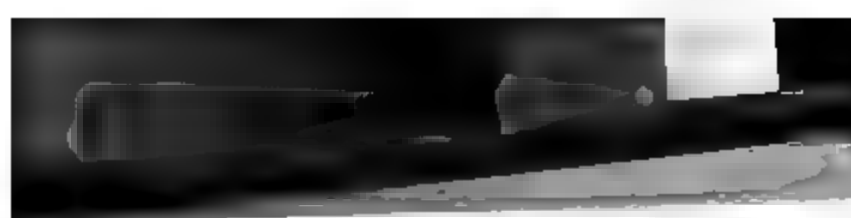
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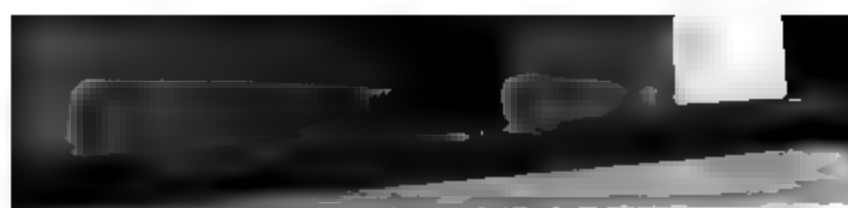
The scene lies now among the meaner sort of people, where the value of a religious family, the extent of its influence, and the advantage of good family government, as well to those who are out, as to those who are in the fa-

mily, may be particularly observed, from the remarkable conduct of some persons belonging to two or three families, in a certain known country corporation at some distance from London.

There lived in a country town an industrious trading man, in middling circumstances, whose employment being a clothier, caused him to take several apprentices and journeymen, and who had also several children of his own. He was a man of an exact, upright conversation, of a most devout and religious behaviour, but more especially in his family; one that constantly maintained the exercise of religious worship in his house, instructing and educating his children and servants in the fear and knowledge of God, with great care and regard, as well to their good as to his own duty; and this with all possible modesty and caution, avoiding all hypocritical shows and appearances of ostentation, being a serious useful Christian in every respect; and his wife was, in her place, every way like him.

There was, in the same town, a wealthy shopkeeper, a man of great business, a magistrate, or alderman of the corporation, who had likewise a large family of children and servants. The man was bred to business, drove a great trade, and grew rich apace. He was an honest, sober man, had the reputation of a very fair dealer, the credit of what we call a good man, that would do nobody wrong; but as to religion, he made no great stir about that: he served God on Sundays, as other people did, and troubled his head very little with any thing that was religious, all the week after. Indeed, he lived in a constant hurry of business; so that he had really no time to think of, or to spare about religious affairs.

His children, as they grew up, he put honestly to school, inquired sometimes superficially if they were good boys, and learned their books; and the master as superficially giving an answer, that they did pretty well, he was mighty easy as to their doing well in the world.



As to his servants, it was none of his care in the least what they did, if they minded his business; and as to idleness, he took pretty good care to prevent that, by finding them constant employment in his warehouses, and about his business; and as to either their morals or religion, he count it none of his business, except at any time some gross indecency came in his way, which obliged him to find fault, and then his displeasure respected the neglect or obstruction of his business, or some complaints or uneasiness in the neighbourhood, rather than any thing of religion.

It appears by the story in hand, that two young lads, much about the same age, and pretty near the same time, came apprentices to these two men. The youths were very different in their behaviour, though otherwise agreeable to one another. Their conduct was, as in such cases it will be, suitable to the families of their parents, with whom they had been educated: the one a sober, well inclined, serious lad, that had been brought up by religious parents, well instructed, and formed early to desire the best things; the other a loose, profligate, profane boy, perfectly wild, that had been taught nothing, and desired to learn nothing but his trade, given to swearing, lying, and ill words, but of good capacity enough to learn if he had been taught in time, so that he was merely lost for want of early instruction.

The sober religious lad was unhappily put apprentice to the rich shopkeeper, who regarded no religion but his trade,—and the wild profane boy was put apprentice to the religious tradesman, the clothier, and, being neighbours, the boys became acquainted, it seems. Although there was very little suitableness between the manner of the young men's education, yet their age, neighbourhood, and opportunity of conversation concurring, and other circumstances perhaps in their temper, or in the time of their coming to their masters, making them more agreeable to one another than ordinary, they became companions, and contracted an

intimate friendship, the consequence of which will appear in the following dialogues.

THE FIRST DIALOGUE.

After, as it is noted, the two youths had contracted an intimacy, so that it was grown up to a kind of affection between them, they agreed, in the first place to call themselves brothers, and then, that every evening, when their shops were shut up, and their business over, they would spend any time they had to spare always together, either at their master's door, or walking, or as their liberty would permit; and, as may be supposed to be pretty usual in those cases, it was not the last of the questions they asked one another at these meetings, how they liked their masters, their employments, their usage, and the like. In these discourses, it fell out that they wanted no grievances to complain of on both sides, for that neither of them, though they had both gone so far as to be bound, liked their circumstances; but it seemed, that the greatest of their dislike was at their masters, and the respective management of their families, rather than at any thing in the trades they carried on, which they otherwise liked well enough.

Says Will, who lived with the old clothier, I'll tell you plainly, brother Tom, I am quite tired out with my master. I can't imagine what my father meant when he picked out such a man for me. I'm sure my father is none of these kind of people himself. Why, our house is a monastery, instead of a shop, or a work-house.

A monastery, Will! says the other, what do you mean by that? Don't we hear your people and your servants about their business every day? They don't dress cloth as comb wool, in the monasteries.

Why no, brother, says Will, it is not a monastery so I don't mean that: but we have such a world of ceremonies and religious doings among us, it is enough to weary a body off their legs. I'm sure I shall never endure it long.

Tom. Perhaps you are sooner tired with these religious doings, brother, that you speak of, than you would be with other things. Is not that it, brother Will? Speak honestly.

Will. Nay, I do not know much about it, I confess. It don't signify much, I suppose, but to torment us.

Tom. Nor do you mind it much, I suppose, when you are at it, brother, do you?

Will. No, indeed, not I. I take care to get a good sleep all the while, if I can.

Tom. Fie upon you, Will.

Will. Why, what does it signify to me?

Tom. What, their prayers, brother?

Will. Aye, their prayers. Why, they pray for themselves, not for me, do they?

Tom. No doubt they pray for you too.

Will. I don't care whether they do or not.

Tom. Nay, there I think you are wrong, brother Will. Should we not be glad to have any body pray for us? I remember at church there are bills sent in for the ministers to pray for folks; they would not put up bills to be prayed for, if it was of no signification.

Will. Aye, that's when they are sick, brother; but what's that to me? I am well enough, and it is but when they desire it. Now I never desired them to pray for me; what need they trouble their heads about me in their prayers?

Tom. Well, but, brother, you say they pray for themselves,—why should you be against that?

Will. Not I; but then they may do it by themselves, can't they? What need they keep us up at night, and raise us up in the morning? Can't they let us alone? We

work hard enough all day, they ought to let us sleep at night, sure.

Tom. Why do they take up so long time at it?

Will. Aye, I think it is long for us that work hard at our business all day. Here we are haled out of our beds every morning by six o'clock, to come to prayers, before we open the shop, or go into the work-house; and at night we are kept up, I know not how long, to read and go to prayers, when we might be all a-bed and asleep. I tell you it is a mere monastery, I cannot endure it.

Tom. Well, but, brother, I remember one thing by the bye. It seems this can't be much trouble to you; for you acknowledge you sleep all the while, if you can, so that you do not lose so much of your rest.

Will. Aye, that's true, but that can't be always. Besides, every now and then they catch me at it, and then there is such a noise with them. Then there is our master's son, he is such a religious monkey, he is always jogging a body, that I can't get a good sleep for him. But this is not all, brother, we have abundance of strange doings of this kind besides going to prayers.

Tom. But hark you, brother Will, about calling you up in the morning, let me hear that again; you say your master calls you up by six o'clock in the morning to come to prayers.

Will. Yes; and that is I say, just as they do in the monasteries. I know it is so, for I had a cousin that was a nun, and made her escape out of the nunnery, and she is turned Protestant; and she used to tell me they were obliged to rise at such hours in the night to go to prayers, I wonder my master don't do so too. I don't question but in a little time he will, and we shall be all monks instead of clothiers.

Tom. But, brother Will, you must do your master justice now; for, if I mistake not, you wrong him very much by your own account, as I was going to say.

Will. How, brother? I don't wrong him at all.

Tom. Why, you suppose of him he takes the time he spends in those religious things out of your sleep, or out of the time when you ought to be in bed; and you think it an injury to you, because you work hard. Pray what time do your hired journeymen come to work in the morning?

Will. At six o'clock.

Tom. Well, and do they exactly go to work by six o'clock.

Will. At six o'clock.

Tom. Yes, brother; but then you say your master does not call you up till six, and then he goes to prayers; now, if he did not go to prayers, he would go to work, and you could not expect but to be at work, who are his apprentice, as well as the journeymen; so that the time he spends at prayers he takes out of your working time, and not out of your sleeping time; and the loss is his own, not your's. I think there you do your master wrong, brother.

Will. What care I whose time it is? I wonder what need there is for making such a pother, I am as tired as a dog with it. I warrant they don't do so at your house.

Tom. Our house, Will! No, indeed, we are not troubled with it. I never heard a chapter read, or a word spoke of prayer, since I came into the house; and that's as much my uneasiness, as this is your's.

Will. You are very happy, brother; I wish I had been in such a place.

Tom. I cannot be of your mind, brother; what makes you talk so wickedly?

Will. What do you mean by wickedly? I say you are happy that you are not tormented as I am.

Tom. Aye, Will; but at the same time all this that torments you is, that your master calls you up in the morning, and keeps you up at night to do your duty, and what you ought to love, I mean to go to prayers, and the like.

THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR. [Part II.

**ly, say, is not that torment enough? What
me of their prayers and duty? I desire none**

L You make me tremble, Will. I am frightened at
th.

Will. Frighted! what at?

Tom. Why, if I should talk as you do, I should be afraid
the devil would take me away alive. Do you know what
you are talking of?

Will. Yes, sure, I speak plain enough.

**" " is not all you complain of nothing but serve
re commanded to do? and are we not all
do so too, if we would be saved?**

Will. Pr'ythee, Thomas, don't thou talk Gospel too; I
don't against their serving God, not I.

Tom. But you an't for doing it yourself though, and you
speak contemptibly of the thing itself.

Will. I don't know what belongs to it, not I. What
need they make such ado about it?

Tom. About what, Will! what about serving God?

Will. No, about their saying so many prayers.

Tom. You are mighty uneasy, methinks, about saying
your prayers. Is not that serving God? I am amazed at
you, indeed, Will.

Will. Why, but, as I told you, brother, that is not all.

Tom. No, is not that all? What then?

Will. No, nor half, for every night in the week we
must read every one a chapter, and there our master tells
us a long story of something or other about what we read,
and asks us a great many foolish questions, that I can give
no answer to; then every Sunday we are examined about
what the minister said at church. I never heard of such
blind doings. Why, how should I remember what he says?
It may be I am at play without doors, or in the church-
yard half the time.

Tom. Well, but, brother, you should not, you ought
not to do so, you know that, I hope; and I suppose your

master puts you to remember what the minister says, that you may be obliged to stay, and hear him, as you should do. I think he is very kind to you. I wish I had such a master, Will.

Will. I don't value such kindness, let him be kind to me in other things.

Tom. Why, can any thing be kinder than to keep you from doing what you should not do, I mean playing in the fields or streets, or church-yard, all sermon-time?

Will. Yes, I would fain have him let me go home every Sunday to my father's; that would be kind to me, but he won't let me do that.

Tom. Brother, that would not mend the matter; to be sure your father would take care you should go to church all the day, and to prayers again at night, and you say you cannot abide that.

Will. You are quite mistaken in my father, he is none of them. He goes to church himself, indeed; but he never troubles himself to hinder us, we may all go where we will for him. If he would but let me go home to my father, I should do well enough.

Tom. Well, nor don't your father call you to prayers at night?

Will. No, indeed, nothing like it, he knows better things.

Tom. What, nor on Sunday night neither?

Will. No, nor on Sunday night neither. Prayers! I dare say nobody ever heard my father say any prayers in his life, except when his horse fell on him, and broke his thigh, and every body thought he would have died, or must have had his thigh cut off; then he sent for the minister, indeed, and they had a deal of prayers in the chamber, I remember; but as soon as that was over, and my father was well again, he never troubled his head any more with it; what should be for? there was no need of it then, you know.

Tom. For the Lord's sake, Will, do not talk so.

[Thomas starts as if he was affrighted.]

Will. What do you mean? What do I talk?

Tom. Talk! why you talk blasphemy almost; you have been dreadfully educated, Will. Pr'ythee what is your father? Is he a Protestant?

Will. Talk blasphemy! what do you mean, Tom? What did I say?

Tom. Say! why I am afraid to repeat what you said.

[Tom looks earnestly upon him, and upon the ground about him.]

Will. What makes you look at me so, brother? you look as if you were scared. What ails you?

Tom. Truly, Will, you have terrified me. I was looking at you, to see if you did not begin to look pale, and stagger; for I wonder God did not strike you dead when you talked so horridly.

Will. And what did you look about on the ground for?

Tom. To see whether it did not begin to cleave and part; for I expected every moment it should open, and swallow you up.

Will. You fool you, what do you mean?

Tom. Indeed I should have expected all that, if I had said so.

[Mark the tenderness of the child that was religiously educated.]

Will. What did I say, that you make such a stir about it?

Tom. Truly, Will, I wish you could consider a little yourself what you said, or, at least, what you meant when you said your father knew better than to pray to God; and that after your father had broke his thigh, and was well again, there was no need of praying to God. Are not these dreadful words, Will?

Will. No, I think not; what harm is there in them? I thought no harm, not I.



Tom. But are you in earnest, Will, when you say your father never prays to God?

Will. Nay, Tom, I did not say, never; I told you he went to church on Sundays.

Tom. Well, but never else, never at home; never called his family to prayer, as your master, you say, does?

Will. No, never in his life, that ever I heard of.

Tom. Why, what is your father? Is he a heathen or a Christian? Is he a Papist or a Protestant?

Will. My father a heathen! No, I think not: he is as good a Christian as any of our neighbours.

Tom. Aye, that's strange. I thought there had been no Christians lived so, Will. Is he a Protestant or a Papist?

Will. Why, a Protestant; what should he be? Do you think my father a Papist? No, indeed; my father is as good a Protestant as any of you. Did not I tell you he went to church every Sunday? Nay, sometimes, especially when it is bad weather, he goes to the meeting-house, because the church is a good way off.

Tom. Will, Will, I never heard the like, or saw the like, till I came to my master. I thank God I have not been bred up among such Christians, or among such Protestants. I thought there had been no such Protestants in the world. Nay, there is a Papist family lives next door to my father's, and they are constantly, morning and evening, and often at other times of the day too, at their worship and prayers, serving God in their ways. Nay, I have heard that the Turks say their prayers five times a-day. Why, it is natural to pray to God, Will, did he not make us?

Will. I can't dispute, not I. What do you call serving God? Is not going to church serving God? I told you my father went every Sunday to church. I think that is serving God, isn't it? And he may say his prayers at home too for aught I know. I suppose he does not tell folks when he does that, as my master does, who makes all the house hear of it.

Tom. But, brother Will, thou talkest as if thou hadst been bréd a heathen, and not a Protestant. Pr'ythee, Will, didst thou ever read the Bible?

Will. Yes, I learned to read it at school.

Tom. Was that all? Did you never read at home? What, have you never a Bible in the house?

Will. Yes, we have a great Bible in the parlour window.

Tom. What, does nobody use it?

Will. Yes, my mother reads on it sometimes, and my father sets down how old his children are in it. There's the time when we were all born.

Tom. But were you never used to be bidden to read in it by your father or mother?

Will. Yes, my mother would sometimes call me from play, to come and read my book; but I would not come, I loved my play too well for that.

Tom. What, would you not come?

Will. No, not I.

Tom. What, not when your mother called you?

Will. Mother! no, what cared I for my mother?

Tom. I never heard the like in my life; why, 'tis a sign you never read the Bible.

Will. Why, what if I had?

Tom. Why, there you would have read, "Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother," Deut. xxvii. 16. Besides, Will, cannot you say the ten commandments?

Will. Yes, I think I can.

Tom. Well, and don't you remember the fifth commandment—"Honour thy father and thy mother?"

Will. Why, what's that to my going to play?

Tom. But it was something your refusing to come and read your book when your mother called you.

Will. What signified that? I knew my mother was not angry. She did not much trouble her head whether I came to read or not.

Tom. So indeed it is plain, as you said, that neither your father nor your mother troubled their head about you,

whether you served God or not. I do not wonder that you think it so troublesome that your master goes to prayers, and serves God in his family, I wonder how you, that have been bred so wickedly, came to be put out to so religious a family, as your master's is !

Will. Why, I heard my father say once, before I came to my master, that he was the willinger to put me to him, because he was a good man, and I might learn good things there ; for I had never learned any at home.

Tom. So that your father owns then, Will, that these are good things, though he does not practise them himself. That is very strange, Will.

Will. Yes, yes, my father used to say he loved my master, because he was a good man, that he was a man that kept good order in his family ; and one day he told me, that if I was a good boy, and followed my master's advice, I should be made a good man, better than ever my father was ; and that my master went to prayers, and served God, and such as that : but I knew nothing what he meant. If I had known how it was, I should never have come.

Tom. Why, you own, that though your father did not call you to prayers himself, he liked your master the better because he did. Why should not you too ?

Will. Not I, I love to live as I have been bred.

Tom. But you see your father owned that your master was a better Christian than himself ; and that the orders he kept in his family was the way to make you a good man, nay, to make you better than your father too. Methinks you should believe your father.

Will. I don't know as to that ; but I don't like it, not I.

Tom. You are not then for being made a good man, or else you don't believe your father.

Will. I don't see how he'll make me any better than I am. I tell you, I don't like it at all. I dare say you would not like it neither.

Tom. Would I not. I wish I was to be tried, Will.

Will. I wish you were, I am sure you would be sick of it.

Tom. Why now, brother Will, that cannot be ; for my grievance is just the contrary to your's ; for I have been the uneasiest boy alive. I have got a master that lives exactly like your father.

Will. My father ! alas, my father is but an ordinary man, your master is an alderman.

Tom. I mean as to religion, Will ; 'tis true, my master goes to the meeting-house, and my mistress goes to church, and they serve God there after their own way ; and we have nothing of swearing, cursing, or drunkenness in the house, or such as that, I must do them that justice. But as to religion, I never heard a word of it in the house since I came to it.

Will. Well, now, and yet every body says your master is a very good man.

Tom. That may be.

Will. Why then, brother, you see you were mistaken before, when you fancied a man could not be a good man, without making such a pother about his praying and religion, as my master does. I do not see that my master is one jot a better man than your's.

Tom. Nay, Will, it was not I that was mistaken, it was your own father that was mistaken, who, you acknowledge, told you he loved your master, because he was a good man, and that you might learn good things there ; and that if you followed your master's advice, you would be a good man too, and a better man than your father. He must be mistaken in all that, Will.

Will. Well, but I a'nt talking of my father. They may be any of them better than my father, he knows that himself : but I speak of your master ; every body says he is a good man, and a religious man, and he has the best reputation in the town.

Tom. Ay, Will, he is an honest man, a very fair man, he does nobody any wrong ; but I have never been bred

that way in my life. I have never heard any such thing as praying to God, or reading the scriptures in the house, since I came thither; and yet, when I came to him, I was told he was a mighty religious man.

Will. Why, that's what I say, he is counted a religious man, and they say he goes to the meeting-house too.

Tom. So much the worse for him, if he appear religious only, and his practice makes him appear to be otherwise: however, I will not say what he is privately, but this I am sure of, it does not appear in his family; we that are his servants see nothing of it, nor his children neither.

Will. Why, that is as I would have it to be at our house: he is a very good man, every body says so, and what need he trouble you with it? I don't like this making such a show of religion; cannot they be religious, but they must trouble all the family with it? I believe your master is a very honest good man, Tom, though he makes no show of it as mine does.

Tom. You talk profanely again, Will. I am no more for making a show of religion than you; but if there be no religion where there is some show of it, to be sure there is no religion where there is no show at all of it. But what do you call show? Is it not every Christian man's duty to teach his household and family to serve God? Do you call that a show? Every one ought to make such a show of religion; and if he does not, he plainly makes a show of having very little religion himself. I might give you a great many places out of scripture for this; but it seems you have not read much of the Bible.

Will. Why, what would you have your master do? You would not have him make such a rout as my master does, would you?

Tom. I would have him serve God in his family, as other religious good people do.

Will. Well, but you say they all serve God on Sundays.

Tom. What's that to his family, We may run about

where we will all for him, Sabbath-day, or any day or night, he never takes any thought of us. If we are but in the counting-house next morning when he wants us, we may serve God or the devil, 'tis all one to him.

Will. That's what I want now, I wonder you should be uneasy at it.

Tom. I have not been used to such a life, Will, though you have. It terrifies me so, I cannot bear it.

Will. Why, what would you have? What is it to you what your master does?

Tom. A great deal. God has said, "He will pour out his fury upon the families that call not upon his name," Jer. x. 25. and I am one of the family now.

Will. Well, but can you not say your prayers by yourself.

Tom. Truly I have no manner of convenience for that neither, for we all lie together in a room; and at first I used to kneel down and pray by myself, but the rest of the apprentices jeered me out of it, and made such a noise at me, I was forced to leave it off; and now I go to bed and rise like a beast, as they do: but it grieves me so, I cannot tell what to do, for I am sure it is a sin to do so, and I am afraid God should show some judgment upon me for it.

Will. Why, is there any danger of that, Tom. Why, I never prayed to God in my life.

Tom. Then you are in a sad condition, Will; and so am I too. Sometimes I think it will break my heart. I think my father has put me in the devil's mouth, and I am going the straight road to hell, I am sure he does not do so himself.

Will. And so you have left off saying your prayers, Tom, now quite, han't you? and then you live as bad as I do, don't you?

Tom. No, I han't left off praying neither; for, if my master does but send me an errand, I pray as I go along the streets; and sometimes I get up into the hay-stack

over the stable, or any where I can be private. But this is so seldom, and it grieves me so, that when I come to pray, I can do nothing but cry, I can't speak a word hardly.

Will. I do not understand these things. Sure I am a strange creature. Why, it never troubles me. I don't know what it is to pray to God. I never knew there was any harm in not doing it. I wish I could learn, I'd say my prayers too.

[The boy begins to be touched with the discourse.]

Tom. You have a good master to teach you; I have a master will do nothing but teach me to forget all that my good father and mother have been teaching me these fifteen years.

Will. Why, if what you learned is good, what need you forget it?

Tom. Why, I'll tell you, Will, when I was at home, and had all the encouragement in the world, by the example and instruction of my father, and the exhortation of my mother, telling me my duty, and strictly charging me never to lie down and rise without praying to God, in the evening for protection, and in the morning for direction; yet I found a wicked inclination within me, of prompting me to omit my duty; and now, when I want these helps of example and instruction, and instead of them have had so many discouragements, and find it so difficult to get a retired place for it, I find that wicked inclination to omit my duty increases, and sometimes I am for persuading myself I have a sufficient excuse to leave it quite off; and I am afraid some time or other I shall do so, and grow an atheist, and then I shall live without God, like a heathen, as you do, Will.

Will. Indeed, Tom, I have lived like a heathen all my days, I begin to see it now. But what must I do? How can I help it now!

Tom. Do, Will! you must leave it off, and learn to live a better life.

Will. But, brother Tom, how must I do that? I am a poor, ignorant wretch,—I know nothing at all,—I have never been taught any thing in my life. If to live as I do, is to be a heathen, my father is a heathen, and my mother is a heathen, and my brothers and sisters are all heathens.

Tom. You are in a sad condition, Will, as I said before, and I think I am in a worse.

Will. How can that be, Tom?

Tom. Why, you have been taught nothing; and I am in a fair way to lose all I have been taught; and I think my condition is worse than your's.

Will. No, no, you know what to do, and what you ought to do. You have been well educated, Tom. I have nobody to teach me any thing. Tell me, dear brother, what must I do? Teach me what is my first duty; I begin to see something very desirable in religion, that I never valued before.

[The first motions in an uncultivated mind generally are, to see a beauty in the ways of God, and to have a desire to imitate them.]

Tom. Why, Will, I am but a boy, as well as you, and can't teach you much; but I can tell you what my father used to tell me, and what he taught me to do.

Will. Do tell me that then, for I long to hear it.

Tom. Why, he used to tell me, that God made me, and that being born in sin, and liable to eternal death for sin, Jesus Christ redeemed me.

Will. All that I have heard too, though I do not understand a word of it.

Tom. Then he told me, I must every day pray to God to bless me, to preserve me, and to pardon my sins for Jesus Christ's sake; that I must give thanks to him for my life, and preservation in health, and for all things that I receive; that I must pray to him for my daily bread, and to give me wisdom and direction in all I go about.

Will. How can I do this?

Tom. I remember I asked my father that very question, and he answered me thus:—Do you not come to me, child, when you want clothes, and ask me for them; and to your mother when you are hungry, and ask for victuals; and do you not do this without teaching?

Will. And what did you say?

Tom. What could I say? I kneeled down every night and morning, and said over the Lord's-prayer; then I got a good prayer out of a book, and said that, and sometimes a word or two would come into my thoughts, that I would say of my own head, as I thought of such things as were proper.

Will. I shall never learn: why, I can hardly say over the Lord's-prayer without a book.

Tom. I'll tell you, Will, if I thought you were in earnest, I would do my endeavour to teach you; but you that have led such a wicked life, and cry out against your master and mistress so much about praying, I don't think you mean any thing but to jest with me.

Will. No, but I do not jest now: you say it is so wicked a thing, and I am in such a dangerous condition, that you looked for the ground to open, and swallow me up. Why, you can't think I would be willing to have the devil take me away, whatever I may say sometimes. But I am a poor ignorant boy, how shall I know what to do?

Tom. Truly, Will, and I also am but ignorant, as I said before, and unfit to teach you. I am but a boy, you know; but this I know, and have been taught, that God has made me. Do you believe that, Will?

Will. Yes, sure.

Tom. Well, if God made you, then he can destroy you.

Will. That is plain.

Tom. Then sure it is your interest to serve God, as well in thankfulness to him because he made you, as that he may not be provoked to destroy you.

Will. But what is this serving God? I thought it was nothing but going to church on Sundays.

Tom. To be sure, worshipping God at church is good, and our duty; but we must worship God otherwise than at church.

Will. What, by saying our prayers?

Tom. Nay, that is not all neither; we must fear God and keep his commandments.

Will. How shall I do all that? You know that I know nothing of it.

Tom. Why, therefore, Will, your first thing, as my father told me, is to pray to God to teach you to know him and to fear him, and to keep his commandments.

Will. How do I know what his commandments are? I can say the ten commandments; but I don't understand what they mean;

Tom. Why, my father next directed me to read the Bible, which is the word of God, and is given for our instruction, that we may know his will.

Will. And will that teach me to know what to do?

Tom. Reading the scripture daily, and praying to God daily to open our understanding, to know the will of God written in his word; certainly this must be the way, Will.

Will. I can't pray. I never prayed in my life, I tell you.

Tom. You ought to tremble at the thoughts of that, Will.

Will. I begin to be afraid, indeed; it may be God won't hear me now, if I should pray..

Tom. Yes, there's a scripture for that to encourage you. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy." Isaiah lv. 7.

Will. Is that in the Bible?

Tom. Yes, and a great many more encouraging things. You must read the scripture diligently. Have you a Bible?

Will. No, not I, nor never had in my life.

Tom. I am not capable to direct you, Will; but I will tell you there are two things which I would have you do, pray to God to forgive your sins, and to teach you his will, and read the Bible diligently. I'll give you a Bible, Will.

Will. Indeed, brother Tom, if you will give me a Bible, I'll read it over and over. You say that will teach me. I'll read it, and thank you for it heartily; for I never had a Bible to read in yet.

Tom. But remember, Will, I said you must pray to God to teach you when you read, to open your understanding, that you may understand the scripture, and to teach you that you may know your duty; and then pray to God to guide you in the doing his will, and your duty according to the scripture, which is his own word.

Will. What will my praying to God signify? Will God do this for me, if I pray to him? And how can I pray? I don't know what praying is, not I. What must I say?

Tom. It seems you do not know what prayer is. Sure, if you remember the beginning of our discourse, and how you complained you were tormented with prayers at home, you will not say you do not know what it is.

Will. Don't tell me of that now, dear Tom. I begin to be of another mind already. I wish I knew how to pray for myself.

Tom. The Spirit of God teaches us to pray, and helps our infirmities. Do you know the story of the poor publican?

Will. No, not I. What was he?

Tom. Just such another as thou art, Will, a poor wicked profane wretch, and had lived all his days in wickedness, and perhaps without prayer too.

Will. And what then? What became of him. Did he go to hell?

Tom. Why, he saw the Pharisees, and all the great professors of religion, go up to the temple to pray, and being sensible of his condition, he thought once to go up along with them: but when he considered what a wicked crea-

ture he had been, he was afraid, he durst not only not go, but not look towards the temple, nor cast his eyes up to heaven.

Will. That is my case, indeed, exactly. Pray what became of him?

Tom. Why, he stood at a distance, smote his breast, astonished and amazed at his own case, and, with a deep sigh, broke out thus—"Lord be merciful to me a sinner!" Luke xviii. 13.

Will. Well, and was he heard? You say he durst not go up to the temple to pray.

Tom. Heard! yes, one groan, one sigh, one look, nay, a heart not daring to look, sending out but one sentence, yet, from a broken, sincere, repenting heart, is heard in heaven beyond the long and loud pretences and devotions of the self-conceited hypocrite. The scripture says expressly, "This man went away justified rather than the other." Luke xviii. 14.

Will. And do you think, if I knew how to pray, God would hear me, and give all that teaching and knowledge you speak of to me.

Tom. Yes, Will, I do more than think so, I am sure of it.

Will. What mean you by that?

Tom. I have God's own word for it, Will; and that word is the foundation and comfort of all the prayers, and all the praying Christians in the world.

Will. How is this? explain yourself, for you speak strangely positive.

Tom. The scripture says he will, and that is my assurance, and may be yours; for it is his own word, John xvi. 23, "Whatever we ask of the Father in the name of Jesus Christ, he will do it for us."

Will. But I have been a wicked boy all my days, that never thought any thing of God or religion in my life, as you know very well by what I have told you: nor ever was taught any thing about it. Will God hear such an one as I, if ever I pray to him.

Tom. The same scripture says, he will, brother: and we have no reason to doubt it, for the scriptures are the word of God; and, as I told you, the scripture says, Isaiah lv. 7—"Let the wicked-forsake his way, and turn unto the Lord, and he will have mercy;" and the poor publican went away justified that sent up but one sigh.

Will. Aye, that may be to such as sin now and then a little; but I have done nothing else all my days.

Tom. But he says, in the same text, that "he will abundantly pardon."

Will. But that may not reach me.

Tom. But the scripture is full of promises, and calls to as bad as you to come to him. I could show you some if I had the Bible here. You cannot have been so wicked but you are included in them.

Will. Tell me one of them, I intreat you. I see you have a deal of them without book. Dear Tom, tell me one of them.

Tom. This is one—"Him that comes to me, I will in no wise cast out." Here is no exception: this *him* is all one as whosoever.

Will. Whosoever! that's a large word. Is there no exception?

Tom. None at all: whosoever, that includes how bad soever.

Will. What, and how long soever too?

Tom. Aye, and how long soever. Whosoever turns unto God, how bad soever they are, or how long soever they have been so bad, yet he will in no wise, or by no means east them out.

Will. My heart revives at the word, for I have been a sad wretch. You know, brother, I have never so much as thought of my soul, or of God, of his making me, or his power to destroy me. I have never prayed unto him, or called upon him, unless in wicked swearing and cursing by his name. Will God pardon me, brother, are you sure of it?

Tom. I cannot be sure he will pardon you, or myself either; but I am sure it is your duty to pray for pardon, and to repent of your sins; and there is another scripture which says, "If we repent and forsake, we shall find mercy."

Will. Repent! what's that Tom?

Tom. Repentance is a hearty sorrow for your sins already past, and solemn, serious resolutions to commit no more; and this sorrow must proceed not only from the fear of eternal punishment, but from a hatred of sin, for its own evil nature, and as it is offensive to the holiness of God.

Will. I cannot understand this at all. Shall I learn it in my Bible, brother? How must I learn to repent?

Tom. You must pray to God to give you repentance too; for repentance is the gift of God.

Will. I will pray to God, though I do not know how, or what to say. I am amazed at myself, when I see what a wicked creature I have been. Indeed, brother Tom, I don't wonder that you looked so earnestly at me, and expected I should drop down dead, or be swallowed up alive. I am afraid I shall be so still.

[Conviction of sin seizes the boy.]

Tom. I am glad what I have said has made you sensible of it.

Will. I begin to love you, dear brother, better than ever I did. I shall be the better for you as long as I live.

Tom. I wish you had some better instructor than I.

Will. Aye, brother, if I had a religious father and mother, as you have had, I might have known all this from a child; then all the past wickedness of my life had been prevented. But you say, whosoever, brother, don't you? Are you sure the words are so?

Tom. I am very sure, brother; but to make you easy, I'll go in and fetch you a Bible, and show it you presently.

[The boy goes in.]

[While he is gone, Will breaks out thus by himself.]

Will. What must I do, to know how to pray? Will God hear such a wretch? and what if not? then I am undone, lost, and damned for ever! O what a condition am I in; but whosoever,

[The boy weeps, but recovering, prays with great affection, and aloud, like the poor publican, in the following words.]

[Lord God, thou hast made me, and hast said, "Whosoever comes, thou wilt not cast out," pardon all my wickedness.]

[Tom comes, and over hears him.]

Tom. What was you saying, brother? Did you speak to me?

Will. No, no; I did not speak to you.

Tom. I heard you say something.

Will. I hardly know what I said, but my heart struck me, and I cried out.

Tom. To God, I hope.

Will. I hardly know, yet I feel a secret joy in what I said.

[Observe here, conviction was accompanied with a cleaving to the promise of God; and the Spirit of God moves the poor boy's heart to look up to God in hope, first pleading the promise, and then crying for pardon.]

Tom. Well, brother, if it was but like the publican, it may be heard.

Will. I know not what it was, but I am trembling still. Is this praying, brother?

Tom. The more your affection was engaged, the more likely it is to be from a true work of God.

Will. Have you brought the Bible? you have staid a long while.

Tom. I have been looking some places for you.

Will. And will you show me them?

Tom. Yes, I have folded them down, and here they are. In the first place, here's that I named to you, John

vi. 10, "Him that comes unto me, I will in no wise cast out." And here is another place, which is equal in its encouragements, and expressly tells us, that the word him is to be taken for whatsoever, without any exception of persons, as I said to you before, Rev. xxii. 17, "Let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Will. You have folded them down, you say; I'll read them when I come home, for it is too late for us to stay any longer.

Notes on the First Dialogue.

Though this dialogue, and indeed this whole part of the book, is more a history than the rest; and the families which it points at, if they happen to see it, may be able to see themselves in it, and to make some use of it to their advantage, if they please; yet, as even this history will be the same thing as a parable to the ages to come, in which it may, I hope, be as useful as now; and, above all, as this work is designed for a general, not a particular reproof, I am willing to let it lie hid entirely as to persons, that it may, perhaps, look less by that means like a history than really it is.

If the persons whom it more really concerns may see themselves reprov'd, they will make not the less profitable use of it, for the civility shown them in concealing their names. If they do not, the author can never want an opportunity to expose the folly, if he sees cause.

But the design of this book is of a nature above a personal satire. The errors in family conduct are the business here, not the families themselves; and the names and persons are so entirely concealed, and the real history so couched, that it is impossible for any body, but the persons themselves, to read the people by the characters.

The first thing reprov'd here, and worth observing, is,

a good man, who had carefully educated and instructed his child, and who, he might easily see, was a sober, well inclined youth, knowing in good things, and desirous of them; yet had this religious parent forgotten himself, and so far forgotten the good of his child also, as to place him with a master who had either no religion at all, or, which was all one to the child, exercised none of it in his family, nor took any care, nor had any concern for the souls of his servants, whatever he had for their bodies.

The child laments this very pathetically, though in a familiar way, to his comrade. He is at first weary of the profane way of living, and then justly afraid that the interruptions he meets with to his duty should bring him to an indifference about it, and to believe the difficulties he found in his way were just excuses for him in omitting it totally at last.

Note.—We have natural hindrances enow in the way of our duty, from the aversions of a corrupt nature; so that at the best we shall be often backward in, and prompted to the omission of religious performances. We have, therefore, great need to remove all occasional obstructions, lest natural inclination should plead those obstructions as a just reason for a total neglect of duty.

It was not without a just reason that the poor child entertained a jealousy of himself, lest he should grow cold in religious matters, from the general discouragement he met with in a family where all religious duties were totally neglected, and himself made a jest for attempting to do his duty.

This may be a seasonable caution for such parents who have any concern for the souls of their children, and have taken any pains with them in their education.

1. Not to think their duty discharged to them in the due instructing and educating them in their infancy. The inspection of a parent does not end there; but they ought.

2. To remember that all good seed which they had

sown, may be choked if the child comes into bad hands afterward, and their son may be lost by a negligent master, as well as by a negligent parent.

3. That therefore it is their duty to take care to place their children in religious families, or it may be true, that they had almost as good never have instructed them at all.

It is very strange, but too common, that religious parents, who have taken great care with their children when they were at home, wholly neglect this, and throw their children away, by placing them where the duties of religion are not at all regarded, and where the examples of their masters, and the families they live in, quite raze all the remembrance of former instruction out of the mind of the servant, and they grow hardened in that neglect by the authority of their masters.

It is remarkable here, further, how the duty of servants is entirely neglected, even in those families where they do regard religion, and where instructing of children is taken care of; as if the souls of servants were not under the inspection of the master of a family, and were none of his charge, as well as the souls of his children.

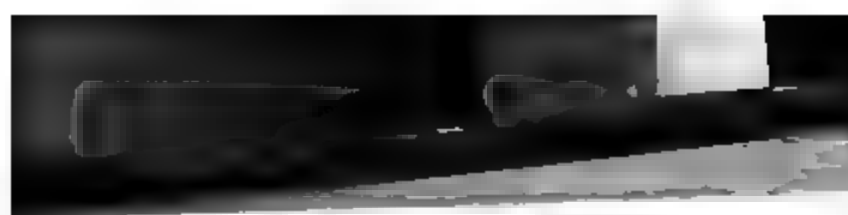
Note.—Apprentices taken into our houses, ought, as far as respect their souls, to be reckoned as children; for as we take them from the tuition of their parents, if we act not the parent to them as well as the master, we may teach them their trade, but we breed them up for the devil.

It cannot be omitted here to observe, what impressions of religion, what awe of God, what dread of his judgments, the good instructions of the father had left on the mind of this youth.

1. In his uneasiness at being placed in an irreligious family: of which afterwards.

2. His aversion to the discourse of his comrade, when he talked profanely.

3. His terrible apprehensions when the other talked



blasphemously, least he should fall down dead, or the earth should open and swallow him up.

Note.—Though it is true, that, in the ordinary course of providence, God does not deal so with those that blaspheme and provoke him; yet since sometimes God has done so, and history, as well as scripture, is full of dreadful examples of that kind, it is not without its uses, and therefore very commendable to acquaint young children with such examples, and to fill their minds with a due fear of God's judgments in like cases.

Here is room also for a useful remark in the complaint the poor child makes, that, having no retirement for performing his duty by himself, when he went about it publicly, the other servants mocked and jeered him out of it.

Note, 1 Though separate conveniencies cannot always be made for servants, yet masters should, as much as may consist with the circumstances of their families, be cautious of taking away all manner of conveniencies of retirement from their servants, lest they furnish them with excuses for not doing their duty.

Note, 2. Jeering and mocking a young man for his inclining to be religious, is too often a means to drive such quite from him.

Note, 3. One of the most necessary preservations of youth, is, that he be fortified against the scandalous banter and insults of his companions, and can bear to be jeered, and yet not be jeered out of his duty.

The other part of this dialogue affords a dreadful instance of a father and family wholly destitute of religion, living entirely without God, without scripture, without so much as a form of religion. The effects of this are especially two, and both visible in the case here laid before us.

1. Perfect ignorance of every thing that looked like religion in the child, not so much as the least sense of it, or desire to know any thing about it remaining.

2. Certain and never failing bitter reproaches of the

child against the parent, when its eyes come to be opened.

Note.—Such is the beauty of a religious and conscientious life in those that practise it, that those who can taste nothing of themselves, yet have a value for it in others. The profane boy's father told him he loved his master, because he was a good man; and that if he (the boy) would take his master's advice, he would make him a better man than his father.

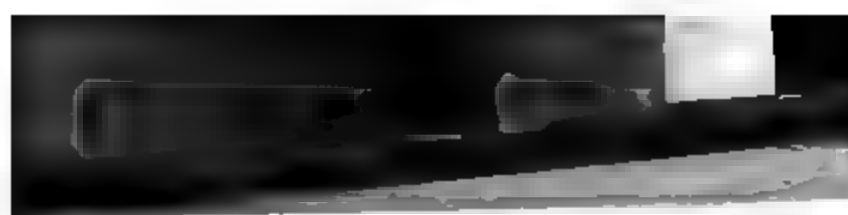
Note.—The aversions which want of instruction in this youth had bred in him against the religious behaviour of his master, and against the public exercises of religion in his family, were so foolishly grounded, that they would bear no weight in his discouraging it, even with a child; and therefore the religious youth presently objects against what he says, and he himself sooner sees the folly of his own discourse; and yet the author of this work is just also to the thing itself, for that really our ridiculous notions in contempt of religion will admit no better argument to excuse them.

Aversions to religious duties grow naturally, either by disuse of those duties, or by the disaster of an ill education, even where the poor hardened child may think no harm, or design any wilful rebellion against God, ignorance being the natural consequence of want of instruction.

Observe here, when the wicked boy, being convinced, asks his comrade what he must do, he goes back to tell him what his own father used to teach him. Whence note, that well instructing our children, makes them capable to instruct others, as occasion presents; and consequently their children, when they come to have families of their own,

From the beginning of the wicked boy's convictions, note, that sense of danger is the first thing that ordinarily discovers itself in conviction of sin, and this leads to inquiring after what we are next to do; as the jailor, who first came in trembling, then asks, "What must I do?"

When the boy, after his first conviction, recollects



things by himself, while his companion is gone for the Bible, he is struck with horror at his condition; but the Spirit of God working graciously in him, lays the promise of God, as it were, full in his way, in order to give him hope; and, at the first appearance of hope, he breaks out vehemently in prayer; when his comrade returns, and innocently inquires about what he said, it appears from him, that his prayer was a kind of ecstasy, moved by a supernatural power in his heart, that affected him in a violent manner, so that he hardly could give an account of it himself; but says wildly, he trembled, and cried out.

There are, no doubt, such strong impressions of the Spirit of God accompanying true convictions, and the great regenerating work of grace in the heart, as may be inexpressible, even by the persons themselves, yet far from enthusiastic or affected. Nor are these impressions to be slighted, much less ridiculed. Perhaps this may be in part signified, in regeneration being called a new birth, though the main intent of that allusion be to signify the entire change of the state.

From the whole of this dialogue may be observed, the great duty and advantage of young men spending the hours they have to spare for conversation, in religious discourses, and inquiring of one another about things relating to heaven, their duty here, and their way thither. This, no doubt, was enjoined in the same text, where the instruction of our children is commanded. Deut. vi. 7. "Thou shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way;" that is, they shall be the general subject of your conversation and communication one with another.

Note.—The advantages of religious conversation are many; the present case is brought to describe them. The young, untaught, uninstructed youth, who came out of the hands of his parents to be an apprentice, as perfectly naked of knowledge and instruction as he came naked into the world, becomes a convert by his keeping company and

conversing with a religious, well-instructed companion, and became afterwards an excellent promoter of knowledge and piety in the place where he lived.

THE SECOND DIALOGUE.

The young lad who was put apprentice to the religious tradesman above mentioned, though he had no education from his parents, was, as you have heard in the past dialogue between him and the youth, his comrade, brought to a condition quite different from what he had always been brought up in. He had a full conviction of the desperate condition he was in, by reason of his sinful nature and life. He had received some light from the little instruction his young, but pious, companion was capable to give him; and his conscience was thoroughly awakened. His little instructor had been providentially made the instrument to lay a foundation of hope in him, and to encourage him to pray to God, and to read the scriptures, and to believe that God would receive him, and not reject him for his sinful life, or for his sinful nature, but would grant him whatsoever he would ask: and upon this confidence, in his first agony he breaks out, as before, in a short, but vehement prayer, being the first he had ever made in his life; and which, as it was made from a heart deeply touched with the danger of his soul, so it left great impressions upon his mind, as I have noted; and having gotten a Bible from his companion, he goes away with two happy resolves—1. to read; and 2. to pray.

The alteration this made in the youth, could not be long hid in the family where he was placed; where his wicked way of living, his profane tongue, and his contempt of religion, had made him not very well received; and made his conversation so much their aversion, that the master of

the house, and the mistress too, had warned their little children from conversing with him; and they had some discourse together, about turning him away, finding him of a temper, as they thought, too refractory to be wrought upon by advice, past the benefit of example, and who had several times made a jest of, and a scoff at their attempts to instruct him.

But the boy being changed within, as it is noted above, it could not be that such a work could long conceal itself in his conversation. He appeared pensive, retired, and grave in his deportment,—was observed to sigh very often, and look as if he had been crying. As soon as his business was over, he was never to be seen, but always hid in the dark among the work-houses, of which his master had several. He was observed to be always ready at the times of family-worship, and on the Lord's-day. When his master examined him about the sermons he had heard, they were all surprised at him, for the ready account he gave of what the minister had preached. His master and mistress, who could not but observe this alteration in the boy, took the more notice of him in his conversation the week after, where they found him diligent at his work, more than ever, but nothing of the mirth and sport his fellow-servants used to have with him. They observed he had left off all his ill words, and wicked expressions, swearing, cursing, and the like. He played none, laughed none, and hardly was seen to smile. Several of the servants and workmen that observed it also, had been jesting with him, asked him what ailed him; but he gave them no answers that were to the purpose, so that it was hardly guessed at in the family, at least not among his fellows.

But his master and mistress, who, from his behaviour, as above, had entertained some notion of it, or being willing to hope the best, had pleased themselves with some thoughts of the child's being grown rather serious than melancholy, made it their business to observe him more nar-

rowly; and seeing him one evening take a candle, and go up into a room over their workhouse, by himself, the mistress silently followed him, and placed herself so as she might perceive him, and he perceive nothing of it.

As soon as he came up, he set down the candle, pulled a book out of his pocket, and turned over the leaves, folding up here, and folding down there, but not reading long in any one place. She observed him to sigh grievously all the while, and at last to throw down the book, and burst out into a vehement fit of crying, sitting down upon the ground, wringing his hands, and the tears running down his face, but not speaking a word.

While he was in this agony, she discovered herself to have seen him, and begins as follows:

Will, what's the matter with you, child?

The boy, surprised, snatches up the book hastily, and put it in his pocket.

[His mistress speaks to him again.]

Mist. Will; what's the matter, Will? tell me.

Will. Nothing.

[Offers to go away.]

Mist. Come, Will, do not be backward to tell me what troubles thee; for I have seen all you have been doing. What book's that you had there?

Will. No book of any harm.

Mist. Child, I do not think it is a book of any harm, I believe it is a good book. Is it not the Bible, Will? Come, tell me.

Will. Yes, it is.

Mist. Let me see it, Will.

Will. You may believe me, it is the Bible; I hope you'll not be angry.

Mist. Angry, child, I am glad to see you looking in the Bible. I am not angry, I hope you are minding good things.

[So his mistress sits down by him.]

Will. Oh, it is too late now!

[Here he falls a crying again, and cannot speak for a good while.]

Mist. Too late, Will! do not talk so.

Will. Yes, 'tis too late—too late.

[And cries vehemently.]

Mist. Child, if it be so, thy too late is much sooner than my early was. If it be too late for thee, what will become of any of us?

[The mistress weeps too.]

Will. That is all one to me, 'tis too late for me.

Mist. Let me see the Bible, child. Where hast thou been reading, that has put thee into this condition?

Will. O, every where! every where!

Mist. Show me the book, Will, let me see it.

[He shows her the book, and abundance of leaves turned down, but most of them at those places which had discouraged the child.]

Mist. What are all these leaves turned down for? and who directed you to those terrible texts of scripture, child? you have found all the dreadful places where God threatens hardened sinners with his displeasure, but not one of those places which give comfort to a returning penitent. •

[She turns over the leaves the child had folded down, which were such as these:]

Rom. ii. 5, 6—"After thy hardness and impenitent heart, treasurest up unto thyself wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God; who will render to every man according to his deeds." Isa. vi. 10—"Make the heart of this people fat, and their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their hearts, and convert, and be healed." And again the same repeated, Mark iv. 12; Rev. xxi. 8—"And all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. Rev. xxii. 11, 12—"He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still. Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me."

2 Thess. i. 8, 9—"In flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, &c. who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord." Psalm ix. 17—"The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God," Psalm l. 22—"Consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver." Matt. xxv. 41—"Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Heb. xii. 29—"For our God is a consuming fire." Isaiah xxxiii. 14—"Who amongst us shall dwell with everlasting burning?"

These, and abundance more such as these, the poor boy had folded down, the reading of which had terrified him to such a degree as above.

[The mistress having looked them over, turns unto the boy.]

Mist. Child, what are all these scriptures to thee!

Will. All to me! all to me! he told me, all that was said in the book, was said to me.

Mist. He told thee, Will. Pr'ythee who told thee?

Will. He that gave me the book, my brother Tom over the way, he told me so; and he is a very good young man, and would not speak wrong. I am sure it is all said to me.

[Cries again.]

Mist. Well, Will, he is a very good young man. I am glad you have been talking with him; and he meant well, no doubt: but he is but a young lad, a boy, a child like thyself; and you may be instructed farther about it, do not be cast down. Was this it you cried about?

Will. Yes, yes, this was it; was not this enough?

Mist. Well, but you need not be discouraged, Will; let me show you some other texts.

Will. What, not to be lost for ever, and go to hell, not to be discouraged!

Mist. But are you willing to be better instructed, child?

Will. What can instruct me? Is not this the word of

God? And is it not plain? Am not I such a wicked one, as is described here? And is not all that is said here true?

Mist. But, child, you must take that part of the scripture, which is a ground of hope, and set it against these terrible places. This is only an artifice of the devil to terrify you.

Will. What would he terrify me for?

Mist. That you might despair of the mercy of God, and not hope in Jesus Christ.

Will. What can I hope for, when these plain things are said, and that they shall belong to such as I am?

Mist. No, child, I hope they are not threatened to such as thee; they are all to be understood of those that are impenitent in their sins, and go on hardened, without repentance to the last. I hope you will not be found among them. Are you not sorry for your sins?

Will. What does that signify now, if I am?

Mist. A great deal; even so much, that it takes away the edge of all those dreadful scriptures that have frightened thee so much; and if that sorrow for thy sins be true and sincere, the scripture is full of encouragement for thee to hope.

Will. Aye, so he said; but he never told me a word of all those places I have found; and I can't find the promises he told me of, I can't find one of them.

Mist. That's for want of somebody to assist thee, and open and explain the scriptures to thee. Poor child! thou hast had but little teaching.

Will. Little! I never had any teaching at all! I never had a Bible in my life, never knew what it was till now, and I think it had been well I had not seen it now.

Mist. No, no, Will, do not say so; it is the best thing ever was given thee in the world; and I hope you shall thank God as long as you live, that you met with that honest young man that gave it you. He is a godly, sober young man, and has shown thee what it is to be well edu-

ated. He came of good parents, and their instruction is seen in his very countenance. Every body loves him: he is so sober, so religious, and talks so well of good things; and it appears, I find in his talk to thee, though he is but a youth, he might not be so able to prepare thee for the right understanding of those scriptures which you were to read, as others may.

Will. Why, he told me it was the word of God, and that all that was written here was true; and that it was all spoken to me, and I ought to understand it so, and bid me read it.

Mist. Well, and you have read some of it, but not all.

Will. Yes, I have read all the New Testament over and over; for I sat up three nights last week, and read all night long, for I promised him I would read it.

Mist. Well, and have you not found encouraging places, as well as those that terrified you in this manner.

Will. No, none at all.

Mist. How is that possible, if you have read it all over?

Will. I am sure I have read it all over three times, from the first of Matthew to the last of the Revelation.

Mist. Then your fears have so prevailed over your hopes, that your eyes have been shut to your comfort, and open only to your discouragement. This is all from the devil, Will; you must pray against it.

Will. So Tom said; but I can't tell how to pray, I never prayed in my life but once.

Mist. Once, child! when was that?

Will. That night he talked to me.

Mist. What did you pray for then, and how?

Will. I know not how, but I trembled, and cried out to God, to pardon my sins.

Mist. Poor child, what moved thee to it, then?

Will. I felt some strange notion in my heart, which I cannot describe, that made my tongue speak I almost know not what, for I thought it a dreadful thing to speak to God;

and when I cried out, Lord, pardon my sins, it set me a weeping and a trembling.

Mist. Well, that was a blessed beginning. Why did you not go on, child? you should have prayed again.

Will. My heart did, but I could speak no words.

Mist. Alas, child! that's the prayer God delights in—so may I pray all my days, though I was never to speak again!

Will. But brother Tom told me I must speak too.

Mist. Yes, child, you may speak; and it is proper, for your own sake, that you speak words both to express your meaning and move your affections; but, unless your heart joins, it is not prayer. God hears no words that the heart joins not in; but he hears many a sigh from the heart, which cannot be expressed in words: as is plain from the text, Rom. viii. 26—"The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." I hope it was the Spirit who helped thy heart to pray, when thou couldest utter no words, child; therefore do not be discouraged.

Will. I know nothing what it was, or what the Spirit means, unless that I have served the evil spirit all my days, and now I must have my portion with the devil and his angels. This books says so, look here else.

[Here shows her the place, Matt. xxv. 41.]

Mist. Child, you must not make conclusions against yourself, any more than for yourself, from the word of God, till you are taught to understand it aright.

Will. Why, do I not understand this place aright?

Mist. No, you do not.

Will. How shall I understand it, then?

Mist. You may take the scriptures as they explain themselves; and you are bid to search the scripture, that is, to see how one place is expounded by another. You should always pray to God to open your understanding, that you

may understand the scripture; and the want of this makes even those very parts of the scripture which should be our comfort, be our terror.

Will. Indeed the young man told me so, but I did not do it.

Mist. What did he bid you do?

Will. When he gave me the book, I thanked him, and promised him to read it; but he said that was not all, I must pray to God to teach me to understand his word, and to show me my duty, and to guide my heart to do it. But I did not know that I should always do this when I read the Bible.

Mist. No doubt but you may pray very seasonably for that at all times, and he was a good child that taught thee to do so; but it must needs be more especially seasonable to pray so, when you are going to read the Bible, that you may be instructed to read comfort from God's word, and not terror only, as you have done.

Will. What comfort can I get from the scripture, when it speaks so dreadfully of my very case.

Mist. Why there lies your mistake. I say it is not your case, and therefore you may reap comfort from the scripture. Come, child, let us see and examine strictly what your real case is; it may be we may find reason even from this very book to make you hope that your case is not included, or spoken to, in any of these texts; and if it should appear so, would you not be very glad?

Will. Yes, I should be glad; but I believe that's impossible.

Mist. No, no, child, it is not impossible: the first part of your case is this, that you have been a great sinner.

Will. As ever was born in the world.

Mist. Well, suppose so, though that is not true, neither; for, poor child, you have not sinned against light, and against knowledge, and against conscience; for thou wast never taught to know God, or his ways, or instructed in thy duty. I am a worse sinner than thou a great deal.

But suppose all you say, suppose you are a great sinner; yet you say you are sorry; and if you thought God would forgive you, would it not rejoice your heart?

Will. Oh, if that were possible!

Mist. And are you as willing to go on wickedly as you were before?

Will. No, I abhor and abominate it.

[He weeps here again.]

Mist. And would you serve, and obey, and please God, if he would forgive you?

Will. Aye, with all my heart. Nay, whether he would forgive me or no. I would never be wicked again if I could help it; it is the abominablest life! I hate myself for it.

Mist. But if you were assured God would pardon you, what would you do?

Will. Oh, if that were possible!

Mist. Come, child, look then into this blessed book again. You are a sinner, but you are not an impenitent sinner;—you say you abhor and abominate your sins, and hate yourself for them;—you say, you would not go on in wickedness, nay, though God should not forgive what is past;—you say you would serve, and please, and obey God with all your heart. If all this be true, then I will tell thee, child, not one of those terrible scriptures which have so discouraged thee, and so frightened thee, are spoken to thee, or meant of thee; no, not one of them.

Will. Why, my brother Tom said, all that was written in this book was said to me.

Mist. That is, child, if thou art so and so, as these scriptures describe; and if not, then they are spoken to give thee hope; otherwise the scriptures would contradict itself, and not be true, which is blasphemous to imagine.

Will. I don't understand what you mean.

Mist. Why, child, look here, look upon the very text you have folded down; some of these explain themselves to be just what I say, Rom. ii. 5, 6—"After thy hardness

and impenitent heart, treasurest up unto thyself wrath," &c. Now, it is plain thou art not hardened and impenitent; but God has given thee a penitent repenting heart, I hope it is a sincere one; therefore, by the words themselves, thou art not one of them that "treasure up wrath against the day of wrath." So for that scripture, Isaiah vi. 10—

'Thine eyes are not shut, nor thy ears heavy, nor thy heart fat;" that is, rebellious, and contemning God; for that text is plainly spoken of such whom God judicially hardens, and of no other. In like manner, all the other texts, every one of them are expressions signifying the wrath and vengeance of God, against such as die in their sins, or continue perverse, hardened, and impenitent.

Will. How shall I be sure that it is so?

Mist. By comparing those scriptures, child, with such other texts as explain their meaning, and are given to encourage our returning to God, and contain his promises of pardon to those who repent.

Will. Where are they? I have read the whole book, and cannot find them.

Mist. Look here, child, 1 John i. 9—"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Here it is plain, though you are a great sinner, yet, if you confess, he will forgive you. And you may observe, he does not say he is gracious and merciful to forgive, but just and faithful; implying, that having before, in his grace and mercy, passed to us his promise of forgiveness, it becomes, humbly speaking, a kind of demand; and as he is just and faithful, therefore he must and will, nay, he cannot fail to make good those promises to us.

Will. But where are those promises then? I can find none of them in the Bible.

Mist. O, the whole scripture is full of them, Prov. xxviii. 13—"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them, shall have mercy." Isaiah lv. 7—"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the

unrighteous man his thoughts ; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

Will. That he told me of, but I cannot find it.

Mist. Here it is, child, in the prophecy of Isaiah.

Will. Is that the word of God too ?

Mist. Yes, and that prophet is counted the most excellent of all the prophets for these things, and he is therefore called the Evangelical prophet.

Will. But there are more in other places, are there not ?

Mist. Yes, child, especially in those places that speak of Christ in whom all are to be saved.

Will. Let me hear them ; for I do not understand this being redeemed by Christ's death at all, though Tom said something of that to me.

Mist. You understand that you have been a wicked boy, a great sinner, and was born in sin, your father was a sinner before you.

Will. Yes, I understand that too well.

Mist. Well, Jesus Christ, who is the Son of God, came into the world to save such as you, nay, and worse than you ; and he died to bring this to pass. This you must believe.

Will. Does the scripture say this ?

Mist. Yes, look here, Rom. v. 6—" For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." 1 Peter iii. 18—" For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." Acts v. 31—" Him hath God exalted with his right hand, to be a Prince, and a Saviour, to give repentance and remission." 1 Tim. i. 15—" This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Matt. ix. 13—" I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Are not these things plain, child ?

Will. But I am afraid.

Mist. Of what, child ?

Will. That it is not for me, I am not one of them: else why was I not taught to know this before?

Mist. Here is a text for that too, child, Mark v. 36—
“Be not afraid, only believe.”

Will. What must I believe? and what if I do believe?

Mist. The scripture is plain, that we shall be saved by faith in him notwithstanding all the terrible scriptures you have found out. Matt. i. 21—“His name is Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins.” Acts xiii. 39—
“By him all that believe are justified.” John xx. 31—
“These things are written, that ye might believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through his name.” John v. 24—“He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation.” Rom. viii. 1—
“There is therefore no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus.” Fold all these texts down, child, and remember to read them over, when you are tempted to be doubting of God’s mercy in Christ.

Will. But will Christ receive me now?

Mist. Yes, yes, he has made a gracious promise to thee himself for that, John vi. 37—“Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.”

[The boy starts at these words.]

Mist. What do you start at, child?

Will. That’s the blessed place that my dear teacher told me of, and that worked all; and now I can’t find it.

Mist. Worked all what, child?

Will. That was the text that made my heart melt and tremble, and made me pray to God; and I have read over the whole book, and can’t find it, though I made him turn down a leaf at it. I am sure it is not in the book.

Mist. Not in the book! God forbid! Why here it is, child; look at it, read it, and God give thee comfort of it.

[The boy reads, and tears fall from his eyes for joy, as
more for sorrow.]

Will. Aye, here it is! here it is! I will come to him! I will pray to him!

[He kisses the place with great affection, and receives comfort from it.]

Notes on the Second Dialogue.

The impressions of the serious discourse mentioned in the first dialogue, that this young man had with his comrade, were so great that they could not be concealed.

Note.—A change wrought in the heart will infallibly show itself in the conversation.

The master and mistress being good people themselves, received impressions of the alteration in the boy, suitable to the nature of the thing; but the rest of the servants dreamed nothing of it.

Note.—The symptoms of conversion are easily discovered by those who know the working of the Spirit of God, while they are perfectly invisible to others.

By the agony the boy was in at the reading the comminations of the scripture against sin, without the promissory part may be observed.

That mere convictions of sin drive to despair: but neither direct to, nor inquire after a remedy.

That comforting scriptures generally want explaining: terrifying scriptures explain themselves.

Here it may be worth observing,

1. The benefit of religious conversation, even among young children, and the great duty of making our society instructing to one another.

2. The advantage of placing children in religious families.

If this poor child had not fallen into such a family as this, the temptation he was under to despair, might, in all probability, have prevailed over him; and either have led hi

to give over his inquiry after religious matters, or, if God had not restrained him, have driven him to extremities, such a distraction, and, perhaps, self-destruction, as is often the consequence too in like cases; for “a wounded spirit who can bear?”

Observe the poor child's fear of its being too late for him to find mercy, or be accepted.

If it might be too late for him, what have they to fear who run on to grey hairs in an impenitent state! Well might his mistress observe, that his too late was sooner than her early; and so it is with many.

From the good woman's applying the scriptures to him for comfort, observe how the scriptures are to be read.

1. With serious seeking God for the assistance of his Spirit to open our understandings, that we may understand the scriptures; for without his teaching, all our reading will be in vain.

2. With a due comparing one text with another, that the scriptures being their own just expositor, may reconcile the truths of God, as they ought to be understood.

3. For want of this, we rob ourselves of the comfort of the scriptures, pass over those things prepared to heal and restore the soul, and fill our hearts with distracting doubts about our own state, which are always harder to be resolved and removed, by how much they seem confirmed by the mistaken authority of the scripture.

Observe.—The good woman finding the boy had received comfort from that blessed promise of our Lord, and that he was affectionately expressing his resolution to cast himself at the feet of Christ, crying out I will come to him; and in a kind of rapture, kissing the words which he had showed him, she wisely withdrew; believing it was a happy juncture, in which the child ought to be left alone, that he might give himself full vent, with fervency and earnestness to call upon God; and though this causes the dialogue to break off sooner, and more abruptly than it might have done, yet it is conceived, as much is here set

down, as may answer the design of it, viz. the instruction of others.

Ending these notes with this observation for the reader's information—That as far as this account is really historical, and points at any particular family, this boy or young man came to be eminent for piety, and religious life, in the place where he lived ; and being settled in that country, was a very useful instrument in the propagating Christian knowledge, and supporting the interest of true religion in all the country around him, and perhaps is living still.

THE THIRD DIALOGUE.

The young lad who had been so happily instrumental in the conviction and conversion of his comrade, had thereby rendered himself so agreeable to the good people, who, as I said before, were master and mistress of the other lad, that they could not but be very willing to converse a little with him themselves; and, to that end, caused their apprentice, who called him brother, to bring him to their house ; where, in time, he became very intimate, and they were much pleased and diverted with his pretty discourses, which were always about religion and serious things.

Among the rest of his discourse, he never forgot to bemoan himself for his being placed in a family of no religious order,—without the worship of God in it,—and where he had neither public opportunity to serve God, nor private retirement for the discharge of his duty.

The good people encouraged him to bear it, and seriously advised him not to let the sense of his own duty wear off, or to allow himself in the omission of private prayer to God, whatever obstructions he met with for want of retirement and opportunity ; and invited him to come over to

their house as often as he could, at their house of family worship, and join with them.

This he not only gladly accepted, but constantly attended, and did it so awkwardly, not regarding how it might interfere with his master's hours, and his own conveniences, that his master took offence at his being so often out of the way; and not knowing the least of what occasioned his absence, complained to his father of it, as if it had been some wicked course he had followed; telling him, that his son did not behave himself so orderly; that he was out of his business unseasonably; that he must have some bad haunts, for that he generally went out every morning very early (being then winter), long before day, and in the evenings was absent often at supper; that on the Lord's-day evening he was never to be found, and the like; and therefore desired his father to take some care about him, that if he went on he would be ruined. He farther acquainted his father, that the boy had appeared very melancholy and discontented; that he had often asked him if any thing ailed him, or if he was not well, and he always answered yes; that he asked him if he did not like his business, and still he answered yes, very well; so that he knew not what ailed him, and desired his father to talk with him, for if he carried it thus he could not bear it, but must send him home again.

The father, who knew his son to be a sober, religious child, and partly knew the reason of his discontent, was not at all surprised at that part of his master's complaint, which related to his appearing melancholy and dissatisfied. But the other part of his discourse alarmed him a little, about being out of the house at unseasonable hours, and giving no account of himself; and therefore readily promised to talk with his son, and examine him about it, that his conduct might be rectified.

Accordingly he finds an opportunity to talk with the lad, and lets him know all his master had laid to his charge, charging him to tell him the truth of the whole matter.

The boy, not at all surprised, told his father the whole case very honestly—how that his master had no such thing as family-worship in his house; but that they lived all like heathens there, pursuing the world as if it was their heaven, without the least regard of their duty to God, or any thing that was religious. “And you, Sir,” says the boy to his father, “having always instructed me in other things, and taught me to live after another manner, it was very uneasy to me, as I have formerly hinted to you: but I have of late made myself a little easy, by getting an acquaintance in Mr. ———’s family, an honest clothier, who lives over against our house, who are very good people, and who constantly go to prayers every morning at six o’clock, and every evening at eight or nine, and I get up every day to go over there to prayer with their family, and every Lord’s-day, I go thither in the evening, where the good man reads to his family, and examines his children and servants, and then prays with them. While at our house, all the evening is spent in feasting and visiting, or idle discourse, not at all to the business of the day. This is the whole case.”

When the lad had ended his discourse, and the father was assured of the truth of it, he took his son in his arms, and kissed and embraced him very affectionately, and said—

“The blessing of God and thy father be upon thee, my dear, that has made so good a use of so unhappy an omission of mine. It was my sin, my dear, and an inexcusable error in me, to put thee out to a family where the name of God is not called upon, and the worship of God not regarded; by which I run the venture of thy soul’s good, and of having all the pains I had taken in teaching and instructing thee in the ways of God, and in the knowledge of religion, lost and abused; and had it been so, thy ruin had been at my door, having regarded only the trade, and the prospect of worldly advantage, in placing thee there, not the good of thy soul; but, since

God has given thee grace to prevent the evil, which might, through my neglect, have befallen thee, the praise be to his mercy. I am fully satisfied in what you have done; and if your master speaks of it to you, as I suppose he will, I would have you tell him the whole truth, as you now do to me; and if he dislikes you for it, offer to go back to your father; and, if he consents, I shall as gladly take you from him, as I received you from God when you were born."

The child encouraged by a father thus to deal plainly with his master, and being a lad very ready of speech, though modest in his behaviour, resolves, the first occasion his master should give him, to do it effectually; which his master not failing to do the same evening, produced the following discourse between them.

The youth, it seems, had been over at the good people's house, as usual during their family-worship, and coming in about nine o'clock at night, his master begins with him thus:

Mast. Thomas, where are you?

Tom. Here, Sir.

Mast. Have you been abroad to night?

Tom. A little, Sir.

Mast. How long have you been out?

Tom. Not above half an hour, Sir, at most.

Mast. Where have you been?

Tom. I have been no farther than at Mr. ———, over the way.

Mast. Well, but, Thomas, I must talk with you a little. I have observed it, and others have observed it here in the house, that your conduct is altered very much from what it used to be, and you seem dull and melancholy. I must know what is the matter with you. If you do not like your business, tell me honestly, Thomas, though you are bound, I will not keep you against your will. I have a respect for you, and for your father, and I won't force your elination; if you are willing to go, Thomas, you shall;

and therefore I would have you speak plainly what it is you dislike the trade for?

Tom. No, Sir, I don't dislike the trade at all; but if you please to let me go, I shall be very——

[Here his master interrupts him.]

Mast. Well, Thomas, but I am willing to know what the reason is too. What do you dislike? Do you dislike your master?

Tom. No, Sir, not in the least, I assure you; I have no reason for it.

Mast. What then? Has any body in the house ill used you?

Tom. No, indeed, Sir.

Mast. What then?

Tom. Nothing, but if you think fit to let me—

Mast. No, Thomas, never without a reason for it; that would be to have some other reasons given afterwards for it; which are not true.

Tom. If you think so, Sir, I am very willing to stay, and do my business.

Mast. Well, Thomas, but whether you go or stay, I must know the cause of your discontent.

Tom. I'll be better contented, Sir, than I have been, if I can, rather than displease you.

Mast. No, Thomas, that won't satisfy me, neither; for I have some discontents as well as you, Thomas; and if you stay with me, you must remove my discontents, as well as your own.

Tom. I shall be very willing to remove any discontents you have, Sir, if I can; I hope I do not neglect your business, Sir.

Mast. I do not say my business is neglected; but you take the liberty to go out, and stay out so very often, which makes me uneasy; I must be a little satisfied, Thomas, about that.

Tom. Sir, you were pleased to tell us, when I was first bound, that if we were in the warehouse at such and such

times, when your business required, you cared not whither we went at any other times; and I never have failed your business, Sir, nor your hours.

Mast. But you are out at unseasonable hours, Thomas, and that is not of good reputation to yourself.

Tom. I thought, Sir, you did not regard that, when you left us so entirely to ourselves. If it is offensive to you I will refrain it, though I should be very sorry to be restrained.

Mast. But I must know the occasion of it, as well as of your apparent dissatisfaction also, Thomas. Sure you may be free with me. Come, let me know the truth.

Tom. You will perhaps be displeased with me, Sir, if I tell you the truth, or think I do not.

Mast. If that truth be justifiable, why should I be displeased? If not, why should I not be displeased.

Tom. There may be reason for your displeasure, though the thing be justifiable.

Mast. Let the thing then appear to be justifiable first; and, if I am unreasonable, we shall talk of that afterwards. If you can justify the thing itself, why should you be backward to let me know it?

Tom. Sir, as you are my master, and I am your servant, I was bound to give you an account of my time; but the liberty you gave all your servants to go where they pleased, provided they were at home, at such and such times, has sufficiently, as I conceived, justified my being abroad, even without giving an account.

Mast. But I did not take from myself the liberty of inquiring whither you went, or of altering that licence I had given, if I saw it abused; and since you have taken the liberty, and refuse to give me a reasonable account of it, I now recal it, and expect you to be found always at home, unless I give you leave.

Tom. As I took only the liberty you gave, Sir, I shall exactly obey you in the restraint, however hard I may think it.

Mast. But there are some other reasons why I ought to insist upon knowing where you have been, and how you have spent your time at the hours you have been missing; and I think it concerns your reputation to have me satisfied.

Tom. Whether it concerns my character or not, Sir, if you command it, I think it my duty to obey you. I avoided it only that you might not be displeased with me.

Mast. Since you choose to obey it as my command, rather than comply with it as my request, you must be gratified then by telling you, I do demand an account of it.

Tom. Sir, all the time I have spent out of your house, or out of your business, except only the times I have asked you leave to see my father, has been over the way at Mr. ———'s the clothier.

Mast. What, is it there you have gone in the morning before day?

Tom. Yes, Sir.

Mast. What can the meaning of that be? Sure you have earnest business there; and I suppose it must be something he or his wife was not to know, that required you to be there with his servants every day before their master or mistress was up.

Tom. I have told you nothing, Sir, but the truth.

Mast. Well, I shall inquire nothing of your business, know my neighbour ——— is a good man, and it is his business to look after his servants. I shall give him notice to do so. In the mean time, I shall acquaint your father of your practice, and let him inquire after it; it is no business of mine. I don't trouble myself with what courses you take; but while you are with me, I expect you will attend your business.

Tom. I must obey you, Sir, though I think it hard. If you will not dismiss me from your business, it must be as it pleases God.

[The master goes out and leaves him. The boy's father,

being impatient to know what would pass in the conference, was come to the house, though late. The master finds him waiting for him, and begins warmly.]

Mast. How do you, Sir? I doubt I have no very good news to tell you.

Fath. About what, Sir?

Mast. About your son. He and I have had a little brush this evening.

Fath. I am sorry for that. I hope he does not misbehave himself, or neglect his business.

Mast. I can't say much for that; but, as I told you formerly, he has gotten some ill haunts among our neighbour's servants; and he is out with them every night and morning, nay, in the morning before day, and every Sabbath day after sermon. I see nothing of him, at least for that night; and I can get nothing of him; but if I talk a little to him, he is for going away, and coming back to you again.

Fath. What can his business be before day?

Mast. Nay, I have nothing to do with that; take him to task about it yourself; it is your business; he is your son, he is none of mine; you said you would talk with him before.

Fath. But, Sir, though he be my son, yet he is your servant. Though I did talk a little with him, yet I said the less, because I cannot be of your opinion, that you have nothing to do with it. Is he not entirely under your government?

Mast. Aye, as to business, I have the government of him indeed; and I am to teach him his trade, and to see that he does my business; and so I will, while he stays with me. What can I do further?

Fath. But, Sir, as I put him apprentice to you, I committed him to your government entirely, soul and body. I hope you have some little concern for your servants, besides just their doing their business.

Mast. Why, what can I do more than restrain them, if

I see them take bad courses? And I have done so to your's; I have forbid him going there any more.

Fath. It is not for me to teach you, Sir, what to do. But if you will bear with me——

Mast. Aye, very freely, very freely. You know I have respect enough for you to hear any thing, nay, and for your son too. I'd do any thing I can. I should be very sorry to have the boy ruined; he is a promising young man enough.

Fath. Why, as to that, Sir, in particular, I will speak afterwards: but I am first upon the general. You seem to go upon this point, that you think yourself not obliged to take any further concern upon you about your servants, than just to restrain them, if you see them take ill courses, or to acquaint their friends with it; and that your main care is, to see that your business is done. If I take you right, this is what you said.

Mast. It is so. Why, what can I do more?

Fath. A great deal, Sir; and I think a great deal more is your duty as a master.

Mast. What more can be expected of me?

Fath. Really, Sir, if you will pardon me, I think you have the whole duty and authority of a parent devolved upon you for the time; and as you make your apprentices a part of your family, all the duty you owe the rest of your family, you owe to them, both as to their souls and bodies; except such as relate to estate, which is peculiar to children. I need not tell you your duty; but I'll tell you what I understood by putting my child into your hands, if you please.

Mast. Well, what's that?

Fath. Why, I understood that I put him entirely under your government, in the first place, and under your care, in the second; that this government respected, first, the authority of your command, which was to be a perfect supersede to mine; even so much, that if I had commanded him one thing, and you another that interfered with it,

his obeying you was not to be accounted a disobeying me. For example, if I commanded him to meet me at any place or time, were the occasion ever so great: if you commanded him to stay at home, he ought to neglect my command, and obey your's, which contradicted it; his time being your's, and not mine. And this I always told him: and therefore charged him never to come to me without asking your leave.

Mast. This is all very just, and I believe he has always done so.

Fath. Then, Sir, secondly, as I put him entirely under your government, suspending my own authority over him as a father, it becomes a necessary consequence of it, that I entirely committed him to your care, both soul and body. How could this be otherwise, since, as I reserved no power to command him, so I had of course removed him from my inspection.

Mast. Well, and do not I discharge this duty, by acquainting you of his ill courses?

Fath. No, not at all, Sir; for I may indeed take upon me to caution and advise him, and show my dislike of his conduct; but the power and authority of warning him, instructing him, reproofing him, and restraining him, and, if need be, of correcting him, is all your's.

Mast. Those things are out of doors long ago. Pr'y-thee, do you think I'll trouble myself with my apprentices at that rate? No, no, not I. I never struck a servant in my life; and if I should, who do you think would stay with me? Apprentices now-a-days are not like what they were when you and I were apprentices. Now we get a hundred pounds, or two or three hundred pounds a piece with them: they are too high for reproof and correction.

Fath. I know not what custom may have done, Sir, to alter the practice of masters and their apprentices; but I am sure the rule is not altered. The duty of masters to servants, and of servants to their masters, is still the same.

Mast. We don't trouble our heads with those things now.

Fath. I am sorry for it. You know best, how then can you answer to God for the souls committed to your charge. Do you think every religious parent, when he puts his child apprentice to you, does not reckon that he commits his soul to your care, as well as his body?

Mast. I do not say but, in the nature of the thing, it should be so; but, as I told you, we do not understand it so now-a-days.

Fath. I assure you I understood it so when I put my son apprentice to you; and I hope you will understand it so too, or else you will neither act like a friend, nor like a Christian.

Mast. Why, do I not act like both now, in giving you an account of this piece of your son's behaviour, that you may inquire into it?

Fath. I allow your giving me an account of it, and thereby an opportunity to join my inquiry and assistance with you to reform any thing amiss, is friendly; but we are upon another point now, which is this:—that you think by this you discharge your part,—that the duty lies upon me now, and you have no more to do. But this I can by no means allow.

Mast. Why, what would you make of me? Must I be a father and master too?

Fath. No question of it, he is under your family care. As to his body, he is your servant; but as to his soul, I think he is as much your son as any child you have; and I cannot quit you of the obligation and duty of a parent to your servants, do you discharge your conscience of it how you please.

Mast. Why, what, would you have me catechise and instruct my apprentices, as if they were my children? Then I must turn schoolmaster. I hope you have done that already; and I think it ought to be supposed all parents have done that before they put their children ap-

prentices. They do not put them apprentices to learn religion, but to learn their trades.

Fath. It is true, they do not put their children apprentices to learn religion; but neither do they put them apprentices to lose their religion—to have all the pains their parents have taken with them sunk again. There is a kind of instruction subsequent to catechisms and examinations: there are kinds of instructions suited to the age and circumstances; and such an instructor every master of a family ought to be, to his servants as well as to his children.

Mast. I do not understand what instruction you mean.

Fath. Why, suppose your own children were grown up, past saying their catechism, would you think your duty of instructing them ceased? Is there nothing for a parent to say to his children after he has done with questions and answers?

Mast. That may be, as he sees occasion, if they take ill courses.

Fath. Why, is there no previous advice to be given, no cautions to avoid company, no exhortations to preserve virtue, and to behave soberly and modestly? No pressing them to their duty to God, and to avoid those sins that will ruin their souls? Is not this a duty upon us all to our children?

Mast. Yes; but would you have me to do this to apprentices too?

Fath. Most certainly, especially when you take apprentices that you know were religiously educated, and on whom such things are likely to make due impressions. And I must own, if you do not, I think you do not discharge the duty of a master; for a master is a parent, though he is not father.

Mast. You have no scripture for this in the whole Bible.

Fath. Suppose that were true, the nature of the thing is so plain, that there needs no particular scripture to command it in express terms; and yet you will find scriptures

enough for it too, in the example of good men; particularly in Joshua, who resolved to serve the Lord, he and his house. And how could that be, if he did not instruct or command his servants to do so. David says, a liar shall not dwell with him. What is more plain, than that he resolved to correct the irreligious behaviour of his whole household, as well servants as children, and to turn away those who were incorrigible? But the fourth commandment puts it out of question, and is express in the case of keeping the Sabbath. Mark the words—"In it thou shalt do no manner of work, thou"—there's the master's duty for himself; the next part is his duty in seeing that his family shall perform it as well as himself—"nor thy son, nor thy daughter,"—there's his duty as a father—"nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant"—there's his hired servants—"nor the stranger that is within thy gates:" there are his apprentices. And what's the meaning of this word, *nor*, but this, that thou shalt do no manner of work, nor permit to suffer thy son or thy daughter, or thy servants, to do any?

This commandment expressly declares, that servants are subjected to their master's command in matters relating to their duty to God, and that masters are obliged to see that their servants perform it.

Mast. Indeed you have said something in this that is new to my thoughts, and seems to give an authority to what you say. I confess I never considered that part of it before. But what can I do? If I should go about this work with my servants, they would laugh at me; it would make me ridiculous.

Fath. If you are to be laughed out of your duty by your servants, I am sorry for it; you are very ill qualified, then, to be a master. I hope, and am persuaded, my son would not be one of them.

Mast. I know not whether he would or not. I find him not the most complying, and particularly in my inquiry about this matter, which I now tell you of. It was a long

time before he would own where he spent his time; and now he has told me I have no account of what he has been about, or what his business was there, at those unreasonable hours.

Fath. This is the very thing I complain of.

Mast. Why, how shall I help it; what would you have me do?

Fath. Do! I would have you act like a master, and oblige him to do as becomes a servant, viz. give you an exact account of his behaviour. His time is your's, and you ought to know how he spends it. If any of his time is employed out of your business, you ought to exact an account of it from him, how it has been disposed of, as much as you would of money that you had trusted him with, how he paid it.

Mast. I thought this more your work than mine.

Fath. If he was your own son, and my apprentice, I should think so too; but as it is, as I said before, his time is not mine, nor his own, but your's; and it is to you he is to give an account of it.

Mast. But pray, why do you put it off from yourself? You know I have a great hurry of business, and cannot have time, and he will be more in awe of you than of me. I think it is much better for you.

Fath. I am very far from putting it off from myself. I shall concur with you most readily in the strictest examination into his behaviour. But I am surprised to hear you put it off from yourself, as if you were not concerned in it; and by which, if his courses are evil, as you suggest, he may be ruined at any time, and I may know nothing of it; and you must allow that this ought to give me some concern as a father, whatever it does to you as a master.

Mast. I am something of your mind now, as to its being my duty to my servants, though, as I am circumstanced, I do not see how I can perform it.

Fath. If God gives you a sense of its being your duty

I leave the sense of your living in the neglect of it to his mercy, who, I hope, will open your eyes to the necessity of performing it. It is a sad thing to be in such a circumstance as renders what is your known duty impracticable to you.

Mast. What can I do?

Fath. That is for you to consider, not me. If you are convinced of what you ought to do, I have spent my time well enough.

Mast. But what would you have me to do with your son?

Fath. Do! act the master with him, and command him to give you an exact account of the time you charge him with, where he has spent it, in what company, and about what business.

Mast. If I do he will refuse it, and desire me to dismiss him; he has said as much as that already, which I took very ill from him.

Fath. What must be the occasion of that?

Mast. Why, it has been observed by all the house, as well as by me, that he has been very melancholy and discontented a great while, and I very kindly asked him the reason, but he declined to tell me. I asked him if he disliked the trade? he said, no; if he disliked his master, no. I told him, if he was uneasy at any thing, though he was bound, I would release him; for I would not keep him against his inclination. At this he seemed pleased, and mighty desirous to go. Now, what can I do? If I challenge him with his going out, and pretend to demand a strict account of his time, and he refuses, what can I do, but threaten to turn him away? And that, it seems, he desires; and yet he will not tell me the reason of it, neither, which does not show him to have much good nature, or good manners. Indeed, I took it so ill, that, but in respect to you, I had sent him home that very minute. And now I have told you of it, what would you have me do?

Fath. I have said what I would have you do, viz. act the master with him, and tell him in plain terms, you will have an account of his behaviour; you may be sure he shall get nothing by complaining to me, if his case be bad; and if he refuses positively, as I believe he will not, we will inquire of your neighbour, Mr. ———, for he has the character of a very good man; perhaps he may find it out for us.

Mast. I know Mr. ——— is a very pious, religious good man, and his wife is a very religious woman; and it is indeed a very sober family, which makes me wonder what the boy can be doing there, which he is so earnest to conceal; if you will, I'll go and inquire of him first.

Fath. No, I think you had better talk with the boy first. I am persuaded he will submit to you, and, I hope, tell you the truth; and if that truth be to your satisfaction, you will be better pleased to have it from the boy, than to make it more public.

Mast. Well, I will have another dialogue with him to-morrow, and you shall hear what will be the issue.

[The father goes away, and the youth coming to the door with him, the father says thus:]

Fath. Thomas, it seems your master has been talking with you about this matter.

Son. Yes, Sir.

Fath. He is very angry, and takes it very ill you should refuse to give an account of yourself, and where you used to be, when you went out in the morning and evening.

Son. I did tell him where I was, and assured him I was no where else.

Fath. But it was a long time before you would tell him that.

Son. I was so afraid he would inquire what my business was there, that I could not think of telling him.

Fath. Why, you must tell him still, child; for he is

mighty earnest to know what you are there so much for; he imagines it is some wicked thing, by your being afraid to tell him. I hope the account you gave me of it is true.

Son. Dear father, I hope you do not doubt its being true, I never used to tell you an untruth.

Fath. No, child, I do not doubt of its being true; and why then should you be afraid to tell him of it?

Son. I am more ashamed than afraid to tell him of it. I think it does not become me to make my master blush at himself.

Fath. But here is a necessity now, so that I do not see you can avoid it, let him take it how he will; for it passes in the family that you have some ill correspondence, or some bad company there, and they will make a great deal of it, if you are so backward to give an account of it; and, therefore, to clear up your own reputation, you must tell your master.

Son. I would rather you would do it for me, Sir, I am not fit to talk to my master about such things.

Fath. I have prepared the way, by a long dispute with your master about his duty to his servants: and I am persuaded, let what you say be never so coarse or boyish, God will bless it, so as to carry conviction along with it, that he has not done his duty to you, whatever you have done to him.

Son. I can say nothing to him of that, Sir, he will fly out in a rage at me.

Fath. No, no, you are only to answer his questions, and give an account of yourself, and of the reason why you go over to the clothier's house every morning and evening: you can do that easily enough, let the will of God be done in what shall follow, one way or other.

Son. I will do as you order me, Sir, as well as I can.

[The father leaves him, and the boy going in, his master calls him.]

Mast. Thomas, come hither.

Tom. Yes, Sir.

Mast. Well, I have given your father an account of your behaviour, and he is very much concerned, as well as I, about it.

Tom. I am sorry for it, Sir.

Mast. Well, but that is not enough; your father and I too are resolved to find out the bottom of it, if you will not confess ingenuously.

Tom. Sir, you speak of it as if I was guilty of some strange thing; I hope I have committed no crime, Sir.

Mast. It may be very well, if it appear so, Sir: however, our suspicions are justified by your being so very careful to conceal yourself: this has made me resolve to examine into it; and you might save me that labour, as I told you, by an ingenuous confession.

Tom. I never declined it, Sir.

Mast. No! Did I not press you to it before, and you declined it, and your father's coming prevented, or else, I suppose, I had a flat denial?

Tom. I never denied to obey any of your commands, Sir, in my life,—I only told you that I was backward, because I feared it might displease you: but I little thought it should be suggested that my being abroad was for any thing criminal.

Mast. How could you expect any other?

Tom. Because, being perfectly innocent, I had no thought of being suspected.

Mast. Clear up all then, Thomas, by ingenuously giving an account of yourself to me now.

Tom. Be pleased, Sir, to tell me what part you mean? whether as to my being abroad, or my being discontented; for you charged me with both?

Mast. Begin first with your being abroad. You say you were only at my neighbour's, over the way; I have not examined into it yet, but I take it for granted that you speak truth.

Tom. Indeed, Sir, I was no where but there.

Mast. Well, your business there; the occasion of your going so early; how you employed yourself there; and with whom? These are the questions.

Tom. You will not take it ill, Sir, I hope then, if my answers may seem not to become me, or less dutiful or respectful to you, than you may think they ought to be.

Mast. Not at all, if you speak truth, Thomas.

Tom. I hope I shall satisfy you of that, Sir, by the consequence. You know, Sir, I have been brought up under my father, with a religious education, and in his family; where the worship of God has been constantly kept up; and coming hither, Sir, as an apprentice, where I found you were not pleased to permit me, or to let me come up when you, I doubt not, went to prayers, and reading with your family; it made me afraid, either that you did not think me worthy to be reckoned one of your family, or that it was a judgment of God upon me, to be shut out from his worship! This, Sir, made me very sad, which is the discontent you speak of; but hearing of that other good family over the way, and that Mr. — the clothier went constantly to prayer every morning and night, I got acquaintance with the young man, his apprentice, and got him to ask his master to give me leave to come there at those times.

Mast. Well, Thomas, this is a well contrived story truly; you want not cunning, I find. But what is this to six o'clock in the morning, Thomas? which at this time of the year is alway before day, and before he is up, to be sure.

Tom. If you please to inquire, Sir, into the order of his family, you will find that he is up every morning in the year by six o'clock, and calls them all to prayers, before they go to work.

Mast. And what mean you by getting that boy to do this for you? That does not hang together at all. Why, he is the most profligate young villain that ever came into any good man's house. His master was talking, in my

hearing, but the other day, of sending him to the house of correction, and spoke to me for a warrant; your acquaintance with such a boy as that, is not likely to be for so good a purpose; and this part makes all the rest unlikely, and so be suspected.

Tom. He was so, Sir, that is true; but if you inquire, you will find he is another thing now. God's grace has made a strange change in that boy in a few weeks past. If you please to inform yourself of it, Sir, you may hear it from other hands.

Mast. And is this the whole truth, Thomas? Has this been your whole business there?

Tom. Indeed it has, Sir.

Mast. You must not think much if I inquire, in order to be better satisfied.

Tom. I cannot expect any other, Sir.

Mast. I shall talk with your father about it, it is late now.

[The master, bitterly stung with the boy's account of himself, puts off the rest of the discourse.]

Notes on the Third Dialogue.

There seems to be more circumlocution in this dialogue, than in any of the rest: but they will be found not only useful, but necessary, at least, to preserve the cadence of things, and introduce the substance of the real story, by necessary gradations. The boy's shifting off so many ways, before he directly tells his master the whole of his business, is a mark of commendable modesty in a servant: his shyness of speaking what he knew, touched his master's behaviour more than his own, may be very instructing to servants, if they please to mark it, in things where their master's character may be concerned. But, above all, it may be noted that all these things tend to bring the conviction

home with more energy and force upon the conscience of the master.

The master's discourse with the young man's father contains a great many useful hints about the duty of masters to their servants—1. That they ought to reckon them under their care, as well as under their government. 2. That the charge of the souls of our servants lies upon us, as well as those of our children. The just distinction between a parent and a father, is fruitful of many useful observations: the last is tied by nature, the first by the God of nature; the last by affection, the first by duty: but both are tied to discharge the part of a Christian parent to the souls under their charge, whether servants, children, or relations: that a servant, taken into the family, becomes a child of the family, and ought, equally with our children, to partake of every part of our religious duties, such as prayer, exhortation, examination, instruction, reproof, restraint, and correction. This is farther plain, from what God says to Abraham, Gen. xviii. 19—"That he will command his children and his household;" that is, he will discharge faithfully the duty of a parent, or guide and governor of a family; which is shown in his commanding his whole house to walk in the ways of God.

Note.—How custom has wickedly of late years seemed to discharge masters of this duty.

1. By the pride of servants, who, bringing large sums of money, much greater than formerly, seem to expect not to be so much at command as they used to be; a wicked and abominable custom, which, as no religious parent can be easy in, so no religious master ought to be subjected to it.

2. By the negligence of parents who really seem less to concern themselves about the souls of their children, when they put them out as apprentices, than about their learning trades, doing their business, and the like.

3. By the universal backwardness of masters, who think, as this man did, that they have no concern upon them about

their servants' souls, or any thing but just to see that their business is done, and then to let them go where they please, and do what they please.

4. Observe here a most ridiculous argument, or excuse, which the master brings, viz. that he was ashamed to go about the instructing or praying with his apprentices and journeymen, because they would laugh at him.

Note.—We are easier to be laughed out of our duty, than persuaded into it.

From the whole, masters of families may observe, the duty of instructing and religiously guiding their servants lies indispensably upon them, as much as that of instructing and educating their children. They are parents, that is, guides and governors to their whole house, though they are fathers only to their children.

THE FOURTH DIALOGUE.

The master of the young man aforesaid now makes a visit to his neighbour the clothier, who lived over against his house. Whether he had any doubt of the truth of what the boy had said to him, and had a mind, as he had said to the lad himself, to find out the bottom of it; or perhaps to satisfy himself farther about the alteration of the wicked boy, which his own servant had acquainted him of, or to please his own curiosity, or directed by Providence for his farther conviction, is not material; but here discoursing of other things with the good man and his wife, he begins the following dialogue thus, talking of their servants:

I remember, neighbour, you were once complaining of a very bad servant you had, and talked as if you wanted a
 ut of me to send him to the house of correction.

. Yes, an't please your worship, I did so.

Note.—He was an alderman in the county-town, so a magistrate at that time.

Ald. Well, and pray, how does he behave himself now? Shall you want a warrant neighbour? You know I shall always be ready to serve you in any thing I can. It shall cost you nothing if you have any such occasion.

Clo. I hope not now, Sir. I think the lad is much reformed: though I have had many bad servants, I never had a worse than he was; but he is wonderfully changed; however, I thank your worship for your kind offer.

Wife. You are very happy, Sir, in that part, for you have good servants.

Ald. Truly, but indifferent. I have had my share of trouble that way, as well as you.

Wife. I am sure you have some very good ones.

Ald. Well, but I am very glad to hear that your bad one is mended.

Clo. I thank you, Sir, indeed he is very much mended.

Ald. It is very rare that bad servants grow better. I have often heard of good servants that have grown worse. I am sure with me they do so.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, I hope this lad of mine will prove a very good young man.

Ald. Good! why, you represented him to me as one of the worst wretches that ever came into your house. If I remember right, you said he was given to lying, and swearing, scoffing at religion, and every thing that was good; and was himself every thing that was bad..

Clo. Indeed he was so, Sir.

Ald. I doubt not but you did all you could to reclaim him, I know you did.

Clo. I endeavoured, Sir, to discharge my conscience towards him; but I had no satisfaction in it, only so far, that I had done my duty; I could do no more, and I was quite tired out with him: indeed, I resolved to put him away; for I could not bear him among my children, he was enough to spoil all the children in the parish.

Ald. You have a great advantage, neighbour, that I have not; I am in such a continual hurry of business, that I cannot look after my family as I would do. I have no leisure to discharge my duty to my servants. You have leisure, neighbour, and your servants have the advantage of it.

Clo. Truly, Sir, if I have leisure it is my loss, for my livelihood depends upon my being employed, as well as my servants; but they that are taught to know their duty, will always find leisure to do it. I doubt not, Sir, but you discharge yourself better that way than I can do.

Wife. It is seen plainly in your servants themselves that you do your duty to them, Sir. Sure never any body had such servants as you have.

Ald. Nay, neighbour, I do not say I discharge my duty better than you do. God forgive me! I do not discharge it at all; I mean to my apprentices; I take no care about them.

Wife. That is then because they are so good, and so religious, and they need no inspection; for you know, Sir, we are to instruct our servants as well as our children.

Ald. Well, I cannot say that I have made that much of my concern; for our apprentices generally come of pretty good families, and bring money with them, and they think themselves above being talked to about such things.

Clo. Then they are among those who Solomon calls fools, that despise instruction; and if they reject your offers to instruct them, I cannot see what you can do in that case; that was my very case with this boy.

Ald. I perceive you have had a great deal of trouble with him.

Clo. Yes, indeed, I had so; I was quite weary of him.

Ald. He had the report of being a very wicked boy.

Clo. Indeed I was ashamed to have it said such a boy was in my house. I was afraid any of the neighbour's children should come near him.

Ald. Indeed, I have a young man I believe is not much the better of him. I have been chiding him a little about it; but ~~is~~ he really changed and reformed, think you?

Clo. Indeed, that he is, and most wonderfully too. I bless God for it.

Ald. I question not but you have taken a great deal of pains with him; but are you not deceived? is he not a cheat, and plays the hypocrite?

Clo. If ever there was a true convert in the world, I believe he is one.

Ald. You are very happy that God has so far blessed your endeavours with the child.

Wife. Not our endeavours, Sir, at all, we were denied that blessing. It comes all from you, Sir, the blessing is from your house.

Ald. What do you mean?

Clo. It is a plain case, Sir.

Wife. If I understand you right, you spoke as if some of your servants had received no good from our William. If that be so, I know not; but I am sure William has received good from some in your house.

Ald. Yes, indeed, I found that a young lad I had newly bound was acquainted with this boy of your's, and that he was often abroad with him; and it has caused some disturbance among us; for knowing your lad was so wicked a boy, I forbade him to go in his company.

Clo. Pray what do you call this lad you speak of?

Ald. His name is Thomas, he is my youngest apprentice.

Wife. I know not what harm he may have received from our boy, but I can assure you our boy has received much good from him.

Clo. Ay, that's the youth that God has made the instrument; he is a wonderful child.

Ald. He the instrument! How is that possible?

Clo. With God, Sir, all things are possible: assure

yourself, Sir, so it is ; and such a convert as this child is I neither ever saw nor read of.

Ald. Why, our Thomas is a poor, melancholy, discontented boy,—a mere child.

Clo. He is such a child, Sir, as I never met with the like. I find you do not know him.

Ald. Why, I never thought there was any thing in him. He is but young, and indeed we all thought him young in every thing. It is true, he is a sober, modest sort of a boy, and talks pretty well ; but I never saw any thing extraordinary in him. He is so melancholy and discontented, we thought him distempered ; and I have been at the point of turning him away.

Clo. You know, Sir, the scripture says, that “ out of the mouths of babes and sucklings he has ordained praise.” This child, as you call him, is an excellent Christian, and beyond his years capable of showing it. Perhaps, Sir, you never tried him.

Ald. No, indeed, not I, as I said to you before neighbour, I have no time to trouble my head about apprentices, I mean as to such things.

Wife. And as I said to you before, Sir, you have no need for it, for your apprentices are fit to teach others.

Ald. I am glad to hear it so ; but I confess you surprise me with the thing. How are you satisfied with the truth of these things ?

Clo. My wife can give you an account of the whole matter, if your worship pleases to have patience to hear it.

Ald. I'll hear it with all my heart.

[Here the mistress relates the whole passage, and the discourse between her and the young man in the room over the work-house.]

Ald. I am amazed at this account you give me. But pray tell me, was all this begun by his keeping company and conversing with my young man ?

Clo. Yes, all of it : he was the general mocker of every thing that was good, and began to do so in your young

man's company; and he was the first that reproved him for it; and he did it so seriously, and so effectually, that it has pleased God to work upon him as you see.

Ald. Then I have done that young man of mine a great deal of wrong.

Wife. If you have thought any evil of him, you have wronged him, indeed; for he is such a young man as will be a blessing to any family he comes into.

Ald. Indeed I have wronged him very much, especially if you can give me satisfaction about one thing; and which, to be free with you, was the principal reason of my coming to visit you at this time.

Cl. We will give you all the satisfaction we can, Sir.

Ald. Why, then, I'll tell you, that first, as I said before, I had some uneasiness at my young man's keeping company, as I was informed he did with this boy, who I heard you say was so wicked, that you knew not what to do with him, and talked of sending him to the correction house. But this was not all; I found my young man grew melancholy, and appeared discontented, as I told you just now, as if he did not like his business, though we cannot say that he omits or neglects any thing; but every morning, before day, he rises up in the dark, and goes out some where or other, and stays about half an hour, and then comes in again, and sits by himself all the rest of the time, till business begins. Every night he is missing again till about nine o'clock, and all the house takes notice of it. When I came to examine him about it, it was a long time before he would give me account where he spent his time; till at last I acquainted his father with it, and threatened him I would find out the bottom of it, unless he would make an ingenuous confession; then he gave this for an answer, that he was over the way at your house here. This increased my suspicion, because the hours he kept, I was sure, must be in the morning before you were up; and I concluded this wicked boy of your's, and he, spent their time together in some clandestine wickedness or

other, and the boy would be ruined; which I was very sorry for, his father being my very good friend.

Clo. I hope, Sir, you need not be apprehensive that he should get any ill in my house.

Ald. No, indeed, neighbour, I should not so far as you know of it. But what could their morning meetings be for, before you or your family were up?

Wife. What time is it exactly, Sir, that you say he comes and goes?

Ald. As I understand it, he goes about six, and is back between six and seven; which looked to me as if he came hither before you were up; and as soon as he found you beginning to stir, comes off again, and would not be seen.

Clo. That cannot be the case, Sir; for we are all of us up every day, if we are well, before six, and at our work presently after six.

Ald. Well, but does he come at those hours in the morning, and about eight o'clock at night? Is he here as he tells me, or is he not?

Clo. Yes; I cannot deny but the young man is here at these hours very often.

Ald. Nay, if you do but know of it, I am easy to be satisfied, especially if this had been his business.

Wife. I hope your worship will not be angry with us for the young man's coming hither.

Ald. Not at all, if you are assured what his business is.

Clo. It is not for us to say we are satisfied: he is your servant, Sir, and if we are not satisfied, I should be very sorry to have him come hither against your mind.

Ald. I say, if you are satisfied that his coming hither has been as you relate it, and that he has been a means of doing the young man so much good, I shall be satisfied, to be sure. But what need is there of his coming so early in a morning, and so late at night? That indeed I do not understand. It seems to leave me in the dark a little, and this makes me ask if you are sure of the thing.

Clo. I will by no means deceive you, Sir, you do not rightly understand us. That our lad has been instructed and brought to conviction, and, as I believe and hope, to a thorough conversion, by his conversing with the young man that is your servant. This is true, Sir, there is no room to doubt it: but that his coming over hither night and morning, is to converse with our lad William, that is not the case at all, Sir. I hope the young man did not tell you so. If he did, I should be sorry. I can hardly suspect him of such a thing. I believe he makes more conscience of his words, than to say so.

Ald. No, indeed, I will not do him so much wrong, he did not say so; but when first I asked him where he had been, he told me he had been no where but here. I told him, if that were true, it was well; but I should ask no further of his business, till I was satisfied about the fact itself.

Wife. I should have thought it very strange if he had told you so. Their conversation has not been here, I can assure you; but, as I understand, it has been at your house or walking in the fields, or at such time as you know youth can find enough time to converse in.

Ald. What then can his business be here?

Clo. An' your worship will not be angry.

Ald. Not I, indeed; I am satisfied he can have been doing no harm here; and if he had, I shall but dismiss him, and let his father take him to task. It is no business of mine,—he is not my son.

Clo. You mistake me again. I did not mean angry with him, but angry with us.

Ald. What should I be angry with you for?

Clo. Perhaps you may think hard of us, that we should do any thing where your family affairs are concerned, or speak our minds too freely. I am very sure we have shown no disrespect to you in it, Sir, in the least.

Ald. I give you my word, I will take nothing ill from

you. He but tell me freely the whole case: the making me easy in one respect, shall fully make me amends for any thing you shall say that may concern me.

Clo. Why, then, Sir, the case is this:—when my wife heard from our lad what she has already related to you, and had examined William more fully about the particulars,—as how, and upon what occasion he became acquainted with your young man,—in what manner he had discoursed with him,—and what principles of instruction he had laid on him,—William gave her a long account of the conference they had had together, and how Thomas gave him a Bible, and turned down the several promissory texts, to encourage him to hope in, and pray to God, and——

[Here the clothier repeats the first dialogue between the two boys, so far as belonged to William's case.]

And when we heard all this, you cannot think it strange that we desired to see and speak with this young man, to see what kind of youth it must be, to whom God had so early given so much grace, and so eminently made an instrument to work on his companion. And merely to satisfy this curiosity, my wife ordered William to invite him hither; which he did, and brought him over with him. I hope your worship does not blame us for this; it was with no design at all but to see and talk with him upon serious matters, and see whether there was that foundation in him which our lad related.

Ald. I cannot take any thing of this ill. I am very well pleased with it. Pray go on.

Clo. After we had talked a while with him on these things, he went home again: we did not detain him at all; but my wife invited him to come again at his leisure, which he did: this we hope you will not be displeased with, for we are much taken with his society.

Ald. I am not at all displeased.

Clo. In one of these visits, the young man appeared more melancholy, and more reserved as we thought,

than usual; and my wife pressed to know if any thing troubled him, or if he was not well. He answered, he was very well; but modestly declined telling what troubled him.

Ald. Why, this is his case at home. He appears reserved and discontented, and nobody can get it out of him, what is the matter with him.

Clo. Well, my wife got it out of him some time after, when pressing him to tell her what it was that troubled him, he told her his case was very sad: his master was a good man, and he liked his business very well, but that his master looked upon him as a heathen, or as some vile creature; for that morning and evening, when he went up, as he supposed, to prayers with his children, he would never let him be called up, or admitted among them; so that he said, he believed his master thought him not worthy taking any care of: or else it was a judgment of God upon him for his sins,—and this troubled him so he could not enjoy himself; and the poor child wept grievously when he told it her. Now, Sir, as this relates to your family-affairs, I was very unwilling to mention it, lest you should be angry.

Ald. Go on, I have no reason to be angry at all, neither at you nor at him.

Clo. We could not but pity the poor young man, and my wife exhorted him, however, to take care to be the more diligent in his private duty to God, and not to let the want of family-prayer be a means to thrust out prayer altogether. At this discourse he wept again, more than before; and told her, that he had no retreat for private prayer; and that when at first he did kneel down by his bed side to pray to God, when he went to bed, the other apprentices would laugh at him, jeer him, and interrupt him, so that he was forced to leave it off again; that he was afterwards tempted to believe, that having these hindrances, he was discharged from the duty, and having no conveniencies for it, was a just excuse for omitting it; and

the fear that he should grow loose, and willing to omit his duty entirely, oppressed his mind so that he thought it would break his heart; for he thought his father had placed him just in the devil's mouth. I am too plain, Sir, I hope you will excuse me.

Ald. You need no excuse, pray go on.

Clo. I was exceedingly concerned for the young man, and so was my wife; and we were both minded to have invited him to come over at our usual hours of family-prayer, and join with us; but as he was your worship's servant, and we did not know how our hours might interfere with your business, we thought it was not proper, lest it might give you offence.

Ald. Well, that was very obliging too; but I should have taken no offence, I assure you.

Clo. Then you will take the less, Sir, at what has been done, which was only this: the young man finding we did not invite him, which it seems he expected, spoke afterwards to William to ask my wife, if we would give him leave, when he might be spared, to come over at our times of worship, and join with us in praying to God. Then, indeed, we thought ourselves more obliged than we were before to do it; and my wife sending for him, told him she had invited him before, but that we thought it might give his master offence; but that he should be welcome to come when he would, leaving it to him to take care that he did not offend his master, by being out at such times as he might be wanted: withal telling him, that she believed he could not be here at our morning prayer, because our business requiring us to be early at work, we went always to prayer exactly at six o'clock in the morning in winter, and at five in summer. The poor young man was so glad of the liberty we had given him to come, that he said he would be sure to be here by six or five, if we began so soon, though he was to sit up all night, and indeed we have observed that he has never missed one morning yet.

Ald. And is all this true? Is this his business here night and morning?

Wife. Indeed this is all, Sir, that we know of. I hope it does not displease you.

Ald. As Judah said of his daughter Tamar, "He is more righteous than I!" He has done his duty; and I have neglected mine. I am sorry I have done him so much wrong in my thoughts. I shall love the boy for it as long as I live.

Clo. But, Sir, since you have given me leave to speak so freely to your worship, and have had this long account from me, which I assure you is nothing but truth; will you please to give me leave to put in one word of my own in behalf of this good young man?

Ald. What is that? Speak freely.

Clo. Why, Sir, that you will be pleased to admit him to your family exercises, though you do not the rest of your servants. I know you have a great family, and you may not think it proper to call them all up, when, as the young man says, you do your lady and children. But this is so good, and so serious a child, that you will be delighted in having him with you: and if you should not, it will break his heart: and then, besides, he will have no occasion to come over to us, or to rise at such hours as he is not used to, and perhaps get cold; and many things may happen to him. I intreat for him, purely because I see what a child he is.

[Here the master is pinched hard, for a time sits silent, and at last breaks out.]

Ald. Alas, neighbour! it is all wrong! the boy is mistaken, and you are mistaken. It is I alone am justly re-proved in all this; for like a heathen, and one that has entirely cast off God and religion, I have never kept up any family-worship at all! I confess it to you freely, and I think in all my life I have never had such a stroke to my conviction as from this poor boy. I have neither been father nor master to my family, but have been driving after

the world, as if I had no other portion, I have lived as if I were never to die ; and I am afraid I shall die as if I had never lived. The whole crime lies at my door.

[The alderman weeps.]

Cle. I am sorry I have said so much. I know nothing how it was.

THE FIFTH DIALOGUE.

The discourse of the good man and his wife had such an effect upon the country alderman, especially with the addition from the account he had received of the conduct of his apprentice, that it caused him seriously to reflect on his family conduct, and convinced him that he had been quite out of the way of his duty as a master of his family to his servants, as well as his relation of a father to his children ; and these convictions put him upon resolutions of altering his conduct in his family.

But here, as in all such cases where religious economy is not established in the beginning, insuperable difficulties appeared to him ; which several times discouraged him, slackened his resolution, and cooled his mind so as to incline him rather to go on in the neglect as he had begun, believing it too late to reform. But two unexpected providential accidents surprised him into his duty ; the happy consequences whereof will appear for the encouragement of other masters of families in the like attempt, of reforming their practice, and applying themselves to set up a religious government in their households, notwithstanding all pretended difficulties.

The difficulties he had before him were two. First, he had married a lady who differed from him in opinion. He had been bred a dissenter from the church, and his wife had been bred in conformity to the church, and continued

so. And as this kind of marrying (however not at all unlawful) is not always the greatest help to, or forwarder of a religious family; so he (though erroneously) judged his wife might not be willing to join with him in his way of family-worship, if he should begin. Again, as to his servants, his apprentices, and journeymen, several of which he had, were men grown such as seemed to be past government. And as they had none of them any appearing inclination to what was religious, he having always indulged them in a total neglect of such things, he thought they would but make a jest of him, and that he should never be able to bring them to conform to any thing of family order. As to his children, they were young, and he did not so much consider them in the case; and those that were any thing grown up, were abroad at the boarding-school. Now in both these cases he was happily disappointed; Providence removed both the difficulties at once, so as to take from him any kind of excuse for the further neglect of his duty.

It soon became known in the house, that Thomas and his master had had some words about his going out every morning and evening to the clothier's. Nor could it be hid upon what occasion he went thither; and his master had spoken of it to another of his servants, that the young man should not be hindered, for that he was very well satisfied of the business he went about. As it was known among the servants, it could not be concealed from his mistress, who being a very pious, religious lady herself, seemed not a little concerned at the thing; and having observed her husband to be more than usually thoughtful and melancholy for some time, she imagined something about that apprentice had disturbed him. Both which circumstances put together occasioned the following discourse betwixt them.

Wife. My dear, pray let me ask one thing of you. Have you examined any further, since you and I dis-

THE FAMILIAR INSTRUCTOR: [Part 14]

Wife. Tell me, about your youngest apprentice keeping

Yes, my dear, I have; but I do not find there is anything in it worth notice.

How do you mean, nothing in it? It is certain he has a haunt somewhere in the town; that he steals out in the morning before day, and comes softly in again, as if he were a thief; and every evening, as duly as it comes, he is abroad, no body knows where.

Husb. My dear, I have examined into it.

Nay, if you are satisfied, I do not use to meddle, my with your servants; but methinks it is a great pity a boy should be ruined. He was a pretty sober fellow when he came hither; and if he takes any bad courses now, even for his father's sake, as well as his own, methinks something should be done to prevent it. I wish you would have told his father of it, that he might have taken some care of him.

Husb. My dear, there is nothing at all of harm in the boy. Be satisfied.

Wife. Nay, I have thought so too; but what can he go out so for then, and at such hours too?

Husb. I have examined into it, I say, and am fully satisfied.

Wife. Nay, if I must not know the case, I will say no more.

Husb. My dear, I do not conceal the case from thee upon this account at all.

Wife. Well, then, I suppose he has promised you amendment.

Husb. No, indeed; so far from that, that I have approved of his doing it, and have allowed him to do it, and ordered none of my people to hinder him, as some would have done, by taking the key of the door in.

Wife. I do not use to meddle, I say, with your business; but you may be sure the seeming mystery of it

tempts my curiosity to know what the meaning of it can be; but if you do not think fit to tell me, I shall desist my inquiry.

Husb. I cannot tell you the case.

Wife. Cannot! that is still more dark; it seems it is not because you do not know it.

Husb. No, indeed, my dear.

Wife. If it is some secret I should not know, on the least notice my inquiry shall cease.

Husb. I never concealed any thing from thee in my life.

Wife. Nor did I ever discover any thing yet committed to me. What have I done, then, that you begin now?

Husb. I wish I had not this secret to conceal; it is a burden too heavy for me.

Wife. Then let me bear some of it for thee, my dear. Cannot I lighten the load, by taking some of it upon myself? I would bear any burden to remove it from you.

Husb. This is a load nobody can bear, a wound no surgeon can cure.

Wife. You surprise me with the nicety of the thing, and swell my apprehensions, perhaps to a greater degree than it requires. It must be something very mysterious, that, from the conduct of a boy, can be so essential to you. I intreat you, my dear, tell me so much of it as is proper for me to know, if any part of it be so; or tell me that none of it is proper for me to know, and I'll cease my importunity.

Husb. My dear, it is all proper for you to know, and I ought to let you know it; and you both can, and perhaps would assist to ease it: and yet it is very difficult for me to let you know it.

Wife. You leave me in the greatest uncertainty now in the world, whether I should importune you any further or not.

Husb. I wish you would not, and yet wish you would.

THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR. [Part II.]

Whether would it be more for your own ease and for as for a mere satisfying my curiosity, I lay no weight on that now.

Husb. It would be most for my advantage to have you know it.

Wife. Then, if you believe I have been faithful to you, I will still be so, put it in my power to relieve you. I have been insensible, that something has a good while vexed your mind; sure, if I can relieve you, your reason will be satisfied.

But I cannot say you can entirely relieve me, but you

may do my part then.

Wife. My part will be the hardest.

Husb. My dear, amuse me and yourself no more. What has this boy done?

Husb. My dear, he has done nothing which he ought not to have done, and I nothing that I ought to have done. He strove all along to do his duty, and has deeply reproved me that I have not done mine.

Wife. He has shown more honesty than manners, then. Sure it was not his place to reprove his master.

Husb. No, my dear, he has not reproved me in words: he hath rather used more modesty in that, than consisted with truth; but his actions have given me the severest and most just reproof that ever I had in my life.

Wife. Nay, if you acknowledge it just——

Husb. Or else it would be an insult, not a reproof. No doubt it is just. The case is this: you know I mentioned to you, once before, my dissatisfaction at the boy's conduct, and you gave me some hints yourself, of his being melancholy and discontented; upon which I acquainted his father with it; but his father threw it back upon me, to examine it myself, and a long dispute we had about whose duty it was to take cognizance of the morals and behaviour of apprentices.

Wife. What could you dispute of about that?

Husb. Why, I alleged he was his son, that I could do no more than acquaint him of his conduct, and that he must take care of the rest; that my part was to teach him his trade, and see that my business was done; but as to the rest, it lay upon him, and that I had discharged myself in giving him this account of his son. He affirmed the contrary,—that I was in his place essentially,—that as I had a right to his time, so I was obliged to exact an account of it from him, as much as I would of money committed to him to pay, and the like. And so we fell into dispute about the distinction of a parent and a father: he affirmed that I was a parent to the boy, though not a father; and that the duty of taking care of him, both soul and body, was mine.

Wife. I am not capable to argue these things: but I confess I am very much of his opinion; for I think, when a father commits his child to us, if he puts his body under our care, and not his soul, pray, what must become of the youth? Must he be left without government, to be ruined?

Husb. Why, if that be my duty, I have sadly neglected it.

Wife. Indeed, my dear, I have often thought so, especially when I have heard you say to your 'prentices, that you only required their constant attendance at such and such hours, and that for the rest of the time they might go where they pleased. I could not think young men should be left so entirely to their own disposal; I am persuaded no sober father would like it. I am sure, if any of my sons should come to be put out, I should be very sorry to put them to a master that should do so.

Husb. I see I have been in an error; but what should I have done?

Wife. My dear, why do you ask me what you should do? Am I fit to teach you?

Husb. Indeed, any body may teach me; I have been taught lately by a meaner instructor than you.

THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR. [Part II.]

My be so, my dear; but I am none of those
up to teach their husbands.

But you may give your advice.

c. In such cases, there is little difference betwixt
advising and teaching, except in the arrogance of the word;
sides, advice is generally asked before it is given; if it
is before it be asked, it is rather an admonition or
than advice.

10. But, my dear, you might abate ceremonies with
all would you have supposed to have been my
business? Have not I enough to do to teach them
to see them do my business?

you will have it to be so, that I must give my
opinion, I will be very plain, that I think you have a great
deal more to do; that when they are committed to your
charge, by their parents, their whole behaviour is under
your care; and that though serving God is their particular
duty, and lies upon them, yet it is your duty to see, as far
as in you lies, that they perform it; and at your hands their
souls will be required, if you neglect your duty, and indulge
them in the neglect of their own.

Husb. But, my dear, you must explain the words, as
far as in me lies; that is the thing I speak of. My busi-
ness is their work; if they neglect that, I am to see it re-
medied; but as to their morals and religion, if I see cause
to dislike, I acquaint their parents; is not that doing the
thing as far as in me lies?

Wife. I cannot say that it is: you may do much
more than that, or else what does that signify? For
when a father knows of his son's wicked courses, what
can he do? He is under your care for correction, and
under his father's only for admonition, as he is your
servant.

Husb. I warrant their fathers would think it very hard
that I should correct one of them.

c. *Wife.* On the other hand, I believe you would take it
very ill to have one of their fathers come to your shop, and

can or correct one of your 'prentices; you would say he took the work out of your hands.

Husb. I cannot take that pains with them; I'll rather have no 'prentices.

Wife. Indeed, my dear, you had better take none; for it is but murdering youth, and robbing their father, to take young men, and keep them under no government.

Husb. But youth are come to that pass, that they will be under no government now.

Wife. My dear, there is hardly any young man so ill taught, but, if he is begun with at first, will submit to government. I do not say they will all be the better for it; but there is a difference between a young man's not profiting by instruction, and refusing to submit to it.

Husb. What can I do?

Wife. My dear, you are no ignorant person; you do not want me to say what you can do; you know what you ought to do, it is not my part to teach you your duty.

Husb. Abate that nicety for once, my dear, and make no scruple to say, what you think is my duty to my servants. Though you do not think it your part to teach me my duty, you may be a means to convince me, that something was my duty, which I did not think was my duty before; and I may learn from you what you do not set up to teach. There need not be so much shyness between a wife and her husband, that for fear of taking too much upon you to teach me, you should omit a kind hint to me of what you think I ought to do.

Wife. I do not refrain for that so much, as that I think you know your part so well, that it is perfectly unreasonable and needless for me to offer any thing; besides family-government is so natural a consequence to the very being and constitution of master and servant, father and child, husband and wife, that no husband of your capacity can be ignorant. The scripture is so full on the side of those who are to be governed, that it cannot but lead directly to those who are the governors. Wives are bid to submit them-

wives to their husbands, children to obey their parents, servants to be subject to their masters;—all which naturally implies, that the government of the whole family devolves entirely upon the head of the master, who has the whole charge of them, soul and body, and is accountable for their miscarriages, so far as those miscarriages are the omission of his duty.

that you put the master entirely in the father's place, and the servants in the posture of children.

Indeed I can think no otherwise, especially as to those who by their indentures are entirely subjected to government.

My dear, we differ then about the word government, and how far that extends beyond my commanding them in the offices of an apprentice, and the doing my business.

Wife. Indeed I think it extends to every thing else. We are obliged, by the fourth commandment, not to suffer our servants to break the Sabbath, and so of every duty in the other commands: and no question but it is our duty to restrain them from every evil action, whereby they may offend God, or wrong their neighbour; I mean as much as is in my power. And, on the other hand, we are to encourage them in all that is good, viz. in their duty to God and man, and this by all possible methods, such as exhortation, command, advice, &c. but especially example, praying to God for them and with them.

Husb. If this be my duty, I have sadly neglected it, both to servants and children too.

Wife. Indeed, my dear, I have often thought so with a great deal of grief.

Husb. But why then, my dear, would you not tell me so before now; and not now, without so much difficulty, and a kind of violence.

Wife. My dear, I have been backward, perhaps, more than has been my duty, lest you should think I did what it was not in my place to do; besides, you know our opi-

nions differ in some things, and I did not know whether you might listen to me on that account.

Husb. Why, my dear, that very thing has been my hindrance, lest, my dear, being of a different opinion as to the form of prayer, you should not like it, or care to join with me in it.

Wife. You very much wronged me then, my dear. I hope, though we differ in opinion about religion, we are not of two religions; we may have differing thoughts of the manner and forms of worship, but not, I hope, of worship itself. I hope we pray to the same God, and in the name of the same Intercessor. Nor is our difference about forms such, that you should refuse my prayer because of the forms, or I your's, for want of a form;—that God, to whom we pray, certainly respects the heart, and not the form;—so that with the form, or without it, we shall be equally heard if we pray in faith, and equally rejected if we do not.

Husb. And would you have joined with me, my dear, in family prayer, if I had proffered it?

Wife. Most heartily, my dear; and I wonder what kind of heathen you have taken me for, that you should doubt it. I am sure it has often troubled me to see the family brought up with no manner of regard to the worship of God in it. I was never bred so, and have had many a sad heart about it on the account of my children.

Husb. And never would ease your mind by speaking a word about it to me before!

Wife. That may have been a fault; but I did not so much think it my duty, or rather, indeed, did not see it likely to have effect.

Husb. But would you rather have your children bred up without being introduced into the ways of God and religion, than break in a little upon what you thought was not your place?

Wife. I have endeavoured to do my duty with my little ones, as well as I could.

Husb. And I have the reputation of that little too, as you shall hear presently ; which, I am sure, and God knows, I do not deserve in the least.

Wife. Alas ! what can a wife do in such a family as our's is ? Is not worth naming. The worship of God in a family ought to be avowed and owned by the master of the family, and performed either by himself or chaplains, with due gravity and solemnity, suitable to the authority of the master of the house, and suitable to the authority and greatness of that God to whom it is directed ; and there is not a servant so wicked, so profligate, so profane, but would reverence the practice, if they did not profit by the performance.

Husb. Truly, my dear, one of the greatest difficulties was on your account ; and I have often thought it the only alloy to our happiness in coming together.

Wife. It is very hard you should think so ill of me, and not try whether it was with justice or no, especially when your information was so easy

Husb. I was loath——

Wife. Loath to come to the duty, and he that tempted you to neglect that part, throw this wicked thought in your way for an obstruction, not giving you leave to clear up your own thoughts, and my innocence, by asking me the question.

Husb. Indeed I have done thee wrong : but I hope the devil has had no share in it.

Wife. My dear, how was it possible such a hard thought could enter into thy heart else of me ? Had not I a religious education ? And is not my father and mother still living, who keep as regular a family, and the worship of God as constantly performed in it, as in any house of the nation ? And have you seen any thing in me that looks like a willingness to have my family without it ? As to my scrupling to join with Dissenters, though I think it my duty not to break off from the church, yet sure I have not such an opinion of conscientious Dissenters, as to refuse to

pray to God with them. How could you think I would have married a Dissenter, if that had been my judgment? And have you not seen me as readily join in family-worship at your brother's, as you have done with us at your father's? Surely, if we have both joined with other families of either sort, we could not have wanted charity so much as to have refused to do it in our own house.

Husb. Truly, my dear, you argue so reasonably in this, that I see plainly it has been all my own crime, and I have done thee a great deal of wrong, which I am very sorry for.

Wife. If my dear will reform the thing itself, the wrong done to me shall never be mentioned as long as I live; I have too much grief at the neglect, not to bury all my complaints in the satisfaction I should have to see it rectified.

Husb. If you know the stinging reproof I have had another way, you would say I wanted no other animated version.

Wife. I have interrupted you too long in that; pray let me hear it out. If I remember, you were upon the discourse with Thomas's father, pray go on with that.

Husb. Why, my dear, he threw all the work back upon me, as I told you; but I believe the issue was, that both he and I had talked to Thomas about his discontent, and his melancholy, and about his going out of doors.

Wife. Very well; and what account did he give of himself?

Husb. Why, that of his melancholy came in of course; but as to his going abroad before day, and the like, and especially on the Sabbath-day in the evening, he told me he went over the way to our neighbour M——, the clothier's.

Wife. What could he be doing there? It must be with some of their servants then; for they are very sober good people, he could get no ill among them: but they have a boy, a young fellow, their 'prentice, that is the wickedest

young rogue that ever was heard of; it must be some ugly haunt he has got with him, I doubt, that carries him thither; and if it is that, the boy is undone.

Husb. That was the very thing I was afraid of too; but we are both strangely mistaken; Thomas is quite another lad than any of us took him for; and instead of learning wickedness from that vicious boy, he has been God's instrument to make that boy the greatest convert that ever you heard of.

Wife. I am surprised; it can never be! Are you sure you are not imposed upon?

Husb. No, no, I am not imposed upon; he has more grace and more goodness in him than ever I heard of in a child of his age, for he is but a child: he has been the greatest reproof to me in the neglect of my family government that ever I met with.

Wife. Tell me these matters more plainly, for I am more curious to know them than any thing I ever heard of.

Husb. I will my dear, I'll tell thee all the particulars.

[Here the husband relates exactly the last conference he had with his 'prentice. Dial. III.]

Wife. How pretty and modest was that answer, that you were not pleased to admit him to your family when you went to the worship of God?

Husb. Aye, my dear, but how bitter a reproach was it, think you to me, when my own heart struck me with such thoughts as these? Wretch that I am, how innocently this child thinks! as it is rational to imagine, that it should be impossible but that God must be worshipped in every Christian family; only suggesting, that I had shut him out, or did not think him worthy to join with us; whereas the plain, but dreadful truth is, I have lived like a heathen all my life, and never have worshipped God in my family at all.

Wife. He saw no great appearance of it; I confess; I wonder how he had such a thought.

Husb. Yes, my dear, there was some appearance of it,

but not on my side. As I said before, that I had the reputation of what you performed; so, no doubt, he had seen, or some of the children, or servants, had spoken of your calling the children into the closet with you, and he supposed we might be all together at prayer. I wish it had been really so.

Wife. But, my dear, what satisfaction have you of the truth of all this?

Husb. I am not easily imposed upon, my dear. I took little notice of the thing from him, nor gave him any reason to think I believed him; but told him, I should talk further with him about it. Indeed, to tell you the truth, I could not hold to talk any more to him at that time.

Wife. And how will you be satisfied? Cannot you inquire of Mr. M——, the clothier, or his wife? They are both good conscientious people, and what they say may be depended upon; I wish you had asked them.

Husb. Indeed, my dear, I have been there this afternoon; 'tis there I have received the full conviction of my own neglect of duty, of the wicked lad's conversion, and of our own boy's character. The particulars will amaze you if you were to hear them.

Wife. My dear, I beg you will let me hear it all; for the story too nearly concerns me, not to have me very much moved with it; and besides, 'tis very affecting itself.

Husb. You shall, my dear.

[Here the husband relates the whole discourse between him and the clothier, and his wife, as in the fourth dialogue, and the account of her discourse with the once wicked but now converted boy.]

Wife. This is a surprising story. What can there be in the boy to do all this? Have you talked with him yourself?

Husb. I have talked a little with him. Indeed I was so touched with the reproof which his discourse (innocently in him, for he perceived nothing) gave to me, when he

said, it grieved him that I did not think him worthy to be reckoned among my family, or admitted to the worship of God with me and my children; that, as I told you before, I could not bear to stay and talk with him any longer, lest he should perceive it.

Wife. It was very cutting, indeed, all the parts of it considered,

Husb. The tears stood in my eyes in spite of all my endeavours to the contrary. Indeed, how could I forbear, when I knew how I had lived, and that I had never troubled myself about any such thing as the worship of God with my family, though I know well enough how much it was my duty to have done it.

Wife. I cannot say but I am glad it has happened so; though I think its coming from the boy was so odd. Are you sure the boy did not do it by way of jeer.

Husb. Not in the least, the modesty and innocence of the boy, and his backwardness to say any thing at all, leave no room for such a thought.

Wife. I wish you would talk with him again; perhaps you may hear more from him, that may explain it all to you.

Husb. I intend it, my dear; I'll go down and talk with him just now.

[The master goes down, and going into a closet which he had near the compting-house, hears the young man engaged with one or two of the journeymen, and the rest of the 'prentices, about the subject in hand; upon which he places himself undiscovered, and hears the following discourse.]

Jour. Well, young man; what, you have been examined about your morning walks, I understand; I wonder your master found you out no sooner.

Tom. Perhaps, if you had told him sooner, he would have known it sooner.

Jour. You are mistaken in the informer, though, whoever it was, he was much your friend.

Tom. Where did the friendship of it lie?

Jour. Where! why, in preventing your ruining yourself. When young boys like you get such haunts, and go out of their master's houses at such hours privately, it is very seldom for any good, and quickly ruins them.

Tom. That word very seldom implies, that you believe it may be sometimes on a good account.

Jour. Aye, aye, sometimes, but very seldom, I say; what good could you be doing at that time of the day, I wonder?

Tom. That is bringing me to a second examination. I have given an account of that to my master, and to my father already, and they are satisfied; why should you take me to task?

Jour. Nay, that's true; I have nothing to do with it; I care not what hours you keep, nor what company you keep, nor how you ruin yourself; what is that to me?

Tom. Well, I am the less obliged to you for that.

Jour. Why, so you are. But when you say your master is satisfied, I must beg your pardon for that, Thomas. I do not believe a word of that, I assure you.

I Pren. Nay, now you wrong him, indeed; for I assure you, my master told me that he was satisfied about it, and that I should not hinder him, as I had resolved to do, by taking the key out of the warehouse door, and carrying it up to my master every night.

Jour. Nay, if my master be satisfied, I have done, either there must be some mystery in it then, or he has told him some fine story that has deceived him. The young rogue has a soft tongue.

I Pren. I could say more of it, if I thought Thomas would not think I spoke to expose him.

Tom. Your withholding it in such a manner, is more my disadvantage another way; for now it looks as if it were some very bad thing; though I have not been forward to tell it, yet I am not so shy of it, as to be willing to have it thought a crime.

Husb. And I have the reputation of that little too, as you shall hear presently; which, I am sure, and God knows, I do not deserve in the least.

Wife. Alas! what can a wife do in such a family as our's is? Is not worth naming. The worship of God in a family ought to be avowed and owned by the master of the family, and performed either by himself or chaplains, with due gravity and solemnity, suitable to the authority of the master of the house, and suitable to the authority and greatness of that God to whom it is directed; and there is not a servant so wicked, so profligate, so profane, but would reverence the practice, if they did not profit by the performance.

Husb. Truly, my dear, one of the greatest difficulties was on your account; and I have often thought it the only alloy to our happiness in coming together.

Wife. It is very hard you should think so ill of me, and not try whether it was with justice or no, especially when your information was so easy

Husb. I was loath——

Wife. Loath to come to the duty, and he that tempted you to neglect that part, threw this wicked thought in your way for an obstruction, not giving you leave to clear up your own thoughts, and my innocence, by asking me the question.

Husb. Indeed I have done thee wrong: but I hope the devil has had no share in it.

Wife. My dear, how was it possible such a hard thought could enter into thy heart else of me? Had not I a religious education? And is not my father and mother still living, who keep as regular a family, and the worship of God as constantly performed in it, as in any house of the nation? And have you seen any thing in me that looks like a willingness to have my family without it? As to my scrupling to join with Dissenters, though I think it my duty not to break off from the church, yet sure I have not such an opinion of conscientious Dissenters, as to refuse to

pray to God with them. How could you think I would have married a Dissenter, if that had been my judgment? And have you not seen me as readily join in family-worship at your brother's, as you have done with us at your father's? Surely, if we have both joined with other families of either sort, we could not have wanted charity so much as to have refused to do it in our own house.

Husb. Truly, my dear, you argue so reasonably in this, that I see plainly it has been all my own crime, and I have done thee a great deal of wrong, which I am very sorry for.

Wife. If my dear will reform the thing itself, the wrong done to me shall never be mentioned as long as I live; I have too much grief at the neglect, not to bury all my complaints in the satisfaction I should have to see it rectified.

Husb. If you knew the stinging reproof I have had another way, you would say I wanted no other animated version.

Wife. I have interrupted you too long in that; pray let me hear it out. If I remember, you were upon the discourse with Thomas's father, pray go on with that.

Husb. Why, my dear, he threw all the work back upon me, as I told you; but I believe the issue was, that both he and I had talked to Thomas about his discontent, and his melancholy, and about his going out of doors.

Wife. Very well; and what account did he give of himself?

Husb. Why, that of his melancholy came in of course; but as to his going abroad before day, and the like, and especially on the Sabbath-day in the evening, he told me he went over the way to our neighbour M——, the clothier's.

Wife. What could he be doing there? It must be with some of their servants then; for they are very sober good people, he could get no ill among them: but they have a boy, a young fellow, their 'prentice, that is the wickedest

young rogue that ever was heard of; it must be some ugly haunt he has got with him, I doubt, that carries him thither; and if it is that, the boy is undone.

Husb. That was the very thing I was afraid of too; but we are both strangely mistaken; Thomas is quite another lad than any of us took him for; and instead of learning wickedness from that vicious boy, he has been God's instrument to make that boy the greatest convert that ever you heard of.

Wife. I am surprised; it can never be! Are you sure you are not imposed upon?

Husb. No, no, I am not imposed upon; he has more grace and more goodness in him than ever I heard of in a child of his age, for he is but a child: he has been the greatest reproof to me in the neglect of my family government that ever I met with.

Wife. Tell me these matters more plainly, for I am more curious to know them than any thing I ever heard of.

Husb. I will my dear, I'll tell thee all the particulars.

[Here the husband relates exactly the last conference he had with his 'prentice. Dial. III.]

Wife. How pretty and modest was that answer, that you were not pleased to admit him to your family when you went to the worship of God?

Husb. Aye, my dear, but how bitter a reproach was it, think you to me, when my own heart struck me with such thoughts as these? Wretch that I am, how innocently this child thinks! as it is rational to imagine, that it should be impossible but that God must be worshipped in every Christian family; only suggesting, that I had shut him out, or did not think him worthy to join with us; whereas the plain, but dreadful truth is, I have lived like a heathen all my life, and never have worshipped God in my family at all.

Wife. He saw no great appearance of it; I confess; I wonder how he had such a thought.

Husb. Yes, my dear, there was some appearance of it,

but not on my side. As I said before, that I had the reputation of what you performed; so, no doubt, he had seen, or some of the children, or servants, had spoken of your calling the children into the closet with you, and he supposed we might be all together at prayer. I wish it had been really so.

Wife. But, my dear, what satisfaction have you of the truth of all this?

Husb. I am not easily imposed upon, my dear. I took little notice of the thing from him, nor gave him any reason to think I believed him; but told him, I should talk further with him about it. Indeed, to tell you the truth, I could not hold to talk any more to him at that time.

Wife. And how will you be satisfied? Cannot you inquire of Mr. M——, the clothier, or his wife? They are both good conscientious people, and what they say may be depended upon; I wish you had asked them.

Husb. Indeed, my dear, I have been there this afternoon; 'tis there I have received the full conviction of my own neglect of duty, of the wicked lad's conversion, and of our own boy's character. The particulars will amaze you if you were to hear them.

Wife. My dear, I beg you will let me hear it all; for the story too nearly concerns me, not to have me very much moved with it; and besides, 'tis very affecting itself.

Husb. You shall, my dear.

[Here the husband relates the whole discourse between him and the clothier, and his wife, as in the fourth dialogue, and the account of her discourse with the once wicked but now converted boy.]

Wife. This is a surprising story. What can there be in the boy to do all this? Have you talked with him yourself?

Husb. I have talked a little with him. Indeed I was so touched with the reproof which his discourse (innocently in him, for he perceived nothing) gave to me, when he

said, it grieved him that I did not think him worthy to be reckoned among my family, or admitted to the worship of God with me and my children; that, as I told you before, I could not bear to stay and talk with him any longer, lest he should perceive it.

Wife. It was very cutting, indeed, all the parts of it considered.

Husb. The tears stood in my eyes in spite of all my endeavours to the contrary. Indeed, how could I forbear, when I knew how I had lived, and that I had never troubled myself about any such thing as the worship of God with my family, though I know well enough how much it was my duty to have done it.

Wife. I cannot say but I am glad it has happened so, though I think its coming from the boy was so odd. Are you sure the boy did not do it by way of jeer.

Husb. Not in the least, the modesty and innocence of the boy, and his backwardness to say any thing at all, leave no room for such a thought.

Wife. I wish you would talk with him again; perhaps you may hear more from him, that may explain it all to you.

Husb. I intend it, my dear; I'll go down and talk with him just now.

[The master goes down, and going into a closet which he had near the compting-house, hears the young man engaged with one or two of the journeymen, and the rest of the 'prentices, about the subject in hand; upon which he places himself undiscovered, and hears the following discourse.]

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Tom. Well, I am the less obliged to you for that.

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Tom. Your withholding it in such a manner, is more my disadvantage another way; for now it looks as if it were some very bad thing; though I have not been forward to tell it, yet I am not so shy of it, as to be willing to have it thought a crime.

Joe. I am very glad of this so-called "liberation," I better wish you say all.

1. Pres. Truly it is so far from a crime, that if I had known before how it was, I would have gone with him, if they would have let me; far to be from with you, upon full examination, it appears that he went over to Mr. ———, the clothier's, night and morning to prayers; and my men together examined it to the utmost, and are satisfied that it has been nothing else.

Jour. To prayers! nay, if that is all, that's very well indeed, and of that presently; but you shake me aside to hear you say you would have gone along with him.

2. *Ans.* Ay, that would make any body laugh; I don't say he never said his prayers in his life.

I Pres. The question is that, Jonathan, is it that any thing to you; if I have not, there is the more need to begin now: I doubt but you have need to reprove me.

2 *Prac.* Why so?

I Pres. Why, han't I heard you ridicule all such things, and banter the honest man over the way for going to prayers in the cold mornings before it was day? And did not you use to jeer poor Thomas, when he came first, because, when he went to bed at night, he would kneel down by his bedside to say his prayers?

2. Pres. Why, now you do, as you did before, charge me with your own crime. Did not you do so as well as I, and Mr. M.— (that's the journeyman) too?

Tom. I committed a greater crime than any of you, in that part; I wish I had not.

1 Pren. What's that, Thomas?

Tom. In letting your wicked scoffing at me prevail with me more wickedly, to neglect my duty. If I had continued to pray to God, as I ought to have done, he would soon have made you ashamed of mocking me, or have made me not regard it.

¶The lad weeps.

1 *Pren.* Indeed, Thomas, I was ashamed of it, when I

did it ; and I am more sorry for it now, since you tell me it mastered your resolution, and made you leave it off. I have thought of it a hundred times since that, with regret, that, though I did not pray to God myself, I should not discourage another ; for whether I performed it or not myself, I never thought the worse of another that did ; for I knew it was what every one ought to do.

Tom. That makes your fault the worse, to neglect it when you know you ought to have done it ; and this is just my fault, I am in the same case.

I Pres. No, Thomas, there's this difference between you and I, you have repented and amended it, and I have not.

Tom. I think it almost broke my heart ; and yet I know not whether to call it repentance or not ; for what is all my trouble at it, in proportion to the crime ? There may be much sorrow where there is little repentance.

Jour. Why, Thomas, has that been the cause you have been so melancholy of late ?

Tom. Is not that cause enough ? However, I do not say that has been all the cause.

Jour. Well, he has been ill used by us all, I must own that ; and he does not deserve such usage from us. I think we have acted by him like perfect infidels ; there never was a poor young man so treated for serving God sure. What kind of creatures have we been ?

I Pres. I confess I am amazed at it ; I did not use to do so ; I know not what possessed me at that time.

Jour. And was this the reason of your going over to Mr. —, Thomas ?

I Pres. No, no, it was because they kept a regular family there, and go constantly to prayers night and morning. Mr. — is a very good man, every body knows that ; and I observe every body, nay the wickedest people in the parish, love that man. I never heard any body speak a disrespectful word of him, but our Jonathan there, that laughed

at him for doing before day on the cold weather, as you go to prayer. He was not clean in his mind, nor in his heart.

2 *Pren.* Yes, you have heard his own appetite; Will do the same thing.

Jour. That's a wicked young rogue; indeed; you have named a pretty youth for our example.

2 *Pren.* You see all his progress, and his being so good a man does him no good: he can't make him a good man.

Tom. You know nothing of the boy, and very little of what you talk of. I wish I was as good a boy as that Will is now?

1 *Pren.* It is very true, that boy is the wonder of this town; he is the greatest penitent, and is called the soberest most religious young man that ever was heard of.

Jour. I am amazed at it. Why then, you see, Jonathan, what the having a good master has done.

1 *Pren.* Nay, that has not been it neither; and to do justice, though Thomas says modestly that he wishes himself as good as William, I have a very good account, that Thomas was the first means of reclaiming him.

Tom. God's grace has been the means, and a religious good instructor at home. I am incapable to do any thing of that kind; his master and mistress have been the instruments: he is very happy in coming into such a family.

Jour. But was this really the reason of Thomas's going over thither so every night and morning.

1 *Pren.* Yes, it was; my master says he has examined it: why are you so unbelieving?

Jour. Nay, for no ill; I could not have expected it; but I shall love him the better for it as long as I know him. I wonder what my master thinks of it, or says to it.

1 *Pren.* Says! I told you, didn't I? He is very well satisfied in it, and ordered me that I should not hinder him.

Jour. God forbid any should hinder him; for my part, if I was ten times wickeder than I am, I would never wish to make another so.

2 Pren. You are all grown mighty good of a sudden ; this fit of religion will be over with you by and by, when you come to Kate's* down the street.

1 Pren. Your eyes shall never see that of me again, nor see me at that wicked house again.

Tom. Do not undertake for that in your own strength, lest you are left to know yourself by your fall.

1 Pren. I hope God will give me grace to keep that resolution.

Tom. You must seek it then—" Ask and thou shalt receive."

1 Pren. I wish I had been in such a house as that clothiers ; I was never brought up to live as we do here.

2 Pren. Why can't our master go to prayers with us, as well as that poor man does ?

Jour. What, for you to laugh at him, as you did at the poor clothier, and at Thomas too ?

2 Pren. You have all done it as much as I.

Tom. I don't doubt ; we all fare the worse for it, as well those who are not guilty, as those who are.

2 Pren. How do you mean ?

Tom. Mean ! why it is plain enough,—my master and mistress go to prayers every night and morning with themselves and the little children,—and if he did not take us for a scoffing, irreligious, reprobate pack, that would be never the better for it, and would but make a jest of it, and of him too,—to be sure he would call us all up : but he sees how we live, and does not count us worthy to be admitted.

1 Pren. Are you sure of that, Thomas ?

Tom. Sure of it ! why, is there any sober man in the world, that calls himself a Christian, and does not do it ?

Jour. Poor Thomas, thou knowest but little of the

* An ale-house in the town, which it seems they haunted too much.

world? Is there one family in ten that does? Even in this one family in this town that does, except that good man over the way there, the clothier?

Tom. Yes, my father does. I never know him omit it in my life, if he was well; and our minister does, and some that I know in the town: nay, I know none that do not.

Jour. I am sure I know twenty families in the town that do not, and yet call themselves good Christians; and I never believed our master did.

Tom. I'll never believe such a thing of my master; besides, hasn't I heard the little children say to one another, they must go up to prayers?

Jour. Nay, then, to be sure he does; I am very glad of it. I wish he would call us all up.

Tom. No question, if my master knew you wished so, he would; but we don't live as if we desired it. I believe that is the reason we are left to live like heathens, as we are.

I Pres. I am sorry we have given him so much cause to think so; and indeed, Thomas, it is but too true.

Jour. Well, for all that, he might have gone to prayers.

Tom. So he does, I tell you; but does not think us fit people to join with him.

Jour. Why, the worse we are, have we not the more need of being prayed for?

Tom. But I cannot but say he might have good reason to shut us out, that our bad example might not be shown to his children.

Jour. Why, thou makest us worse than heathens, boy; what do you mean? Do you believe, that if my master should come now, and say to us all, that though he finds we do not regard such things, yet that he resolves to go to prayers every night and morning, and we may come if we will, that we would not all say, we would come with all our hearts? I am sure I would for one.

I Pres. I am sure I'd down on my knees, and thank him for it; for I am more concerned at seeing how we live now, than ever I was.

Tom. I am sure I'd thank him, and thank God for it too, and think it the best day that ever I saw in my life.

2 Pren. I have heard all your discourse, and have said but little; but I tell you, I'll never jest with any body for praying to God again, while I live. I wish my master would begin with us, and try.

Any one may judge how the master, who heard all this discourse, was moved with it; being before affected with the sense of having lived in a total neglect of his duty to God and his family, and having thus providentially, the great obstruction to his duty removed, by hearing all his men servants, whom he thought refractory and ungovernable, declare themselves touched with a sense of their loss, in being shut out from the worship of God, professing their willingness to join in a religious regulation, and their desire of having their master begin it.

Wherefore, coming hastily out of his closet into the place, and the young men rising up to be gone, he bids them all stay and sit still. "I have heard all your discourse," says the master, "and I bless God that I have heard it. I am very well pleased with every part of it. I do own to you all, that it has been a hindrance to my desire of setting up the worship of God in my family, that I thought my young men, having their full liberty in the world, made no account of such things, and might perhaps mock at me for it, as I heard you have done at the poor clothier over the way. And though it was my duty to have done it, however you had behaved, yet I confess it has been such a snare to me, as has kept me back from what I knew to be my duty. But since I have providentially heard your discourse upon this subject, and that you seem to be sensible of your own duty, and of your loss in the omission of mine, and appear willing to join in a solemn manner in family-prayer, I will not be wanting to you, nor wanting to myself, in not performing my duty any longer, but, according to my duty, and your desire, call you all up, together with the rest of my family, to worship God, and pray to him for

Josh. I am very glad of this, and I wish you say so.

1 Prem. Truly it is no far from a crime, that if I had known before how it was, I would have gone with him; if they would have let me; for he has been with you, upon full examination, it appears that he went over to Mr. —, the clothier's, night and morning to prayers; and my men have examined it to the utmost, and are satisfied that it has been nothing else.

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2 Prem. Aye, that would make any body laugh; I dare say he never said his prayers in his life.

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1 Pren. Are you sure of that, Thomas ?

Tom. Sure of it ! why, is there any sober man in the world, that calls himself a Christian, and does not do it ?

Jour. Poor Thomas, thou knowest but little of the

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world? Is there one family in ten that does? Nay, is there one family in this town that does, except that good man over the way there, the clothier?

Tom. Yes, my father does. I never knew him omit it in my life, if he was well; and our minister does, and some that I know in the town: nay, I know none that do not.

Jour. I am sure I know twenty families in the town that do not, and yet call themselves good Christians; and I never believed our master did.

Tom. I'll never believe such a thing of my master; besides, hasn't I heard the little children say to one another, they must go up to prayers?

Jour. Nay, then, to be sure he does; I am very glad of it. I wish he would call us all up.

Tom. No question, if my master knew you wished so, he would; but we don't live as if we desired it; I believe that is the reason we are left to live like heathens, as we are.

I Pren. I am sorry we have given him so much cause to think so; and indeed, Thomas, it is but too true.

Jour. Well, for all that, he might have gone to prayers.

Tom. So he does, I tell you; but does not think us fit people to join with him.

Jour. Why, the worse we are, have we not the more need of being prayed for?

Tom. But I cannot but say he might have good reason to shut us out, that our bad example might not be shown to his children.

Jour. Why, then makest us worse than heathens, boy; what do you mean? Do you believe, that if my master should come now, and say to us all, that though he finds we do not regard such things, yet that he resolves to go to prayers every night and morning, and we may come if we will, that we would not all say, we would come with all our hearts? I am sure I would for one.

I Pren. I am sure I'd down on my knees, and thank him for it; for I am more concerned at seeing how we live now, than ever I was.

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Wherefore, coming hastily out of his closet into the place, and the young men rising up to be gone, he bids them all stay and sit still. "I have heard all your discourse," says the master, "and I bless God that I have heard it. I am very well pleased with every part of it. I do own to you all, that it has been a hindrance to my desire of setting up the worship of God in my family, that I thought my young men, having their full liberty in the world, made no account of such things, and might perhaps mock at me for it, as I heard you have done at the poor clothier over the way. And though it was my duty to have done it, however you had behaved, yet I confess it has been such a snare to me, as has kept me back from what I knew to be my duty. But since I have providentially heard your discourse upon this subject, and that you seem to be sensible of your own duty, and of your loss in the omission of mine, and appear willing to join in a solemn manner in family-prayer, I will not be wanting to you, nor wanting to myself, in not performing my duty any longer, but, according to my duty, and your desire, call you all up, together with the rest of my family, to worship God, and pray to him for

his blessing. I hope you will convince me you are in earnest, by your attendance at that time."

The journeyman told him, yes, for his part, he would with all his heart.

The first 'prentice told him, that since he had heard him make a promise to thank him upon his knees; he would perform it; and kneeling down, he thanked God that he had put it in his heart; and thanked his master as he had promised, and assured him the very thoughts of it rejoiced his heart.

Poor Thomas, the youngest 'prentice, his heart was so full, he cried for joy, and could not speak a word.

The other 'prentice told his master he was very sorry he had been one of them that had hindered him before, but assured him it should be so no more.

The good man went up with joy to his wife, and giving her an account how his second difficulty was thus providentially removed, told her the whole passage. The pious lady rejoicing at the thing, and willing to prompt him on to put his resolution in practice before it might cool and fall off again, persuaded him the same evening to call his family together, and, beginning with reading the scriptures, to go to prayer with them, which he did; and from that time forward he had always sober religious servants, and kept a most regular family-worship, instructing and catechising both his children and servants, to the great encouragement and increase of true godliness and holy living in that town, by his extraordinary example.

PART III.

THE FIRST DIALOGUE.

AT the end of the first part of this work, the father of the family having effectually set about reforming his house, and brought all his children, except his two eldest, to conform to his new regulation, this part gives something of an historical account of the two refractory branches of that family, viz. the eldest son, and the eldest daughter. The son pursuing the dictates, not of his reason, but of his passion, and having some estate independent of his father, gratifies his disgust at his father's imposing upon him, as he calls it, and goes abroad to travel. His conduct, as a pattern or warning to disobedience, is followed by continual judgments, disasters, and distempers; till his estate is wasted and gone, he is brought to humble himself to his father, and submit to him, however unwilling and unreformed, not as a true penitent, but for mere subsistence, and for want of bread.

This is improved to be instructive of many things, both to children and parents.

1. It shows something of the mischievous consequence of leaving estates to children entirely independent of their parents, especially where no visible objection lies against the trust being reposed in the parent; and tells us, that though in some cases it may be necessary to do thus, yet it ought to be avoided as much as possible; it being, in ge-

neral, a fatal obstruction to paternal authority, a foundation of children refusing instruction, and especially of their not bearing reproof; besides, that oftentimes the consequences are such, that the children had better be without such estates.

2. This example warns children also, that though they may, by provision from friends, be made independent of their parents, they are not thereby discharged of their duty to their parents in the least; and great judgments from heaven generally follow those who totally cast off the subjection they owe to their parents on that account.

3. First or last, a contempt of paternal instruction is nothing else but laying on a great stock for repentance.

The daughter, who of the two appeared the most obstinate, and could not bear the restraint which her father's new discipline obliged her to, got leave of her father and mother to go and live with her aunt, her father's sister, who lived at some distance from them in London; where, though the family was strictly religious, as is before noted, yet being there but as a guest, she could better comply with it than at home, where she had been used to liberties, and left to herself; and where the change being by constraint, was the harder for her to stoop to.

Her aunt, a sober religious gentlewoman, and her uncle, a grave, pious, good Christian, treated her with great kindness and courtesy: and, as she had been very well bred, good manners obliged her to return it. Here an unforeseen providence gave a turn to the whole course of her life. The young lady being of a good natural temper, a modest handsome carriage, and an agreeable person, her uncle's eldest son, by a former wife, fell in love with her, and, by a consent of his father, a proposal of marriage was made between them: and this part is made public in this manner, because the circumstances of this marriage have something in them very instructing to young married people, to let them see how much it is their unquestioned and indispensable duty to make the good of one another's souls

their principal care after marriage; how far it may be the duty of a husband to instruct his wife, and in what manner, and likewise a wife her husband; how far such a design may be consistent with the tenderest affection, and how to be managed with decency, respect, and the due endearments of a loving and tender relation; and, in short, give a brief scheme of the relative duties of a married state.

This completes the economy of this work: the first part relating to paternal duty, such as authority and discipline in the father among his children; the second to the duty of heads of families, viz. masters or servants, and how servants ought to submit to instruction and family regulation; and this third part, principally regarding the duty of husbands and wives, to exhort and persuade, intreat, instruct, and by all gentle means, if possible, prevail upon and engage one another to a religious holy life, and to set up a foundation of religious worship in their families.

The introduction or history of this marriage is not material in our present discourse; only something of the characters of the persons and families, more than what has been said already, may be proper to prevent digressions, in the particular cases that come after; and these characters and descriptions will be found in the first dialogue, and upon the following occasion.

The young gentleman was the eldest son of the family, and heir to his father, who had a good estate. He had been bred a gentleman, had a liberal education, was a handsome agreeable person, and, which was beyond all, was, like his father, a sober, virtuous, studious, and religious gentleman. This person having been conversant with this young lady, by the accident of their being in the house; and, as will appear, she being very agreeable to him, however engaged by the defect of education in gaiety and mirth, and hard to be weaned, especially by violence, as had been her case; her disposition, I say, being soft, and an extraordinary sweetness in her temper, as will be

Jour. I am very glad if it is no crime; Thomas, I never wished you any ill.

1 Pres. Truly it is so far from a crime, that if I had known before how it was, I would have gone with him, if they would have let me; for to be free with you, upon full examination, it appears that he went over to Mr. ———, the clothier's, night and morning to prayers; and my master has examined it to the utmost, and is satisfied that it has been nothing else.

Jour. To prayers! nay, if that is all, that's very well indeed, and of that presently; but you make me smile to hear you say you would have gone along with him.

2 Pres. Aye, that would make any body laugh; I dare say he never said his prayers in his life.

1 Pres. 'Tis no matter for that, Jonathan; nor is that any thing to you; if I have not, there is the more need to begin now: I doubt but you have need to reprove me.

2 Pres. Why so?

1 Pres. Why, hasn't I heard you ridicule all such things, and banter the honest man over the way for going to prayers in the cold mornings before it was day? And did not you use to jeer poor Thomas, when he came first, because, when he went to bed at night, he would kneel down by his bedside to say his prayers?

2 Pres. Why, now you do, as you did before, charge me with your own crime. Did not you do so as well as I, and Mr. M—— (that's the journeyman) too?

Tom. I committed a greater crime than any of you, in that part; I wish I had not.

1 Pres. What's that, Thomas?

Tom. In letting your wicked scoffing at me prevail with me more wickedly, to neglect my duty. If I had continued to pray to God, as I ought to have done, he would soon have made you ashamed of mocking me, or have undeceived me and reformed it.

[The lad weeps.]

1 Pres. Indeed, Thomas, I was ashamed of it, when I

did it; and I am more sorry for it now, since you tell me it mastered your resolution, and made you leave it off. I have thought of it a hundred times since that, with regret, that, though I did not pray to God myself, I should not discourage another; for whether I performed it or not myself, I never thought the worse of another that did; for I knew it was what every one ought to do.

Tom. That makes your fault the worse, to neglect it when you know you ought to have done it; and this is just my fault, I am in the same case.

I Pren. No, Thomas, there's this difference between you and I, you have repented and amended it, and I have not.

Tom. I think it almost broke my heart; and yet I know not whether to call it repentance or not; for what is all my trouble at it, in proportion to the crime? There may be much sorrow where there is little repentance.

Jour. Why, Thomas, has that been the cause you have been so melancholy of late?

Tom. Is not that cause enough? However, I do not say that has been all the cause.

Jour. Well, he has been ill used by us all, I must own that; and he does not deserve such usage from us. I think we have acted by him like perfect infidels; there never was a poor young man so treated for serving God sure. What kind of creatures have we been?

I Pren. I confess I am amazed at it; I did not use to do so; I know not what possessed me at that time.

Jour. And was this the reason of your going over to Mr. —, Thomas?

I Pren. No, no, it was because they kept a regular family there, and go constantly to prayers night and morning. Mr. — is a very good man, every body knows that; and I observe every body, nay the wickedest people in the parish, love that man. I never heard any body speak a disrespectful word of him, but our Jonathan there, that laughed

at him for doing before day on the cold weather, as you go to
 prayer, he is always in a chamber, and he is very holy.

2 *Pren.* Yes, you have heard his own apprentice, Will
 do the same thing.

Jour. That's a wicked young rascal, indeed; you have
 named a pretty youth for our example.

2 *Pren.* You see all his prayers, and his being so
 good a man does him no good: he can't make him a good
 man.

Tom. You know nothing of the boy, and very little of
 what you talk of. I wish I was as good a boy as that Will
 is now!

1 *Pren.* It is very true, that boy is the wonder of this
 town; he is the greatest penitent, and is called the so-
 berest most religious young man that ever was heard of.

Jour. I am amazed at it. Why then, you see, Jon-
 than, what the having a good master has done.

1 *Pren.* Nay, that has not been it neither; and to do
 justice, though Thomas says modestly that he wishes him-
 self as good as William, I have a very good account, that
 Thomas was the first means of reclaiming him.

Tom. God's grace has been the means, and a religious
 good instructor at home. I am incapable to do any thing
 of that kind; his master and mistress have been the instru-
 ments: he is very happy in coming into such a family.

Jour. But was this really the reason of Thomas's going
 over thither so every night and morning.

1 *Pren.* Yes, it was; my master says he has examined
 it: why are you so unbelieving?

Jour. Nay, for no ill; I could not have expected it;
 but I shall love him the better for it as long as I know him.
 I wonder what my master thinks of it, or says to it.

1 *Pren.* Says! I told you, didn't I? He is very well
 satisfied in it, and ordered me that I should not hinder him.

Jour. God forbid any should hinder him; for my part,
 if I was ten times wickeder than I am, I would never wish
 to make another so.

2 Pren. You are all grown mighty good of a sudden ; this fit of religion will be over with you by and by, when you come to Kate's* down the street.

1 Pren. Your eyes shall never see that of me again, nor see me at that wicked house again.

Tom. Do not undertake for that in your own strength, lest you are left to know yourself by your fall.

1 Pren. I hope God will give me grace to keep that resolution.

Tom. You must seek it then—" Ask and thou shalt receive."

1 Pren. I wish I had been in such a house as that clothiers ; I was never brought up to live as we do here.

2 Pren. Why can't our master go to prayers with us, as well as that poor man does ?

Jour. What, for you to laugh at him, as you did at the poor clothier, and at Thomas too ?

2 Pren. You have all done it as much as I.

Tom. I don't doubt ; we all fare the worse for it, as well those who are not guilty, as those who are.

2 Pren. How do you mean ?

Tom. Mean ! why it is plain enough,—my master and mistress go to prayers every night and morning with themselves and the little children,—and if he did not take us for a scoffing, irreligious, reprobate pack, that would be never the better for it, and would but make a jest of it, and of him too,—to be sure he would call us all up : but he sees how we live, and does not count us worthy to be admitted.

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Any one may judge how the master, who heard all this discourse, was moved with it; being before affected with the sense of having lived in a total neglect of his duty to God and his family, and having thus providentially, the great obstruction to his duty removed, by hearing all his men servants, whom he thought refractory and ungovernable, declare themselves touched with a sense of their loss, in being shut out from the worship of God, professing their willingness to join in a religious regulation, and their desire of having their master begin it.

Wherefore, coming hastily out of his closet into the place, and the young men rising up to be gone, he bids them all stay and sit still. "I have heard all your discourse," says the master, "and I bless God that I have heard it. I am very well pleased with every part of it. I do own to you all, that it has been a hindrance to my desire of setting up the worship of God in my family, that I thought my young men, having their full liberty in the world, made no account of such things, and might perhaps mock at me for it, as I heard you have done at the poor clothier over the way. And though it was my duty to have done it, however you had behaved, yet I confess it has been such a snare to me, as has kept me back from what I knew to be my duty. But since I have providentially heard your discourse upon this subject, and that you seem to be sensible of your own duty, and of your loss in the omission of mine, and appear willing to join in a solemn manner in family-prayer, I will not be wanting to you, nor wanting to myself, in not performing my duty any longer, but, according to my duty, and your desire, call you all up, together with the rest of my family, to worship God, and pray to him for

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The young gentleman was the eldest son of the family, and heir to his father, who had a good estate. He had been bred a gentleman, had a liberal education, was a handsome agreeable person, and, which was beyond all, was, like his father, a sober, virtuous, studious, and religious gentleman. This person having been conversant with this young lady, by the accident of their being in the house; and, as will appear, she being very agreeable to him, however engaged by the defect of education in gaiety and mirth, and hard to be weaned, especially by violence, as had been her case; her disposition, I say, being soft, and an extraordinary sweetness in her temper, as will be

Jour. I am very glad if it is not crime; Thomas, I never wished you any ill.

1 Pren. Truly it is so far from a crime, that if I had known before how it was, I would have gone with him, if they would have let me; for to be free with you, upon full examination, it appears that he went over to Mr. ———, the clothier's, night and morning to prayers; and my master has examined it to the utmost, and is satisfied that it has been nothing else.

Jour. To prayers! nay, if that is all, that's very well indeed, and of that presently; but you make me smile to hear you say you would have gone along with him.

2 Pren. Aye, that would make any body laugh; I dare say he never said his prayers in his life.

1 Pren. 'Tis no matter for that, Jonathan; nor is that any thing to you; if I have not, there is the more need to begin now: I doubt but you have need to reprove me.

2 Pren. Why so?

1 Pren. Why, hasn't I heard you ridicule all such things, and hector the honest man over the way for going to prayers in the cold mornings before it was day? And did not you use to jeer poor Thomas, when he came first, because, when he went to bed at night, he would kneel down by his bedside to say his prayers?

2 Pren. Why, now you do, as you did before, charge me with your own crime. Did not you do so as well as I, and Mr. Mi— (that's the journeyman) too?

Tom. I committed a greater crime than any of you, in that part; I wish I had not.

1 Pren. What's that, Thomas?

Tom. In letting your wicked scoffing at me prevail with me more wickedly, to neglect my duty. If I had continued to pray to God, as I ought to have done, they would soon have made you ashamed of speaking me, or have made me not regard it.

[The last utters.]

1 Pren. Indeed, Thomas, I was ashamed of it, when I

did it; and I am more sorry for it now, since you tell me it mastered your resolution, and made you leave it off. I have thought of it a hundred times since that, with regret, that, though I did not pray to God myself, I should not discourage another; for whether I performed it or not myself, I never thought the worse of another that did; for I knew it was what every one ought to do.

Tom. That makes your fault the worse, to neglect it when you know you ought to have done it; and this is just my fault, I am in the same case.

I Pren. No, Thomas, there's this difference between you and I, you have repented and amended it, and I have not.

Tom. I think it almost broke my heart; and yet I know not whether to call it repentance or not; for what is all my trouble at it, in proportion to the crime? There may be much sorrow where there is little repentance.

Jour. Why, Thomas, has that been the cause you have been so melancholy of late?

Tom. Is not that cause enough? However, I do not say that has been all the cause.

Jour. Well, he has been ill used by us all, I must own that; and he does not deserve such usage from us. I think we have acted by him like perfect infidels; there never was a poor young man so treated for serving God sure. What kind of creatures have we been?

I Pren. I confess I am amazed at it; I did not use to do so; I know not what possessed me at that time.

Jour. And was this the reason of your going over to Mr. —, Thomas?

I Pren. No, no, it was because they kept a regular family there, and go constantly to prayers night and morning. Mr. — is a very good man, every body knows that; and I observe every body, nay the wickedest people in the parish, love that man. I never heard any body speak a disrespectful word of him, but our Jonathan there, that laughed

at himself, being before day on the cold-croak. An quite
 property. It was by a certain number of young boys and

2 *Pren.* Yes, you have heard his own appetite. Will
 do the same thing.

Jour. That's a wicked young rogue, indeed; you have
 named a pretty youth for our example.

2 *Pren.* You see all his prayers, and his being so
 good a man does him no good: he can't make him a good
 man.

Tom. You know nothing of the boy, and very little of
 what you talk of. I wish I was as good a boy as that. Will
 is now?

1 *Pren.* It is very true, that boy is the wonder of this
 town; he is the greatest penitent, and is turned the so-
 berest most religious young man that ever was heard of.

Jour. I am amazed at it. Why then you see, Jona-
 than, what the having a good master has done.

1 *Pren.* Nay, that has not been it neither; and to do
 justice, though Thomas says modestly that he wishes him-
 self as good as William, I have a very good account, that
 Thomas was the first means of reclaiming him.

Tom. God's grace has been the means, and a religious
 good instructor at home. I am incapable to do any thing
 of that kind; his master and mistress have been the instru-
 ments: he is very happy in coming into such a family.

Jour. But was this really the reason of Thomas's going
 over thither so every night and morning.

1 *Pren.* Yes, it was; my master says he has examined
 it: why are you so unbelieving?

Jour. Nay, for no ill; I could not have expected it;
 but I shall love him the better for it as long as I know him.
 I wonder what my master thinks of it, or says to it.

1 *Pren.* Says! I told you, didn't I? He is very well
 satisfied in it, and ordered me that I should not hinder him.

Jour. God forbid any should hinder him; for my part,
 if I was ten times wicked than I am, I would never wish
 to make another so.

2 Pren. You are all grown mighty good of a sudden ; this fit of religion will be over with you by and by, when you come to Kate's* down the street.

1 Pren. Your eyes shall never see that of me again, nor see me at that wicked house again.

Tom. Do not undertake for that in your own strength, lest you are left to know yourself by your fall.

1 Pren. I hope God will give me grace to keep that resolution.

Tom. You must seek it then—" Ask and thou shalt receive."

1 Pren. I wish I had been in such a house as that clothiers ; I was never brought up to live as we do here.

2 Pren. Why can't our master go to prayers with us, as well as that poor man does ?

Jour. What, for you to laugh at him, as you did at the poor clothier, and at Thomas too ?

2 Pren. You have all done it as much as I.

Tom. I don't doubt ; we all fare the worse for it, as well those who are not guilty, as those who are.

2 Pren. How do you mean ?

Tom. Mean ! why it is plain enough,—my master and mistress go to prayers every night and morning with themselves and the little children,—and if he did not take us for a scoffing, irreligious, reprobate pack, that would be never the better for it, and would but make a jest of it, and of him too,—to be sure he would call us all up : but he sees how we live, and does not count us worthy to be admitted.

1 Pren. Are you sure of that, Thomas ?

Tom. Sure of it ! why, is there any sober man in the world, that calls himself a Christian, and does not do it ?

Jour. Poor Thomas, thou knowest but little of the

* An ale-house in the town, which it seems they haunted too much.

world? Is there one family in ten that does? Nay, is there one family in this town that does, except that good man over the way there, the clothier?

Tom. Yea, my father does. I never knew him omit it in my life, if he was well; and our minister does, and some that I know in the town: nay, I know none that do not.

Jour. I am sure I know twenty families in the town that do not, and yet call themselves good Christians too; and I never believed our master did.

Tom. I'll never believe such a thing of my master; besides, hasn't I heard the little children say to one another, they must go up to prayers?

Jour. Nay, then, to be sure he does; I am very glad of it. I wish he would call us all up.

Tom. No question, if my master knew you wished so, he would; but we don't live as if we desired it. I believe that is the reason we are left to live like heathens, as we are.

I Pren. I am sorry we have given him so much cause to think so; and indeed, Thomas, it is but too true.

Jour. Well, for all that, he might have gone to prayers.

Tom. So he does, I tell you; but does not think us fit people to join with him.

Jour. Why, the worse we are, have we not the more need of being prayed for?

Tom. But I cannot but say he might have good reason to shut us out, that our bad example might not be shown to his children.

Jour. Why, then makest us worse than heathens, boy; what do you mean? Do you believe, that if my master should come now, and say to us all, that though he finds we do not regard such things, yet that he resolves to go to prayers every night and morning, and we may come if we will, that we would not all say, we would come with all our hearts? I am sure I would for one.

I Pren. I am sure I'd down on my knees, and thank him for it; for I am more concerned at seeing how we live now, than ever I was.

Tom. I am sure I'd thank him, and thank God for it too, and think it the best day that ever I saw in my life.

2 Pren. I have heard all your discourse, and have said but little; but I tell you, I'll never jest with any body for praying to God again, while I live. I wish my master would begin with us, and try.

Any one may judge how the master, who heard all this discourse, was moved with it; being before affected with the sense of having lived in a total neglect of his duty to God and his family, and having thus providentially, the great obstruction to his duty removed, by hearing all his men servants, whom he thought refractory and ungovernable, declare themselves touched with a sense of their loss, in being shut out from the worship of God, professing their willingness to join in a religious regulation, and their desire of having their master begin it.

Wherefore, coming hastily out of his closet into the place, and the young men rising up to be gone, he bids them all stay and sit still. "I have heard all your discourse," says the master, "and I bless God that I have heard it. I am very well pleased with every part of it. I do own to you all, that it has been a hindrance to my desire of setting up the worship of God in my family, that I thought my young men, having their full liberty in the world, made no account of such things, and might perhaps mock at me for it, as I heard you have done at the poor clothier over the way. And though it was my duty to have done it, however you had behaved, yet I confess it has been such a snare to me, as has kept me back from what I knew to be my duty. But since I have providentially heard your discourse upon this subject, and that you seem to be sensible of your own duty, and of your loss in the omission of mine, and appear willing to join in a solemn manner in family-prayer, I will not be wanting to you, nor wanting to myself, in not performing my duty any longer, but, according to my duty, and your desire, call you all up, together with the rest of my family, to worship God, and pray to him for

said, it grieved him that I did not think him worthy to be reckoned among my family, or admitted to the worship of God with me and my children; that, as I told you before, I could not bear to stay and talk with him any longer, lest he should perceive it.

Wife. It was very cutting, indeed, all the parts of it considered,

Husb. The tears stood in my eyes in spite of all my endeavours to the contrary. Indeed, how could I forbear, when I knew how I had lived, and that I had never troubled myself about any such thing as the worship of God with my family, though I know well enough how much it was my duty to have done it.

Wife. I cannot say but I am glad it has happened so, though I think its coming from the boy was so odd. Are you sure the boy did not do it by way of jeer.

Husb. Not in the least, the modesty and innocence of the boy, and his backwardness to say any thing at all, leave no room for such a thought.

Wife. I wish you would talk with him again; perhaps you may hear more from him, that may explain it all to you.

Husb. I intend it, my dear; I'll go down and talk with him just now.

[The master goes down, and going into a closet which he had near the counting-house, hears the young man engaged with one or two of the journeymen, and the rest of the 'prentices, about the subject in hand; upon which he places himself undiscovered, and hears the following discourse.]

Jour. Well, young man; what, you have been examined about your morning walks, I understand; I wonder your master found you out no sooner.

Tom. Perhaps, if you had told him sooner, he would have known it sooner.

Jour. You are mistaken in the informer, though, whoever it was, he was much your friend.

Tom. Where did the friendship of it lie?

Jour. Where! why, in preventing your ruining yourself. When young boys like you get such haunts, and go out of their master's houses at such hours privately, it is very seldom for any good, and quickly ruins them.

Tom. That word very seldom implies, that you believe it may be sometimes on a good account.

Jour. Aye, aye, sometimes, but very seldom, I say; what good could you be doing at that time of the day, I wonder?

Tom. That is bringing me to a second examination. I have given an account of that to my master, and to my father already, and they are satisfied; why should you take me to task?

Jour. Nay, that's true; I have nothing to do with it; I care not what hours you keep, nor what company you keep, nor how you ruin yourself; what is that to me?

Tom. Well, I am the less obliged to you for that.

Jour. Why, so you are. But when you say your master is satisfied, I must beg your pardon for that, Thomas. I do not believe a word of that, I assure you.

I Pren. Nay, now you wrong him, indeed; for I assure you, my master told me that he was satisfied about it, and that I should not hinder him, as I had resolved to do, by taking the key out of the warehouse door, and carrying it up to my master every night.

Jour. Nay, if my master be satisfied, I have done, either there must be some mystery in it then, or he has told him some fine story that has deceived him. The young rogue has a soft tongue.

I Pren. I could say more of it, if I thought Thomas would not think I spoke to expose him.

Tom. Your withholding it in such a manner, is more my disadvantage another way; for now it looks as if it were some very bad thing; though I have not been forward to tell it, yet I am not so shy of it, as to be willing to have it thought a crime.

Jour. I am very glad if it is no crime, Thomas, I never wished you any ill.

1 Penn. Truly it is so far from a crime, that if I had known before how it was, I would have gone with him, if they would have let me; for to be free with you, upon full examination, it appears that he went over to Mr. —, the clothier's, night and morning to prayers; and my master has examined it to the utmost, and is satisfied that it has been nothing else.

Jour. To prayers! nay, if that is all, that's very well indeed, and of that presently; but you make me smile to hear you say you would have gone along with him.

2 Penn. Aye, that would make any body laugh; I dare say he never said his prayers in his life.

1 Penn. 'Tis no matter for that, Jonathan; nor is that any thing to you; if I have not, there is the more need to begin now: I doubt but you have need to reprove me.

2 Penn. Why so?

1 Penn. Why, han't I heard you ridicule all such things, and benter the honest man over the way for going to prayers in the cold mornings before it was day? And did not you use to jeer poor Thomas, when he came first, because, when he went to bed at night, he would kneel down by his bedside to say his prayers?

2 Penn. Why, now you do, as you did before, charge me with your own crime. Did not you do so as well as I, and Mr. M— (that's the journeyman) too?

Tom. I committed a greater crime than any of you, in that part; I wish I had not.

1 Penn. What's that, Thomas?

Tom. In letting your wicked scoffing at me prevail with me more wickedly, to neglect my duty. If I had continued to pray to God, as I ought to have done, he would soon have made you ashamed of speaking me, or have made me not regard it.

[The last weeps.]

1 Penn. Indeed, Thomas, I was ashamed of it, when it

did it ; and I am more sorry for it now, since you tell me it mastered your resolution, and made you leave it off. I have thought of it a hundred times since that, with regret, that, though I did not pray to God myself, I should not discourage another ; for whether I performed it or not myself, I never thought the worse of another that did ; for I knew it was what every one ought to do.

Tom. That makes your fault the worse, to neglect it when you know you ought to have done it ; and this is just my fault, I am in the same case.

I Pren. No, Thomas, there's this difference between you and I, you have repented and amended it, and I have not.

Tom. I think it almost broke my heart ; and yet I know not whether to call it repentance or not ; for what is all my trouble at it, in proportion to the crime ? There may be much sorrow where there is little repentance.

Jour. Why, Thomas, has that been the cause you have been so melancholy of late ?

Tom. Is not that cause enough ? However, I do not say that has been all the cause.

Jour. Well, he has been ill used by us all, I must own that ; and he does not deserve such usage from us. I think we have acted by him like perfect infidels ; there never was a poor young man so treated for serving God sure. What kind of creatures have we been ?

I Pren. I confess I am amazed at it ; I did not use to do so ; I know not what possessed me at that time.

Jour. And was this the reason of your going over to Mr. —, Thomas ?

I Pren. No, no, it was because they kept a regular family there, and go constantly to prayers night and morning. Mr. — is a very good man, every body knows that ; and I observe every body, nay the wickedest people in the parish, love that man. I never heard any body speak a disrespectful word of him, but our Jonathan there, that laughed

at himself, rising before day on the cold crag that he goes to pray.

2 *Pren.* Yes, you have heard his stern opposition; Will do the same thing.

Jour. That's a wicked young rascal; indeed; you have named a pretty youth for our example.

2 *Pren.* You see all his prayers, and his being so good a man does him no good: he can't make him a good man.

Tom. You know nothing of the boy, and very little of what you talk of. I wish I was as good a boy as that. Will is now?

1 *Pren.* It is very true, that boy is the wonder of this town; he is the greatest penitent, and is turned the soberest most religious young man that ever was heard of.

Jour. I am amazed at it. Why then you see, Jonathan, what the having a good master has done.

1 *Pren.* Nay, that has not been it neither; and to do justice, though Thomas says modestly that he wishes himself as good as William, I have a very good account, that Thomas was the first means of reclaiming him.

Tom. God's grace has been the means, and a religious good instructor at home. I am incapable to do any thing of that kind; his master and mistress have been the instruments: he is very happy in coming into such a family.

Jour. But was this really the reason of Thomas's going over thither so every night and morning.

1 *Pren.* Yes, it was; my master says he has examined it: why are you so unbelieving?

Jour. Nay, for no ill; I could not have expected it; but I shall love him the better for it as long as I know him. I wonder what my master thinks of it, or says to it.

1 *Pren.* Says! I told you, didn't I? He is very well satisfied in it, and ordered me that I should not hinder him.

Jour. God forbid any should hinder him; for my part, if I was ten times wickeder than I am, I would never wish to make another so.

2 Pren. You are all grown mighty good of a sudden ; this fit of religion will be over with you by and by, when you come to Kate's* down the street.

1 Pren. Your eyes shall never see that of me again, nor see me at that wicked house again.

Tom. Do not undertake for that in your own strength, lest you are left to know yourself by your fall.

1 Pren. I hope God will give me grace to keep that resolution.

Tom. You must seek it then—" Ask and thou shalt receive."

1 Pren. I wish I had been in such a house as that clothiers ; I was never brought up to live as we do here.

2 Pren. Why can't our master go to prayers with us, as well as that poor man does ?

Jour. What, for you to laugh at him, as you did at the poor clothier, and at Thomas too ?

2 Pren. You have all done it as much as I.

Tom. I don't doubt ; we all fare the worse for it, as well those who are not guilty, as those who are.

2 Pren. How do you mean ?

Tom. Mean ! why it is plain enough,—my master and mistress go to prayers every night and morning with themselves and the little children,—and if he did not take us for a scoffing, irreligious, reprobate pack, that would be never the better for it, and would but make a jest of it, and of him too,—to be sure he would call us all up : but he sees how we live, and does not count us worthy to be admitted.

1 Pren. Are you sure of that, Thomas ?

Tom. Sure of it ! why, is there any sober man in the world, that calls himself a Christian, and does not do it ?

Jour. Poor Thomas, thou knowest but little of the

* An ale-house in the town, which it seems they haunted too much.

world? Is there one family in ten that does? Nay, is there one family in this town that does, except that good man over the way there, the clothier?

Tom. Yes, my father does. I never knew him omit it in my life, if he was well; and our minister does, and some that I know in the town: nay, I know none that do not.

Jour. I am sure I know twenty families in the town that do not, and yet call themselves good Christians too; and I never believed our master did.

Tom. I'll never believe such a thing of my master; besides, hasn't I heard the little children say to one another, they must go up to prayers?

Jour. Nay, then, to be sure he does; I am very glad of it. I wish he would call us all up.

Tom. No question, if my master knew you wished so, he would; but we don't live as if we desired it; I believe that is the reason we are left to live like heathens, as we are.

I Pres. I am sorry we have given him so much cause to think so; and indeed, Thomas, it is but too true.

Jour. Well, for all that, he might have gone to prayers.

Tom. So he does, I tell you; but does not think us fit people to join with him.

Jour. Why, the worse we are, have we not the more need of being prayed for?

Tom. But I cannot but say he might have good reason to shut us out, that our bad example might not be shown to his children.

Jour. Why, thou makest us worse than heathens, boy; what do you mean? Do you believe, that if my master should come now, and say to us all, that though he finds we do not regard such things, yet that he resolves to go to prayers every night and morning, and we may come if we will, that we would not all say, we would come with all our hearts? I am sure I would for one.

I Pres. I am sure I'd down on my knees, and thank him for it; for I am more concerned at seeing how we live now, than ever I was.

Tom. I am sure I'd thank him, and thank God for it too, and think it the best day that ever I saw in my life.

2 Pren. I have heard all your discourse, and have said but little; but I tell you, I'll never jest with any body for praying to God again, while I live. I wish my master would begin with us, and try.

Any one may judge how the master, who heard all this discourse, was moved with it; being before affected with the sense of having lived in a total neglect of his duty to God and his family, and having thus providentially, the great obstruction to his duty removed, by hearing all his men servants, whom he thought refractory and ungovernable, declare themselves touched with a sense of their loss, in being shut out from the worship of God, professing their willingness to join in a religious regulation, and their desire of having their master begin it.

Wherefore, coming hastily out of his closet into the place, and the young men rising up to be gone, he bids them all stay and sit still. "I have heard all your discourse," says the master, "and I bless God that I have heard it. I am very well pleased with every part of it. I do own to you all, that it has been a hindrance to my desire of setting up the worship of God in my family, that I thought my young men, having their full liberty in the world, made no account of such things, and might perhaps mock at me for it, as I heard you have done at the poor clothier over the way. And though it was my duty to have done it, however you had behaved, yet I confess it has been such a snare to me, as has kept me back from what I knew to be my duty. But since I have providentially heard your discourse upon this subject, and that you seem to be sensible of your own duty, and of your loss in the omission of mine, and appear willing to join in a solemn manner in family-prayer, I will not be wanting to you, nor wanting to myself, in not performing my duty any longer, but, according to my duty, and your desire, call you all up, together with the rest of my family, to worship God, and pray to him for

his blessing. I hope you will convince me you are in earnest, by your attendance at that time."

The journeyman told him, yes, for his part, he would with all his heart.

The first 'prentice told him, that since he had heard him make a promise to thank him upon his knees, he would perform it; and kneeling down, he thanked God that he had put it in his heart; and thanked his master as he had promised, and assured him the very thoughts of it rejoiced his heart.

Poor Thomas, the youngest 'prentice, his heart was so full, he cried for joy, and could not speak a word.

The other 'prentice told his master he was very sorry he had been one of them that had hindered him before, but assured him it should be so no more.

The good man went up with joy to his wife, and giving her an account how his second difficulty was thus providentially removed, told her the whole passage. The pious lady rejoicing at the thing, and willing to prompt him on to put his resolution in practice before it might cool and fall off again, persuaded him the same evening to call his family together, and, beginning with reading the scriptures, to go to prayer with them, which he did; and from that time forward he had always sober religious servants, and kept a most regular family-worship, instructing and catechising both his children and servants, to the great encouragement and increase of true godliness and holy living in that town, by his extraordinary example.

PART III.

THE FIRST DIALOGUE.

AT the end of the first part of this work, the father of the family having effectually set about reforming his house, and brought all his children, except his two eldest, to conform to his new regulation, this part gives something of an historical account of the two refractory branches of that family, viz. the eldest son, and the eldest daughter. The son pursuing the dictates, not of his reason, but of his passion, and having some estate independent of his father, gratifies his disgust at his father's imposing upon him, as he calls it, and goes abroad to travel. His conduct, as a pattern or warning to disobedience, is followed by continual judgments, disasters, and distempers; till his estate is wasted and gone, he is brought to humble himself to his father, and submit to him, however unwilling and unreformed, not as a true penitent, but for mere subsistence, and for want of bread.

This is improved to be instructive of many things, both to children and parents.

1. It shows something of the mischievous consequence of leaving estates to children entirely independent of their parents, especially where no visible objection lies against the trust being reposed in the parent; and tells us, that though in some cases it may be necessary to do thus, yet it ought to be avoided as much as possible; it being, in ge-

neral, a fatal obstruction to paternal authority, a foundation of children refusing instruction, and especially of their not bearing reproof; besides, that oftentimes the consequences are such, that the children had better be without such estates.

2. This example warns children also, that though they may, by provision from friends, be made independent of their parents, they are not thereby discharged of their duty to their parents in the least; and great judgments from heaven generally follow those who totally cast off the subjection they owe to their parents on that account.

3. First or last, a contempt of paternal instruction is nothing else but laying on a great stock for repentance.

The daughter, who of the two appeared the most obstinate, and could not bear the restraint which her father's new discipline obliged her to, got leave of her father and mother to go and live with her aunt, her father's sister, who lived at some distance from them in London; where, though the family was strictly religious, as is before noted, yet being there but as a guest, she could better comply with it than at home, where she had been used to liberties, and left to herself; and where the change being by constraint, was the harder for her to stoop to.

Her aunt, a sober religious gentlewoman, and her uncle, a grave, pious, good Christian, treated her with great kindness and courtesy: and, as she had been very well bred, good manners obliged her to return it. Here an unforeseen providence gave a turn to the whole course of her life. The young lady being of a good natural temper, a modest handsome carriage, and an agreeable person, her uncle's eldest son, by a former wife, fell in love with her, and, by a consent of his father, a proposal of marriage was made between them: and this part is made public in this manner, because the circumstances of this marriage have something in them very instructing to young married people, to let them see how much it is their unquestioned and indispensable duty to make the good of one another's souls

their principal care after marriage; how far it may be the duty of a husband to instruct his wife, and in what manner, and likewise a wife her husband; how far such a design may be consistent with the tenderest affection, and how to be managed with decency, respect, and the due endearments of a loving and tender relation; and, in short, give a brief scheme of the relative duties of a married state.

This completes the economy of this work: the first part relating to paternal duty, such as authority and discipline in the father among his children; the second to the duty of heads of families, viz. masters or servants, and how servants ought to submit to instruction and family regulation; and this third part, principally regarding the duty of husbands and wives, to exhort and persuade, intreat, instruct, and by all gentle means, if possible, prevail upon and engage one another to a religious holy life, and to set up a foundation of religious worship in their families.

The introduction or history of this marriage is not material in our present discourse; only something of the characters of the persons and families, more than what has been said already, may be proper to prevent digressions, in the particular cases that come after; and these characters and descriptions will be found in the first dialogue, and upon the following occasion.

The young gentleman was the eldest son of the family, and heir to his father, who had a good estate. He had been bred a gentleman, had a liberal education, was a handsome agreeable person, and, which was beyond all, was, like his father, a sober, virtuous, studious, and religious gentleman. This person having been conversant with this young lady, by the accident of their being in the house; and, as will appear, she being very agreeable to him, however engaged by the defect of education in gaiety and mirth, and hard to be weaned, especially by violence, as had been her case; her disposition, I say, being soft, and an extraordinary sweetness in her temper, as will be

Jour. I am very glad if it is no crime; Thomas, I never wished you any ill.

1 Pres. Truly it is so far from a crime, that if I had known before how it was, I would have gone with him, if they would have let me; for to be free with you, upon full examination, it appears that he went over to Mr. ———, the clothier's, night and morning to prayers; and my master has examined it to the utmost, and is satisfied that it has been nothing else.

Jour. To prayers! nay, if that is all, that's very well indeed, and of that presently; but you make me smile to hear you say you would have gone along with him.

2 Pres. Aye, that would make any body laugh; I dare say he never said his prayers in his life.

1 Pres. 'Tis no matter for that, Jonathan; nor is that any thing to you; if I have not, there is the more need to begin now: I doubt but you have need to reprove me.

2 Pres. Why so?

1 Pres. Why, hasn't I heard you ridicule all such things, and banter the honest man over the way for going to prayers in the cold mornings before it was day? And did not you use to jeer poor Thomas, when he came first, because, when he went to bed at night, he would kneel down by his bedside to say his prayers?

2 Pres. Why, now you do, as you did before, charge me with your own crime. Did not you do so as well as I, and Mr. M— (that's the journeyman) too?

Tom. I committed a greater crime than any of you, in that part; I wish I had not.

1 Pres. What's that, Thomas?

Tom. In letting your wicked scoffing at me prevail with me more wickedly, to neglect my duty. If I had continued to pray to God, as I ought to have done, they would soon have made you ashamed of mocking me, or have made me not regard it.

[The last speaks.]

1 Pres. Indeed, Thomas, I was ashamed of it, when I

did it; and I am more sorry for it now, since you tell me it mastered your resolution, and made you leave it off. I have thought of it a hundred times since that, with regret, that, though I did not pray to God myself, I should not discourage another; for whether I performed it or not myself, I never thought the worse of another that did; for I knew it was what every one ought to do.

Tom. That makes your fault the worse, to neglect it when you know you ought to have done it; and this is just my fault, I am in the same case.

I Pren. No, Thomas, there's this difference between you and I, you have repented and amended it, and I have not.

Tom. I think it almost broke my heart; and yet I know not whether to call it repentance or not; for what is all my trouble at it, in proportion to the crime? There may be much sorrow where there is little repentance.

Jour. Why, Thomas, has that been the cause you have been so melancholy of late?

Tom. Is not that cause enough? However, I do not say that has been all the cause.

Jour. Well, he has been ill used by us all, I must own that; and he does not deserve such usage from us. I think we have acted by him like perfect infidels; there never was a poor young man so treated for serving God sure. What kind of creatures have we been?

I Pren. I confess I am amazed at it; I did not use to do so; I know not what possessed me at that time.

Jour. And was this the reason of your going over to Mr. —, Thomas?

I Pren. No, no, it was because they kept a regular family there, and go constantly to prayers night and morning. Mr. — is a very good man, every body knows that; and I observe every body, nay the wickedest people in the parish, love that man. I never heard any body speak a disrespectful word of him, but our Jonathan there, that laughed

at himself, going before day, on the cold weather. An' go to prayer.

2 Pren. You have heard his own appetite, Will do the same thing.

Jour. That's a wicked young rascal; indeed; you have named a pretty youth for our example.

2 Pren. You see all his prayers; and his being so good a man does him no good: he can't make him a good man.

Tom. You know nothing of the boy, and very little of what you talk of. I wish I was as good a boy as that Will is now?

1 Pren. It is very true; that boy is the wonder of this town; he is the greatest penitent, and is turned the soberest most religious young man that ever was heard of.

Jour. I am amazed at it. Why then you see, Jonathan, what the having a good master has done.

1 Pren. Nay, that has not been it neither; and to do justice, though Thomas says modestly that he wishes himself as good as William, I have a very good account, that Thomas was the first means of reclaiming him.

Tom. God's grace has been the means, and a religious good instructor at home. I am incapable to do any thing of that kind; his master and mistress have been the instruments: he is very happy in coming into such a family.

Jour. But was this really the reason of Thomas's going over thither so every night and morning.

1 Pren. Yes, it was; my master says he has examined it: why are you so unbelieving?

Jour. Nay, for no ill; I could not have expected it; but I shall love him the better for it as long as I know him. I wonder what my master thinks of it, or says to it.

1 Pren. Says! I told you, didn't I? He is very well satisfied in it, and ordered me that I should not hinder him.

Jour. God forbid any should hinder him; for my part, if I was ten times wickeder than I am, I would never wish to make another so.

2 Pren. You are all grown mighty good of a sudden ; this fit of religion will be over with you by and by, when you come to Kate's* down the street.

1 Pren. Your eyes shall never see that of me again, nor see me at that wicked house again.

Tom. Do not undertake for that in your own strength, lest you are left to know yourself by your fall.

1 Pren. I hope God will give me grace to keep that resolution.

Tom. You must seek it then—" Ask and thou shalt receive."

1 Pren. I wish I had been in such a house as that clothiers ; I was never brought up to live as we do here.

2 Pren. Why can't our master go to prayers with us, as well as that poor man does ?

Jour. What, for you to laugh at him, as you did at the poor clothier, and at Thomas too ?

2 Pren. You have all done it as much as I.

Tom. I don't doubt ; we all fare the worse for it, as well those who are not guilty, as those who are.

2 Pren. How do you mean ?

Tom. Mean ! why it is plain enough,—my master and mistress go to prayers every night and morning with themselves and the little children,—and if he did not take us for a scoffing, irreligious, reprobate pack, that would be never the better for it, and would but make a jest of it, and of him too,—to be sure he would call us all up : but he sees how we live, and does not count us worthy to be admitted.

1 Pren. Are you sure of that, Thomas ?

Tom. Sure of it ! why, is there any sober man in the world, that calls himself a Christian, and does not do it ?

Jour. Poor Thomas, thou knowest but little of the

* An ale-house in the town, which it seems they haunted too much.

world? Is there one family in ten that does? Nay, is there one family in this town that does, except that good man over the way there, the clothier?

Tom. Yes, my father does. I never knew him omit it in my life, if he was well; and our minister does, and some that I know in the town: nay, I know none that do not.

Jour. I am sure I know twenty families in the town that do not, and yet call themselves good Christians too; and I never believed our master did.

Tom. I'll never believe such a thing of my master; besides, hasn't I heard the little children say to one another, they must go up to prayers?

Jour. Nay, then, to be sure he does; I am very glad of it. I wish he would call us all up.

Tom. No question, if my master knew you wished so, he would; but we don't live as if we desired it. I believe that is the reason we are left to live like heathens, as we are.

I Pren. I am sorry we have given him so much cause to think so; and indeed, Thomas, it is but too true.

Jour. Well, for all that, he might have gone to prayers.

Tom. So he does, I tell you; but does not think us fit people to join with him.

Jour. Why, the worse we are, have we not the more need of being prayed for?

Tom. But I cannot but say he might have good reason to shut us out, that our bad example might not be shown to his children.

Jour. Why, thou makest us worse than heathens, boy; what do you mean? Do you believe, that if my master should come now, and say to us all, that though he finds we do not regard such things, yet that he resolves to go to prayers every night and morning, and we may come if we will, that we would not all say, we would come with all our hearts? I am sure I would for one.

I Pren. I am sure I'd down on my knees, and thank him for it; for I am more concerned at seeing how we live than ever I was.

Tom. I am sure I'd thank him, and thank God for it too, and think it the best day that ever I saw in my life.

2 Pren. I have heard all your discourse, and have said but little; but I tell you, I'll never jest with any body for praying to God again, while I live. I wish my master would begin with us, and try.

Any one may judge how the master, who heard all this discourse, was moved with it; being before affected with the sense of having lived in a total neglect of his duty to God and his family, and having thus providentially, the great obstruction to his duty removed, by hearing all his men servants, whom he thought refractory and ungovernable, declare themselves touched with a sense of their loss, in being shut out from the worship of God, professing their willingness to join in a religious regulation, and their desire of having their master begin it.

Wherefore, coming hastily out of his closet into the place, and the young men rising up to be gone, he bids them all stay and sit still. "I have heard all your discourse," says the master, "and I bless God that I have heard it. I am very well pleased with every part of it. I do own to you all, that it has been a hindrance to my desire of setting up the worship of God in my family, that I thought my young men, having their full liberty in the world, made no account of such things, and might perhaps mock at me for it, as I heard you have done at the poor clothier over the way. And though it was my duty to have done it, however you had behaved, yet I confess it has been such a snare to me, as has kept me back from what I knew to be my duty. But since I have providentially heard your discourse upon this subject, and that you seem to be sensible of your own duty, and of your loss in the omission of mine, and appear willing to join in a solemn manner in family-prayer, I will not be wanting to you, nor wanting to myself, in not performing my duty any longer, but, according to my duty, and your desire, call you all up, together with the rest of my family, to worship God, and pray to him for

his blessing. I hope you will convince me you are in earnest, by your attendance at that time."

The journeyman told him, yes, for his part, he would with all his heart.

The first 'prentice told him, that since he had heard him make a promise to thank him upon his knees, he would perform it; and kneeling down, he thanked God that he had put it in his heart; and thanked his master as he had promised, and assured him the very thoughts of it rejoiced his heart.

Poor Thomas, the youngest 'prentice, his heart was so full, he cried for joy, and could not speak a word.

The other 'prentice told his master he was very sorry he had been one of them that had hindered him before, but assured him it should be so no more.

The good man went up with joy to his wife, and giving her an account how his second difficulty was thus providentially removed, told her the whole passage. The pious lady rejoicing at the thing, and willing to prompt him on to put his resolution in practice before it might cool and fall off again, persuaded him the same evening to call his family together, and, beginning with reading the scriptures, to go to prayer with them, which he did; and from that time forward he had always sober religious servants, and kept a most regular family-worship, instructing and catechising both his children and servants, to the great encouragement and increase of true godliness and holy living in that town, by his extraordinary example.

PART III.

THE FIRST DIALOGUE.

AT the end of the first part of this work, the father of the family having effectually set about reforming his house, and brought all his children, except his two eldest, to conform to his new regulation, this part gives something of an historical account of the two refractory branches of that family, viz. the eldest son, and the eldest daughter. The son pursuing the dictates, not of his reason, but of his passion, and having some estate independent of his father, gratifies his disgust at his father's imposing upon him, as he calls it, and goes abroad to travel. His conduct, as a pattern or warning to disobedience, is followed by continual judgments, disasters, and distempers; till his estate is wasted and gone, he is brought to humble himself to his father, and submit to him, however unwilling and unreformed, not as a true penitent, but for mere subsistence, and for want of bread.

This is improved to be instructive of many things, both to children and parents.

1. It shows something of the mischievous consequence of leaving estates to children entirely independent of their parents, especially where no visible objection lies against the trust being reposed in the parent; and tells us, that though in some cases it may be necessary to do thus, yet it ought to be avoided as much as possible; it being, in ge-

neral, a fatal obstruction to paternal authority, a foundation of children refusing instruction, and especially of their not bearing reproof; besides, that oftentimes the consequences are such, that the children had better be without such estates.

2. This example warns children also, that though they may, by provision from friends, be made independent of their parents, they are not thereby discharged of their duty to their parents in the least; and great judgments from heaven generally follow those who totally cast off the subjection they owe to their parents on that account.

3. First or last, a contempt of paternal instruction is nothing else but laying on a great stock for repentance.

The daughter, who of the two appeared the most obstinate, and could not bear the restraint which her father's new discipline obliged her to, got leave of her father and mother to go and live with her aunt, her father's sister, who lived at some distance from them in London; where, though the family was strictly religious, as is before noted, yet being there but as a guest, she could better comply with it than at home, where she had been used to liberties, and left to herself; and where the change being by constraint, was the harder for her to stoop to.

Her aunt, a sober religious gentlewoman, and her uncle, a grave, pious, good Christian, treated her with great kindness and courtesy: and, as she had been very well bred, good manners obliged her to return it. Here an unforeseen providence gave a turn to the whole course of her life. The young lady being of a good natural temper, a modest handsome carriage, and an agreeable person, her uncle's eldest son, by a former wife, fell in love with her, and, by a consent of his father, a proposal of marriage was made between them: and this part is made public in this manner, because the circumstances of this marriage have

being in them very instructing to young married people, let them see how much it is their unquestioned and noble duty to make the good of one another's souls

their principal care after marriage; how far it may be the duty of a husband to instruct his wife, and in what manner, and likewise a wife her husband; how far such a design may be consistent with the tenderest affection, and how to be managed with decency, respect, and the due endearments of a loving and tender relation; and, in short, give a brief scheme of the relative duties of a married state.

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The introduction or history of this marriage is not material in our present discourse; only something of the characters of the persons and families, more than what has been said already, may be proper to prevent digressions, in the particular cases that come after; and these characters and descriptions will be found in the first dialogue, and upon the following occasion.

The young gentleman was the eldest son of the family, and heir to his father, who had a good estate. He had been bred a gentleman, had a liberal education, was a handsome agreeable person, and, which was beyond all, was, like his father, a sober, virtuous, studious, and religious gentleman. This person having been conversant with this young lady, by the accident of their being in the house; and, as will appear, she being very agreeable to him, however engaged by the defect of education in gaiety and mirth, and hard to be weaned, especially by violence, as had been her case; her disposition, I say, being soft, and an extraordinary sweetness in her temper, as will be

seen in the process of these sheets, there appeared a particular suitableness in them, one to another.

The young gentleman had entertained an opinion of her being capable to make him a very good wife, though he was not ignorant of her being wild, and gay in her humour; yet he had great proofs, by daily conversation with her, of her being virtuous and modest, even to the utmost nicety. The goodness of her temper, and the agreeableness of her person, had engaged his affections to her, and he had no reason to believe that she had any aversion to him; whereupon he broke his design to his father; who knowing his son's sobriety, and serious inclination, was the less inclined to thwart his affections, and the less afraid to venture him in the matter of the young lady's humour, though it was thought to be a little extravagant and gay; so the father, after some consideration, calling him aside one morning, spoke to him to this purpose:

"Son, I have considered what you said to me about your desire to court your cousin. I am very willing to gratify your inclination in any thing that may have a prospect of making you easy and happy, and shall be as kind to you with respect to estate as you can expect. But you know she is gay and wild, loves company and mirth, and that it was her impatience of restraint in those things that made the breach between her and her father; and if she should continue that humour after you have married her, I doubt you will have but an uncomfortable life with her. However, I do not think her of a stiff disposition as to her natural temper; and perhaps she may be prevailed with, by good usage and kind treatment, which, I hope, is all the method you propose to take with her, to alter her notions of things. I think she seems to be a little come-off from some part of it, since she came into our family. I would have you seriously consider what hazard you run, and especially as the venture is for your life. And as I have no other objection against it, I shall agree to it, or not as your inclination shall lead you; only not for-

getting to hint to you, what I hope you will not forget, viz. that you ask counsel and direction of him who hath said—*Commit thy ways unto the Lord, and he shall direct thy steps.*"

This discourse was too affectionate and obliging, not to move a son of so much sense and goodness as he was, which he expressed, as became him, in a dutiful and obliging manner; and having, after further consideration, continued his inclinations, and not only so, but made some advances of that kind to the young lady herself; it became necessary, in the next place, to have it moved to her father and mother: and as they were the relations of the old lady, mother-in-law to the young gentleman, this occasioned her, at her husband's desire, to go to her sister, the young lady's mother, and break the matter to her; where, after a little other discourse needless to our purpose, the mother begun with her, and so introduces the following dialogue, between the two sisters, mother and aunt, to the young gentlewoman.

Moth. Dear sister, I believe you do not doubt your being always welcome to me; and yet I cannot say that I am so glad to see you come hither as I used to be.

Aunt. Why, what's the matter, sister? If my coming gives you any uneasiness, I'll be gone again.

Moth. My heart misgives me, and I always expect something of evil when you come.

Aunt. Evil! about what, I beseech you?

Moth. Why, about this unhappy girl at your house. I ever think you have some dreadful story or other to tell me of her.

Aunt. What can your worst thoughts lead you to fear of her?

Moth. Dear sister, what can I not fear for her! when I see her treat her father in such a manner, who has loved her so affectionately, and used her so gently in all this matter; and how she has in a manner gone away from him, purely on an account which all the rest of the fa-

only are thankful for, and what any child of sense and virtue would have loved and valued him for. As for her wage of me, I take no notice of it at all; I forgive her all that.

Aunt. Well, but you must wait a little; her temper may be wrought upon, by degrees, to be sensible of her mistake. I hope, sister, you don't look upon her as lost: they go far, indeed, that never return.

Moth. But have you no bad news now about her? Did you not come now on purpose to make some complaint of her to me? Pray put me out of my pain.

Aunt. I wish you would tell me what you are afraid of about her.

Moth. Nay, there is nothing so bad, that I am not afraid of. What can I expect, when God has so far forsaken her, as to suffer her to fly in her father's face, and that purely because he would have her live a sober religious life? Pray how does she behave herself?

Aunt. Sister, I will be very plain with you. I am very fit, you may be sure, from approving of her behaviour to her father, or to you; but really she discovers nothing in her behaviour among us, that gives the least ground to be afraid of her on any other account.

Moth. Has she no company that comes to her, or that she goes abroad to?

Aunt. None at all; she has not gone out of our doors since she came hither, nor has any body come to her that I know of, but your own family; such as your own servants or children.

Moth. Well, then, good manners oblige her to do more with you, than duty would do here; for when I told her that she should go no more to the plays, nor visit, or go to the park on Sabbath-days, she told me to my face she would not be confined.

Aunt. I see nothing but she is very conformable with us.

Moth. I pray God she may come to a sight of her own

folly. Whenever she humbles herself to God, I am very sure he will bring her to humble herself to her father; for she treated him very rudely and unbecoming: what to do with her, I know not; she can never expect to come into her father's house again, but as a penitent, and that with very good satisfaction of her being sincerely so.

Aunt. I know the substance of the breach, but I never knew the last part, I was going once or twice to talk of it to her, but I found it disordered her, and set her into a fit of crying; and I am unwilling to discompose her.

Moth. Why, sister, you know the story itself, and upon what the difference began, viz. about restraining her and her brother from going to the park on Sabbath-days, going to the play, and reading plays, and the like; and you have heard how the first Sabbath-day after this thing was debated among us, when her father began that happy reformation in his family, which, blessed be God, is strictly kept up to this day, she and her brother contrived to go out of the way. We thought, indeed, they had gone to the park in defiance of their father, and my heart ached, I confess, for them; for their father was so provoked at the thought of it, that he had resolved they should neither of them ever come into his house again, till they had humbled themselves, and acknowledged both their sins against God, and their contempt of their father; and he had ordered all the servants to keep them out if they came to the gate, till they called him to them; but, happily for us all, they were, it seems, only walking in the lime-tree walk behind our garden; and just as we were inquiring about it, they appeared walking together through the garden, entirely ignorant of what had passed. However, their father, not fully satisfied before they came in, went to them himself into the garden, and strictly examined them about it. As they had the good hap to satisfy their father that they had been no further than the lime trees, so they satisfied themselves by seeing their father in the greatest rage they had ever known

him in; I say, they satisfied themselves of what they had to expect, if it had been otherwise; and this put them upon reflecting what course they had to take; where, dear sister, who can but observe, that, in all their consultations, God did not give them grace once to think of submitting themselves to their father, and conforming themselves to the most reasonable desire that ever father made to his children, viz. only to restrain wicked liberties and company, and attend the worship of God in the family; but, on the contrary, for five weeks that they staid at home after that, they never appeared at prayer-time, but kept up stairs, pretending either not to be well, or not dressed, or not up, and such like excuses, till they were a shame to the whole family; and, besides this, their father observed, that notwithstanding his express command, they went both of them twice to the play-house that very same week, as if on purpose to insult him, and let him see they valued not what he either said or would say to them.

Aunt. That was very provoking, indeed; pray what said my brother to it?

Moth. If it had not been for me, sister, he had turned them both out of doors that very week.

Aunt. Indeed, I could not have blamed him if he had; I think he had done them but justice.

Moth. I am sure he had done himself justice, sister; but I considered their good more than they did themselves; and that to have them cast entirely off had been to precipitate their ruin, and throw them into the very mouth of all manner of temptation; and representing this to their father, it convinced him so far, as not to proceed to that extremity with them; but he had told them in so many words by me, that, since they had declined his authority, he would decline their conversation; that those that would not join with him in his duty to God, should not enjoy with him the bounty of God; and that they that would not kneel with him to pray, should not sit with him to eat; and so he flatly forbade them his sight.

Aunt. I think he is very just in it; I wonder how it was possible they could behave so.

Moth. You may be sure it could not hold long thus, and at best it made a very melancholy family among us. And at last my son truly came to his father, and in a few words said, he was sorry he had disobliged him so much; but as he saw no remedy, he told his father he came to ask his consent to a resolution he had taken to travel. His father said readily, there was no need for his consent, if it was a resolution: he supposed he rather came to take his leave of him. The foolish boy, for though he is a man in growth, he showed the boy and the fool by his behaviour, told his father he was resolved to go, but had rather have his consent than not.

Aunt. He acted weakly in that, and rudely too; pray how did my brother take it?

Moth. Truly with more composure than I could have expected. He told him, that, as his father, he could not but be sorry to see him push on his own ruin; but as it was his duty to exercise the authority of a father, he not only refused to consent, but forbid him to go; and withal bid him remember what he had said to him before, viz. that if he set foot out of his house upon this account, he should never set his foot in it again, but as a penitent.

Aunt. What could he say to that?

Moth. Truly he said little; but told his father he was resolved to go, and so withdrew: and the same evening, without acquainting me with it, or taking any further leave, he went his way.

Aunt. Went his way, sister! why, whither did he go? I am sure he has not gone abroad now, for he has been several times at our house to see his sister within this week.

Moth. No, he is not gone yet: we know that he has lodgings at Westminster; and yesterday he wrote his father a letter, pretending to beg his pardon for going abroad without his consent. You know, sister, he has about 200l.

a year, which his uncle ——— left him, so he thinks himself his own master.

Aunt. Alas! how long will that last for a foolish, gay young fellow, that expects to make a figure, and look like a gentleman abroad?

Moth. Not long, to be sure; I expect he will see his way through it very quickly.

Aunt. Why, I hear he has bought a commission. I expect he has disposed of some of it already that way.

It is very likely; but he acquaints me with no more. I expect we shall hear of him again when it is all over.

Aunt. It may be so indeed.

Moth. Well, if he may but come home like the prodigal, I shall not think that estate is ill lost; I shall be glad of his poverty, for the sake of his penitence.

Aunt. Well, and what said my niece to all this?

Moth. Truly, she kept her chamber, as I told you, above a month, and hardly ever was seen in the family. I cannot imagine what folly possessed them both; she cried incessantly, conversed with nobody, would scarce speak if I came to her; at last she fell very sick, as well she might; sure, as I told her one day, no girl was ever such a mourner, for the loss of her wicked pleasures.

Aunt. Childhood and youth are vanity.

Moth. I took what care I could of her, and especially to remove the discontent of her mind; for we all believed she would die. I asked her, if she would see her father; nay, her father, who I think verily wept for her more than I did, would, I believe, have been tempted to have broke his resolutions, and have been reconciled to her, and would fain have been so far reconciled as to see her; but when I did but name him, she burst out into a fit of crying, and would not so much as hear of it; but, her brother! her brother! if her brother might come again, she would see him. Well, such was the tenderness of her father to her, who most passionately loved her, that he would have given

way to have her brother come again ; but when he came to be told of it, he insolently answered, he would not come unless his father would send for him. This, you may be sure, was provoking ; nay, sister, it moved me so at them both, that though he is my own son, and my eldest, I care not if I never see him more, except in the terms as above ; and as for her, I commit her to God's mercy, and concerned myself no more about her, otherwise than to take care she wanted nothing.

Aunt. I never heard the like in my life. Pray what said my brother ?

Moth. Truly, he was not so provoked at it, as I thought he would have been ; I mean it did not throw him into a passion. He retired into his closet, and in an hour or two came down again, composed in his temper ; but I could see, like that of Job, his grief was great : and indeed, from that time, I thought it my duty rather to comfort my husband than my daughter. While she continued ill, he was very uneasy and impatient ; but when she recovered again, he was better satisfied, and thought less of her. Our next consideration was, what was to be done with her, for our family looked very oddly ; we had authority quite turned upside down among us ; instead of her father refusing to be reconciled to her, who had been the guilty person, and had provoked him to the uttermost, truly she pretended resentment, and refused to be reconciled to her father.

Aunt. It was strange usage, I confess ; I did not think she had been of such a spirit.

Moth. When she was recovered, and was well enough to go abroad, instead of going to church to give God thanks for restoring her health, she wanted to go to a young wild companion of her's, my Lady Lighthouse, that they might go to the play together. I could not bear the thoughts of this with any patience ; but not being willing to disturb her father with it, because I knew it would exasperate him, I took upon me to tell her, of my own authority, that she should not go ; at which she said very smartly

to me, she had but one request more to make me as long as she lived: and what's that? said I; that you'll let me go to service, says she, very scornfully. Dear sister, you may judge how cutting this usage has been to us, who so dearly loved this child, as that we distinguished her in our affection from the rest of our children, and that even to a fault.

Aunt. That kind of love is generally so returned, sister, and Providence suffers it to be so, as a just punishment for an ill grounded and unequal dividing our affection among our children; in which case we may read our sin in our punishment. But I pray what said you to her? I know not, I confess, what I should have done or said to it. I believe I should have been apt to have told her, that her petition was granted.

Moth. If I had consulted my own passions, rather than her welfare, I should have done so too; for I was not without resentment enough; but I saw, sister, she was rash and foolish, and I was not so willing to let her ruin herself, as she was to do it.

Annt. But pray what did you say to her?

Moth. I told her, it was a pity a petition that had so much ingratitude in it, should not find resentment enough in me to grant it; that, however, I would give her a week to cool her thoughts in; and in that time I would have her consider seriously of what she had desired; and if she would say then, calmly and deliberately, that she desired it still, I would acquaint her father with it, and it should be granted: only I bade her remember the condition which her father had made with her brother, viz. that if ever he set his foot out of the house in this quarrel, he should never have leave to set his foot in it again, but as a penitent; and she might depend upon it, that both her father and I too would make the same conditions with her at parting. And so I left her to consider of it.

Aunt. I suppose she was wiser when she thought of it.

Moth. Yes, about three or four days after, she asked

me if I would give her leave to go to her aunt's, meaning your house? I told her, yes, I would consent to that, if her father would agree to it. So, at her request, I asked her father to let her go to your house; and he was willing enough, in hopes your family would inure and acquaint her with good things; but he would not consent till she had promised solemnly that she would keep no company, nor go to any plays, or bring printed plays home to your house; and she promised she would not: so we sent her to you; but I dare say she will not keep her word.

Aunt. Well, she is very welcome to my house; and I assure you, as I said before, she carries herself very modestly and handsomely among us.

Moth. Nay, she is of a very good temper, and an obliging carriage enough. She wants neither wit nor manners. She wants nothing, sister, but God's grace.

Aunt. All our children love her company extremely, and some of them more than I have told you of yet.

Moth. And do you think she has kept her promise with us, about plays and my lady?

Aunt. I dare say she has, as I said before; for we see nobody come near her, but her brother sometimes; and she tells us, in compliment, she is exceedingly diverted with the company of my daughters; so that she has quite left off all conversation.

Moth. And does she conform to your family orders, sister, and appear at family-worship constantly?

Aunt. Indeed, sister, she must do it in our house, or we would not keep her there; nay, none of our children would keep her company, or endure her, if she did not; for, I thank God, we have no contemners of religion among us. But I must do my niece that justice, that I never perceived the least reluctance in her to any thing that was good in my life, I mean at our house; nay, sister, we have a mighty opinion of her being very sober; and you will say so too, when I tell you really what I came hither about at this time.

Moth. What is that, sister?

Aunt. Why, I am come to ask her of you, and my brother, for my son.

Moth. Dear sister, we are but in a sorry circumstance, as to her, to be jested with. Your son is a pretty youth, and God may give her more grace by that time he is fit for a wife. If she is fit to deserve him, you might be sure we should not be against it, but their age would be unequal; and they are very near a-kin, sister: besides, those things are remote. I have no heart to talk of marrying her. I dare not wish any family that I have a value for to venture upon her.

Aunt. You quite mistake me, sister; it is not my own son that I mean, but my son-in-law, my husband's son. I assure you I am not in jest.

Moth. I am surprised to hear you talk so, sister.

Aunt. Well, do not be surprised; I must talk with you about it in earnest.

Moth. Dear sister, do not entertain such a thought, I am sure I can never agree to it, for your sake. You will but injure your own peace, and my brother, your husband, will think you and we are confederate, to draw him in; besides, you know he has a good estate settled upon him; and as for this girl, she has so disobliged her father, I cannot in conscience desire him to do any thing for her, especially while she is in this state of obstinacy and rebellion. How can it be expected? Therefore, if you love your own family's peace, I would advise you seriously not to think of such a thing: besides, sister, your son-in-law is a sober, virtuous, religious gentleman: you see what a mad, desperate, furious spirit this girl is of,—a professed enemy to all that is good,—one that has broke from her father, merely because he would reform her. You cannot in conscience propose such a match to a gentleman that deserve so well. I would not have a hand in making him so miserable for the world.

Aunt. Sister, sister, you speak very honestly, and like

yourself: but you quite mistake the case. You take this for a project of my own, to advance your daughter, and oblige you and my own family; but you are quite wrong, the young gentleman has made the motion to his father, and his father to me; so that I only came on this errand, 'tis all matter of their own choice: the young man first, and the father consented at his request.

Moth. I am amazed at it. Do they know the breach that has been among us?

Aunt. Yes, every word of it.

Moth. Dear sister, do not deceive me; I will never give my consent so much as to speak a word further about it, unless they are told the worst of it all; for I will be no cheat: they shall never say they were deceived by me, though it be for my own daughter.

Aunt. Indeed, sister, I have not deceived them; for I talked with my son-in-law two hours, and told him every word I knew of it all: neither could it be hid; for every one in our family knows it: she does not deny it herself. As I told you, she always breaks out into tears, and we don't care to grieve her; so we forbear it as much as possible, but she knows that we all know of it. Besides, you will be satisfied by a reason you shall hear presently, that she has some sense of her circumstances; for that when we have talked to her of marrying, and named such a one, or such another, she would say to us, why do we talk to her of marrying, that has no fortune? and that her father will give her nothing; that she never expects he will be reconciled to her again, or do any thing for her, and the like; and then it always ends in tears, and that makes us break off the story.

Moth. Upon what foundation, then, sister, can this proposal be made to her father? It is certain, that though no family could be more agreeable to us than your's, yet it cannot be expected he should hear any thing of it, until she comes and humbles herself, and acknowledges her fault. Indeed, nobody can propose it to him before, upon any

reasonable foundation. She cannot expect her father should seek her again, who did it so unexpectedly before, and was rejected with such abominable insolence, when she did not know too but she was upon the brink of the grave.

Aunt. I confess that was a hard case, and I know not what to say to it.

Moth. Besides, sister, I cannot think the young gentleman would be so mad as to think any more of her, if he knew what I have told you about her to-day; and I am resolved, if he will have her, nothing shall be hid from him that justice requires should be told.

Aunt. Indeed, sister, I have been as faithful to him as you can be, except only what you told me just now. He does not at all justify her conduct, but says, he believes she has other principles now; and if my brother will give his consent to let him have her, he says he will come and ask pardon for her.

Moth. My husband is above in his closet; if you please, I'll call him, and hear what he says.

Aunt. With all my heart.

[She sends a servant to call her husband, and he comes immediately.]

Moth. My dear, here's an odd piece of news to be told you.

Husb. No good, I doubted, as soon as I saw who was the messenger. Well, sister, let us know it, however, let it be as bad as it will. Pray what mad thing has my daughter done at your house?

Moth. When we fear evil, we always believe it; your fears push you too fast, my dear.

Husb. In the ordinary course of God's providence, I can expect no good to befall her; she is manifestly under the judicial hand of God, hardened to incur his curse, and to be a curse to her parents.

Aunt. God's ways are unsearchable: sometimes our falls are made the first steps to our recovery; and the very

particular sins that we commit are the introduction to our deliverance from the dominion of sin in general; therefore we cannot conclude ourselves reprobate, or any body else, till we see them past the reach of sovereign grace.

Husb. I wish as heartily for her as any one can do, that she may repent; but I cannot say that I expect it; she has gone a dreadful length for one of her age.

Aunt. She may be yet a happy convert for all that; we have instances of worse than her, that have died martyrs for him whose name they blasphemed.

Husb. If ever she returns, her repentance must be very bitter.

Aunt. He that gives repentance, always proportions the degrees of it.

Husb. But what is the account you have to give me? I doubt there is nothing of repentance in it; I expect rather to hear she is ruined.

Moth. No, no, my dear, thank God there is no bad news of her. I had the same fear for her, not doubting but her brother and she had pursued their usual trade of company, and the play-house; but my sister assures me of the contrary.

Aunt. Indeed, brother, I would have been very faithful to you if it had been so; I would not have hid it from you: besides, I would not have let her stay in my house. But the news is of another kind. Sister, pray tell it to my brother.

[The mother tells the whole story, as is before related.]

Husb. You are all mad.

Aunt. What do you mean by mad? You must explain yourself, or we shall think you are so.

Husb. I cannot but think you all mad, to go to ruin a gentleman at once. I'll have no hand in so wicked a thing.

Aunt. I have no more to do than to carry your answer.

Husb. I have more respect for him, I assure you, and should think it the worst action that ever I did in my life, if I should be instrumental to bring such a young man as he is into such a snare ; I cannot do a thing so dishonourable.

Aunt. Why, what do you take your daughter to be ?

Husb. To be a contemner of God,—a despiser of religion,—a rebel to her father,—given over to vanity,—and obstinate in all. These I have by sad experience found in her ; what other evils these may produce, God only knows. I should be sorry my cousin —— should know my experience ; nor can I be so unjust, as to consent to his joining himself to one of my children, especially to one who, having no sense of filial relation, can have little or none of a social relation ; one that can be ungrateful to her father, and insolent to a tender mother, can never suitably return the kindness of an obliging husband.

Aunt. He knows the whole case ; and all that you would have him know I shall honestly tell him ; for I will no more deceive him than you would.

Husb. Does he know that she is now in actual rebellion against God, in defiance of her father and mother, and that she has laid me under an absolute necessity of having nothing at all to do with her, or with him, when he shall have taken her.

Aunt. Yes, he knows all that.

Fath. And what says he to it ?

Aunt. He says he will come and ask you forgiveness for her.

Fath. Repentance is never done by proxy, sister ; a true penitent is never backward to come himself.

Aunt. Why, it is true, as he says, that for her to come now and submit herself, is only sending her home to cry for a husband, or making her appear a penitent for a portion. He desires your consent, that he shall marry your daughter, and leaves all the rest to you.

Fath. I can have no concerns with her, nor assent or

dissent to or from any thing that concern her, any more than if she was no relation to me, till she returns to her duty, and appears truly and sincerely penitent for her crime. She knows I am obliged to act thus; and I think I owe so much to God, to religion, and to the duty of a parent.

Aunt. You will not however force her repentance, brother. I hope she is sensible she is wrong, and I can see it plain enough; but you know, brother, repentance is the gift of God only. I dare say your daughter would be glad to ask your pardon; and the affectionate concern she speaks of it with, makes me think so: but to say she shall be a true penitent towards God, for her offence against him, neither you, nor I, nor any body alive, can answer for that. Would you be willing I should bring her to acknowledge her offence against you?

Fath. Sister, I would have no solicitor in such a case. When her repentance is sincere, God will bring her upon her knees to him, and then she will soon come to me also; and that is the way I desire to have her brought.

Aunt. Well, I am persuaded the sooner she marries my son-in-law, the sooner she will be brought to repentance. I am satisfied he will be no hindrance to her in the way of duty.

Fath. Nor she any forwarding to him in the way of his duty. Alas! what a family will there be among them! How will she, the mistress of a family, comply to set up the worship of God in her house, that left her father's house, because she would not submit to serve God there! How shall she instruct her children, that would hear no instruction herself, and ridiculed it in her brothers and sisters, who were better inclined? If he is told all this faithfully and sincerely, I know that he is a religious, sober gentleman, and he can never so far forget himself, as to think any more of such a woman's being his wife.

Aunt. You are very hard to be wooed, methinks.

Fath. My difficulties are just and honourable. It shall never be said, that I first turned my daughter out of doors,

and then let him marry her. It is in justice to him that I say all this. Had she been deserving and dutiful, and were I not satisfied in my conscience that she will be his ruin, I should not have said so much, nor made the least objection to the proposal.

Aunt. If I had come on this message before my niece had disobliged you, I believe you had thought it a good settlement for your daughter.

Fath. Had it been before she had discovered herself to be, what I think will ruin and destroy him, I mean as to the happiness of a relation, I acknowledge I should have thought very well of it; and now I refuse it only, as I think she is not fit to make him a wife.

Aunt. But if we will venture, you will not oppose it.

Fath. What mean you by *we*? If both the young man and his father are plainly and honestly told what I say, and that I say it; or will give me leave to tell it them myself, and will venture after that, I have no more to say. But as I said first, I will have no hand in it. I can have nothing to say to her, or about her, till she alters her behaviour. She is you know, out of my hands.

Aunt. Well, I have no more to say, but I believe we shall make a wedding of it amongst us; and perhaps she may be brought to her duty afterwards. Your negative is not against her being married to him, but against his being married to her; which, if they will venture, we reckon we have your consent as far as you can give it.

Fath. I will have no blame, if she proves all that's wicked to him.

Aunt. I'll clear you of that effectually; I hope she may be yet a good woman, and make him a good wife.

Fath. He runs more risk than a grenadier storming a counterscarp.

Moth. The grace of God may reclaim her. I grant it, though we see but little hope of it. However, sister, I engage you upon your word, to give a faithful account both to your son and to his father, of all I have told you of her

conduct, how she has treated her parents, and how it may be expected she will treat her husband ; and if, after being thus fairly warned by us, you will venture, we are honourably discharged. You see we have no objection on your son's account: do as you please, only let it be acknowledged, that we have hid nothing from you.

THE SECOND DIALOGUE.

As in the former dialogue, when the aunt came to treat of a marriage for the daughter, we had, of course, the mother telling us the history of the conduct of her son and daughter, after their coming home from the garden from their walk under the lime-trees, to the time that both of them so rudely left their father ; so in this dialogue, which is between the brother and sister, we shall, from their own mouths, have an account of the measures they both took afterwards ; first, as to her part, till just before she went to be married ; and, secondly, as to his part, till just before he went into the army, and to his travels, as he called them. What became of both afterwards, we shall see in a part by itself.

The brother being now preparing for his journey, or voyage, and the sister for her wedding, they mutually desired to converse together about those things before they went on ; and the brother making the sister a visit, their first conversation produces the following dialogue.

The sister begins with a sigh.

Sist. Well, brother, what is become of us two ? Methinks we are two odd people in the world.

Bro. Truly, so we are ; we look like two exiles, or people rather gone into a voluntary banishment from their own country.

Sist. I'll tell you. I have thought rather we are like

two discontented courtiers, who being disgusted at the treatment they have received, have left the court, and desire to retire, as they call it, into the country.

Bro. I think so, too; and I believe it is with them as it is with us, or with me at least, that they generally wish they had not done it afterwards.

Sist. Why, do you repent then?

Bro. I don't say I repent; I think I have been ill used, and that I gave no reason for such violent treatment; but I cannot say I am glad it has happened; there are many things which makes my present condition less pleasant to me than it was before.

Sist. Well, if you repent, why don't you go home as the prodigal did? No doubt the old man would kill the fatted calf, to have you again.

Bro. Aye, but I an't come to feeding of hogs yet, and eating of husks; I don't know what I might do, if it were come to that.

Sist. Nor never will, I hope, there's no danger of that, brother.

Bro. I hope not; yet I must needs say, ever since I have fixed myself for my travels, my heart has been very heavy, and I dream every night the strangest things.

Sist. What need you be concerned? you have a good estate of your own; you are as well as if you were at home.

Bro. No, not so well neither; for, to go back to your court simily, the discontented courtier retires to his estate in the country, and there he can live very well; but still five or six thousand pounds a year at court-made a very good addition, and made him a great deal better; so that he is always a loser by quitting his post. And so it is with me, sister. If I had staid with my father, or gone abroad with his consent, I had been subsisted at his expense, or perhaps travelled at his charge; and then my own estate would have increased: besides, my father, sure, would not have disinherited me for no other crime, but merely having a lit-

the estate of my own. But now I suppose he has done with me entirely ; and what's my estate compared to living like a gentleman ?

Sist. I did not think you had been troubled with the hippo, brother, of all things : why, you are quite cast down ; I never saw the like of you ; what must I say, then, if you talk thus, I that have nothing at all, but I am kept here of charity ?

Bro. No, I han't the hippo, I am not cast down ; but I tell you what thoughts I have sometimes.

Sist. Yes, and dreams too, you say ; what do they come from, but from the hippo ? I believe you have got the vapours. Pray what do you dream ?

Bro. I dream a thousand things not worth naming : but, however, one dream was so particular, I cannot but tell it you, though perhaps you'll banter me for it too ; but I'll tell it you, because you are a little concerned in it, and acted a part in it.

Sist. Pray, what was it ?

Bro. Why, you know, I suppose, that I have bought a commission.

Sist. I know that you said you intended it, but I did not know you had done it ; I would not have had you done that : methinks I would not have had you been a soldier, on many accounts ; what need have you to go into the army, to be knocked on the head.

Bro. Well, that is not the case now ; we'll talk of that another time ; I have done it.

Sist. But what's that to your dream ?

Bro. Why, the same night that I had bought my commission, I had this ugly dream. It seemed to me, that I had been some time in the army, and had met with many wounds and misfortunes ; but at last I had one of my arms shot off, and had been a long while under cure, and sick, so that I was reduced to a mere skeleton.

Sist. All hippo ! all hippo ! It is nothing in the world else.

Bro. Well, but this was not all; for I was reduced to such mean circumstances, and so poor, that I had not necessities, and was in the most miserable condition that ever you heard of; and, after suffering a great many hardships, I wrote to my father to relieve me, and he——

Sist. Refused, I warrant him. I know it is like him.

Bro. No, no, he did not so, neither: you run too fast: he sent me money enough to bring me over to England, and I was brought in a coach to his door; but he would not let me be brought in, but ordered me to be carried to a neighbour's house, where, after an ordinary manner, I was taken care of, and supplied with necessities enough: and this part put me into the greatest passion, that I thought, if any thing had been in my way, I would have murdered myself.

Sist. It was very barbarous usage, indeed; the more like the rest of his doings with us. But where's the part I was to act in this melancholy scene?

Bro. Why, good and generous like yourself, you no sooner heard of my condition, but you came to visit me.

Sist. And what could I do? What condition was I in to help you? Was I reconciled to my father? If you thought so, I believe your dream will never come to pass.

Bro. Yes, yes, you were married, kept your coach, and lived gallantly. You came to me very cheerful and gay, but very grave in your carriage; you told me you were very sorry for my condition; but you were sensible we had both been in the wrong, and had pulled down the heavy judgment of God upon me, by our disobedient carriage to our father.

Sist. Could I be such a brute?

Bro. Nay, you spoke kindly enough to me otherwise, and gave me a handful of gold for my supply; but talked mighty religious to me, about our usage of my father.

Sist. 'Tis a sign it was a dream—religion, and a great deal of gold! Alas! brother, 'tis all a dream to be sure. I shall never have much of either of them. But go on.

Bro. I asked you, why my father carried it so severely to me now, when he saw me in that condition? You said, I might remember my father had solemnly engaged himself, that if I went away, I should never set my foot within his doors again, but as a penitent; and unless he was satisfied that I acknowledged my error, I could not expect he would break those engagements; nor would he see me, till he had an answer to it in positive terms. I asked you how then he came to be reconciled to you, for his resentment was equal to us both, and we were both in the same fact.

Sist. Aye, and what said I to this?

Bro. You told me, with tears, that you were not ashamed to say you had heartily repented of it, and had asked forgiveness of God and your father a thousand times; that you were sensible we had both offended God, and abused the tenderness of the best of fathers: and you never had done an action which gave you so much peace in your life, as when you came upon your knees to my father, and begged his pardon in the face of all the family; and if I had any sense of religion, or of natural duty, you hoped I would do so too, and that you came on purpose to persuade me to it.

Sist. This is not a dream only, but a dream that I am sure will never come to pass; at least my part of it, and I hope your's will not neither. Is there any more of it?

Bro. You said a great deal more to the same purpose, that I cannot repeat.

Sist. I hope you mind none of it.

Bro. I cannot say that it has made no impressions upon me, in spite of all my opposition to it, though I hate to give way to such things.

Sist. How did it end? Did you submit?

Bro. I do not remember either that I submitted, or that my father did any thing for me. I remember this, though, that your arguments did not move me much, and your example less. I could not see much reason for penitence,

and I could not be hypocrite enough to counterfeit it ; and I bade you tell my father, if I had offended him, I was very sorry, and asked his pardon : but you told me, you feared that would not be sufficient ; so you went away, and I remained as miserable as I was before, till I awaked, and was very glad it was but a dream.

Sist. Dear brother, I don't value dreams, and of all dreams, such a wild one as this, which I am satisfied can never come to pass : but I'll tell you what use I'll make of it, and that is, desire you to make it impossible to come to pass.

Bro. How's that ?

Sist. By resolving not to go into the army.

Bro. That cannot be ; it is too late now.

Sist. That's as much as to say, there is a fate upon you, and you must go. By the same rule of fatal necessity which some people harp much upon, all your dream may be under a necessity of coming to pass.

Bro. It may be so, for ought I know.

Sist. You give me the vapours with but thinking of it.

Bro. What can I do ? How can I help it now ?

Sist. Why, I tell you how you may help it, do not go.

Bro. But I tell you, I have bought a troop of dragoons.

Sist. What then, you may sell it again.

Bro. That is not honourable, I should be laughed at.

Sist. You have no occasion in the world to act thus. You have an estate, and may live happily and settle your mind ; what may come this way, nobody can tell : the other way you were out of danger : this way your dream may come good, for ought I know.

Bro. Now you have got the hippo, sister.

Sist. Why such a dream, and such a circumstance, is enough to give any body the vapours. I cannot think of your going to be murdered in the army ; if it had been my lot, and I had been a man, there had been some sense in it

[She weeps.]

Bro. Why you any more than me?

Sist. Why, because you have an estate, as I told you before. I have nothing at all, but am turned out of my father's house, and am kept here in charity, as it were.

Bro. Charity! why, I hear you are going to be married.

Sist. Married! who do you think will have me without any portion?

Bro. Why, I hear young Mr. ———, my aunt's son-in-law, courts you.

Sist. There has been something talked of about it, indeed; but that was, as I suppose, if this breach had not happened: as it has, he knows better than to take me; and if it had not, I should have known better than to have had him.

Bro. Why, as to the last, I think you are wrong. He is a very pretty gentleman, has a very good estate; and you have been acquainted with his humour; and you know he is a sober, sensible, good tempered man.

Sist. Aye, brother, but you know Sir Anthony.

Bro. But you know, sister, on the other hand, Sir Anthony's character is so bad, and his estate but indifferent, and entangled too; so that you had no room to think, that my father, though you and he had ~~not~~ differed, would ever have been brought to like it; nor would he have been in the right if he had; for Sir Anthony could have made you no settlement; and, besides, he is a rake, I wonder you could fancy him.

Sist. Well, all that's over now, I am a fitter match for my uncle's coachman, than for my uncle's eldest son.

Bro. That's all hippo too, sister. Pr'ythee be as free with me, as I am with you; tell me that case; I know something of it; I know you may have him if you will, notwithstanding all your circumstances: as for the family-quarrel, he knows of it; and yet he is so in love with you, he'll take you whether you have any portion or not, and

venture reconciling your father afterwards. I think he offers fair.

Sist. Indeed he said so to me, which was very obliging. I confess.

Bro. What could you say to him in return?

Sist. I told him I would not do him so much harm, I was too much his friend.

Bro. That was a mock friendship, and what he did not thank you for, I suppose; what else could you say?

Sist. I told him very plainly, I would not be so much in debt to any husband, as to have him take me without a portion. I would not put it into a husband's power to reproach me with having had nothing with me.

Bro. Come, tell me the whole discourse now. I knew you was able to keep him at arms end a great while with your tongue.

Sist. You are mistaken in me, and more of him, I assure you.

Bro. Go on, and tell me the utmost opposition you could make of that kind.

Sist. No, as you served me about your dreams, so I'll do now with you, I won't trouble you with those single banters, which were of no use; but I'll tell you the main debate, because you are a little concerned in it too, as I was in your dream.

Bro. With all my heart.

Sist. Why, after he had two or three times proposed marriage to me, and my aunt had pressed me to a serious consideration of it, I took the liberty to speak my mind very freely to him one night, and to her too. In short, I made my aunt downright angry with me; but I could get nothing from him, but what, I confess, was kinder than, as I told him, I ever intended to deserve; and what was so very obliging, that, I confess, I think myself very rude to him. I wonder he could bear it.

Bro. I know he is a most obliging good-humoured gentleman, and you ought not to have used him ill.

Sist. Well, I used him ill enough for all that. I asked him, first, if he knew the occasion of my being at their house? he said, yes, he did. I told him, I did not believe it.

Bro. That was rude, indeed. It was unmannerly, sister.

Sist. No; I was not rude that way, neither. I did not give him the lie; but I went on immediately. I told him, that he might perhaps know that it was a breach between my father and me; but did not suppose, as I did, that it was a breach that was impossible ever to be made up. He looked a little surprised at that, and said nothing; but my aunt took me up short, and said, don't say so, niece. I hope it shall easily be made up. No, madam, said I, it can never be made up. I thought you all went upon a wrong notion, and therefore it was that I said, I did not believe it when Mr. ——— said he knew the affair of the breach.

Bro. But why would you lay it down so positively, that it could never be made up.

Sist. Why, I told them plainly, my father thought me guilty of an unpardonable fault, and I thought myself guilty of no fault at all; my father thought me disobedient, and I thought him unnatural; my father had vowed never to receive me without repentance, and I had resolved never to repent; and so it was impossible we could be reconciled.

Bro. That was laying it down very plainly, indeed, what could they say.

Sist. My aunt was very warm with me; indeed I thought she would have been downright angry at my saying I would never repent. She alleged I ought not to say so in any case whatsoever. I was as warm as she, and told her, if I was convinced I was in the wrong, I should repent of course of that, or any thing else; if I was not, I could never repent by violence: that fathers might sin against children, as well as children against parents. I

would have said more, but I broke out into tears, and could not talk.

Bro. You were too warm; you would have argued it better if you had been calmer.

Sist. She moved me, by seeming to condemn me, as I thought, without arguing; but when she saw me concerned, she said she was sorry to see things come to such a height, and that if it was so, she was almost of my mind, that it would never be made up: after which she added, what vexed me worse than all the rest, these words, viz.—“What then do you intend to do, child?” This nettled me worse, as I said, than all; for it looked as if she had said, I was not to expect to live always there; at which I returned a little too short, I confess, I’ll go away, Madam, whenever you are weary of me.

Bro. Fie, sister, you should not have done so; for I know she is very kind to you, and loves you very well.

Sist. That’s true, but I was vexed: however, I asked her pardon afterwards, as you shall hear.

Bro. How did she take it then?

Sist. Calmly and obligingly enough. I see, niece, said she, you are moved; I will take nothing ill from you, and therefore we will say no more of it now. I hope ways may be found to accommodate things between you and your father still; and I will be very glad to be instrumental to bring it to pass for you, for your own sake.

Bro. That was kind, and very much like her; for she is a very good woman.

Sist. It was so, and moved me so much the other way, that I went to her immediately, and kissed her, and asked her pardon for being so rude to her; and would have kneeled, but she would not let me.

Bro. And was the young gentleman there to see all this?

Sist. Yes, he was; and then it was, that, as I said, he behaved so very obligingly to me. He told his mother, for he seemed to speak to her rather than to me, that he had

found out a way effectually to reconcile my father and me, if I would approve of it. I told him, I could not but approve of any reasonable way to be reconciled to my father; for nobody could suppose it was pleasant to me to be turned out of my father's house, be looked upon like a vagabond, and, having no fortune or subsistence, be left to go to service, or be kept as it were upon charity. He turned short to me upon this, and said, you know, Madam, the offers of marriage I have made to you, your aunt, my kind mother here, knows I am sincere in the proposal: if you accept me, let all the breach lie on me. If, when your father and I debate it, he insists that you are in the wrong, I'll ask him forgiveness in your stead, and I doubt not to prevail upon him to accept of it. If you do not appear in the wrong, and yet should he be obstinate, I'll endeavour to make up the loss of a father to you, by doing every thing I can to make you forget the affliction that is past; and I assure you, I shall never inquire whether he will give you any portion or not.

Bro. Was it possible for you to answer any thing to so kind a proposal, when made in such serious terms? Certainly you could not banter him then, sister, as you did before.

Sist. No, I did not banter him; I answered him thus:— I told him, that his offer was too much for him to make and too much for me to refuse, without an apology for not making him a suitable return; but that he and I yet differed about the main question, viz. what it was my father and I parted about; and perhaps he and I should part about the same; for if beforehand I knew that he was against my part, then he was not able to be an advocate, but only took upon him to bear the ignominy of a submission for me; which was a work I was not willing to put upon him, and a debt I was not willing to owe him: that I had too much respect for him to suffer him to do the first, and too little to load myself with the obligation of the last: that, on the other hand, if he justified me, and believed my

father in the wrong, all the thoughts of reconciling my father were at an end. That as to taking me without it, I told him, as I told you just now, that I seemed a fitter match for one of his father's footmen, than for his father's eldest son; and had too much respect for the family, to fill up such a place upon such mean conditions.

Bro. But he might have answered all that, by telling you he took all that part upon himself.

Sist. He did so, and told me he would make the same settlement upon me, as if I had my father's blessing, and a portion, and he would apply himself for both afterwards.

Bro. What could you say to that?

Sist. I turned then to my aunt, for this was a public communing, it was no courtship at all. I asked her thus: Madam, there is another impossibility in the way, that you know of, which really ought to prohibit my speaking of it; and that is this: though this breach happened between my father and me, and I seem now, as it were, to be out of his government, yet I do not think myself at liberty by it, to dispose of myself without his liberty or consent, or at least without asking it. If upon any such motion he answers, let her do what she pleases; as she has put herself out of my care, so she shall be out of my concern. If he says so indeed, I shall know then what I have to do: but till such, or some other answer is obtained from my father, I don't think the question ought so much as to be asked of me; at least if it be, I ought to give no answer to it.

Bro. That was very respectfully answered as to my father. What followed?

Sist. My aunt answered me, leave that to me, child: I'll answer for that. I answered, I shall leave it to you with all my heart, Madam; but can make no answer then, till you shall be pleased to let me know when I am at liberty to answer, and when not. Well, niece, said my aunt, to put you out of pain about that, I have talked with

your father and mother already about it; I find them, indeed, very angry and dissatisfied with their daughter, but upon no other account backward or unwilling to the proposal. Well, Madam, said I, a little surprised, then you have gone further in this matter than I imagined. And what's next? said I. Next, child, said she, why, if you would go along with me, and speak but one word to your father, nay, half so much as you did to me just now, for no cause at all, it would be all over: and if the family was uneasy to you upon any other account, we should fetch you out of it again, in as short a time as you could desire. Do, child, says the good old lady, I'll introduce you, I'll make half your submission for you.

Bro. Indeed I'd have gone with her; I wonder at you. If any one would do half so much for me, I'd go to-morrow morning, for as far as things are gone with me.

Sist. Well, I was once of the mind to have gone too; but I did not.

Bro. What could you say to her?

Sist. I said these very words—"Madam, I find a greater obstacle here than before; and I don't know, but if it had not been on this account, I should have been glad of your offer: but do you think my father shall say, that whereas I would not submit to him upon the just foundation on which he differed with me, yet that I could come home to cry for a husband? No, Madam, no one on earth shall say that of me; I am not in such distress yet."

Bro. I should never have made that scruple; indeed, sister, you are wondrous nice.

Sist. Why, brother, what would you think of any young lady that should make way for your addresses upon such low terms; would you not think her very fond?

Bro. No, indeed; and he would not neither, I dare say.

Sist. I resolved I would not put myself so much at his mercy.

Bro. What said he to it?

Sist. He said, what was like himself, very obliging. He told me, that now I laid a double affliction upon him; for I made him, that was willing to do any thing in the world to bring about my return to my father, be the only obstacle in the way to it. I told him, he knew how to remove that obstacle very easily, which was by thinking no more of me; and perhaps in time I might see my mistake, and, by my aunt's mediation, make my peace with my father; or my father might abate his rigorous humour, and it might go off again without it; or if neither happened, as I was not a wife fit for a gentleman, and was too proud to take up with a footman, I was in no haste, I could remain as I was.

Bro. You were extravagantly stiff.

Sist. Why, really, brother, I think my circumstances require it more than if I had been in my father's house; for, to have consented one moment sooner for my condition, had been the same thing as to be taken in charity; besides, I foresaw the dispute we should have about what our family breach began upon, and to which this was but an introduction,—and therefore I was resolved to be open, and free with them beforehand, whether we came to agree at last or no; and as I have told you all this only to bring in the other, so I'll omit all the rest of our discourse, and come to that point.

Bro. Do so, for I think you said I was a little concerned in it.

Sist. So you are, but not much. Well, Mr. ——— and my aunt too, said a great many very kind things to me after that; but at last I turned to my aunt, Madam, says I, I cannot but think all our discourse remote and foreign; and since you will have me speak of a thing which I never had any thoughts of, I ought to be very plain and free, especially since you are pleased to give me leave. Do so, my dear, said my aunt. Why, then, Madam, said I, we're talking of reconciling me to my father, and as I told

you, I shall be very glad of it; but: as to making that reconciliation a means to what Mr. ——— proposed, I do not see it will be any thing to the purpose. Why so, niece? says my aunt. Why, Madam, said I, this was the reason why I have two or three times asked Mr. ———, if he rightly understood the reasons and circumstances of the breach between me and my father. He was pleased to say he did, though I can hardly think it. Now, Madam, says I, it is my opinion, that Mr. ——— and I shall differ about the same things, as my father and I did; though perhaps not with so much unkindness, especially if we differ about it beforehand; and therefore it is best fighting that battle before than after, for you see I can deliver myself from the fury of a father; but I knew not my case, if it had been a husband: besides, Madam, I think it more honest and kind to Mr. ———, to have all this matter settled and disputed now, than to leave things to hereafter, when I shall have neither liberty to go away, nor freedom of speech at home, which would be to make my bad case ten times worse than it is.

Bro. What said your aunt to this?

Sist. She was stunned at it at first, and seemed willing to have put it off to another time; which she afterwards told me it was, because she was afraid my case should be represented too much to my disadvantage. Mr. ———, seeing his mother too backward to talk of it, thought there might be something she would not have him to hear, and withdrew, which I was not pleased with; for since I saw they would make a match of it, and I saw no great reason to be averse, or at least obstinately so, I was willing to come to a certainty, and know what kind of life I was to live; for I was resolved I would no more be a married nun, than I would be a cloistered daughter. However, he being withdrawn, my aunt and I began the following discourse, which I'll give you as short as I can. My aunt spoke first, thus:—

Aunt. Come, child, now my son is gone, let me be plain

with you; and pray take all the freedom and liberty with me that you would now, if your brother was here, and let us talk of this matter, for I would not have you stand in your own light again; you see how things stand with you and your father; and, as you said before, I doubt it will be hard to bring you to an accommodation; but this match will make you entirely easy.

Niece. Madam, said I, as you gave me a liberty to speak freely, I hope you will not take it ill, that I am very plain. I have no particular objection against the match with your son, as to himself: indeed I did not look upon it at first as a serious proposal; but since you assure me it is, and as you are instead both of a father and mother to me, I shall give myself up to be entirely disposed of by you only. My present difficulties relate to my own circumstances: and the ground and reason of the breach with my father seems to me to be a plain foundation of the like with my husband, if I should ever marry Mr. ———, which would make me more miserable than I am now.

Aunt. You must explain yourself, child, I know the breach between you and your father, was begun about religion, and the reformation of his family, which he has happily effected, and which you and your brother opposed. I am loth to bring those things to your mind; I observe they always bring tears into your eyes; things were carried too high: we all have thought you were in the wrong, but that is not the case now.

Niece. Pardon me, Madam, I said; that is just the case now; and as you have heard parties against me, so I doubt not but you will hear me too; for while you believe me in the wrong, Mr. ——— and I can never be right. Suppose I should do just by him as I did by my father, what then?

Aunt. I hope you will not, my dear.

Niece. No, Madam, indeed I will not; I will not go away from him: but to prevent that, I will never have him, till he and I adjust the matter as to what liberty I may ex-

pect, and what not; for I will never marry, as I said, to be my husband's cloistered wife, any more than I would stay at home to be my father's nun.

Aunt. Why, child, your difference with your father, as I understand it, was, that when he set up the worship of God in his family, you would not join with him, but made a scoff at his resolution of reforming his family, and several such things.

Niece. Did I not say, Madam, that I believe Mr. ———, and you also, had not a fair account of the thing? I cannot wonder, Madam, that you thought me in the wrong; I wonder Mr. ——— could think of me for a wife, if I had been such a daughter.

Aunt. Come, child, undeceive me then, and let me hear it all.

Niece. No, Madam, let me only let you hear it right. My father and mother had bred up me and my brother, as you know, till we are come to be what we call men and women. We had been used to company, to good manners, to converse in the world with people of quality and good breeding, and were come to an age in which we might be thought fit to be trusted with so much of the government of ourselves, as to be past schooling and tutelage. We made no other use of those liberties, than became a modest behaviour: they can charge us with nothing criminal or scandalous; no vice, nothing injurious to our reputation; when all of a sudden, without any notice, we are fallen upon, abridged of all lawful liberties, were to have lectures of family discipline read to us, which we were absolutely to submit to, and to commence children again. This, you may be sure, we thought hard; and my share was immediately to fall under correction; for my mother, without any provocation, as I thought, flew to my closet, took away all my books, and flung them into the fire, and laid her hands upon me into the bargain. This, I thought, at any age, was unreasonable usage.

Aunt. Well, child, but you said you made no ill use of

your liberties; whereas you went every Lord's-day abroad to the park, and a visiting. You went every day almost to the plays, spent your time at home playing at cards, reading plays, and the like.

Niece. It is true, Madam, we did so; but we did not reckon these unlawful liberties, Madam, nor do I yet think so.

Aunt. I am sorry for that, my dear, I am quite of another mind.

Niece. But, Madam, if they were so, who gave us the example? who bred us up in that liberty? Did not my father and mother always go out with us to the park on Sundays, and go with us to the play? Nay, did they not lead us into it by their example? And did not my mother give me most of those very books she threw into the fire, out of her own closet? If this was a wicked course, why did they not bring us up otherwise, and not introduce us to it themselves?

Aunt. My child, they own they were in the wrong, and that is their grief. I have heard them express themselves with tears, and a just sorrow, on that account; and they are forward enough to charge themselves with it, as the cause of all the obstinacy of you and your brother, in resisting their measures of reformation; and you should not reproach them, my dear, with what they repent of.

Niece. I do not reproach them, perhaps they have cause for their repentance; but still it may be allowed for a reason against their so violently driving us into their new measures, and breaking us off from our friends and society at once, without any other reason, but that they thought fit to have it so. Had we been little children, it had been another case.

Aunt. I cannot be against you, niece, in it, though this part may seem hard to you; for if the thing was necessary and just, you could not justify so great a breach with your father and mother, for the manner of it.

Niece. That is what I looked for, Madam, and is the

reason why I mentioned it; for if Mr. ——— thinks to go on with what my father has begun, I am no wife for him to be sure. If I were, why should I come away from my father?

Aunt. Why, if you were married to my son ———, would you refuse to have him pray to God in his family, or to join with him if he did? Indeed, niece, I love you very well; but I have so much respect for him also, and, above all, so much zeal for the keeping up the face of religion in families, that I could not in conscience be for the match.

Niece. If, Madam, that had been the quarrel between my father and me, why did I come to your house? Do I scruple going to prayers with you all here? Did I omit going to church with my father? or do I omit it here? You are satisfied I knew the orders of your family before I came hither. This makes it plain it was not that which made the dispute, but the manner of his acting, and abridging us of all those liberties he had bred us up in, and then beginning a new discipline, when he ought to have allowed us to be past discipline: why did he not, without all that ceremony, and those severities upon us, called his family to prayers, and called us in, do you think, Madam, we would have run away, or have left our father, because of his going to prayers?

Aunt. Well, niece, though he might have done so, yet I cannot think you were in the right in it, nor your brother, neither; who, I hear, insults his father very rudely ever since, because he has an estate without him: but I fear that young gentleman will want bread yet, unless his father help him; I am persuaded I shall live to see him brought to his father's door in as bad a condition as the prodigal, though without the prodigal's repentance. I wish I am not too true a prophetess.

Niece. 'This very thing is the reason, Madam, why I am so willing to speak of this case, before I can talk any thing to the purpose about Mr. ———

THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR. [Part III.]

My child, what does this relate to him? He knows all this as well as you do; but if he believes me in the wrong too, as you do, I would be glad to know how I, that think myself in the right, am to live with him, in the case of such liberties which I justify, and he condemns: to be sure, if I thought them not justifiable, I would go home to my father this minute, and ask his pardon upon my knees; and if I continue to think them justifiable, I shall think it more hard to be abridged by my husband than I did by my father. And this is the difficulty I mentioned before.

Niece. I think just the contrary, Madam, and I beg you will bear with me, in speaking it plainly. 'Tis true, he knows all this as well as you do; but if he believes me in the wrong too, as you do, I would be glad to know how I, that think myself in the right, am to live with him, in the case of such liberties which I justify, and he condemns: to be sure, if I thought them not justifiable, I would go home to my father this minute, and ask his pardon upon my knees; and if I continue to think them justifiable, I shall think it more hard to be abridged by my husband than I did by my father. And this is the difficulty I mentioned before.

Aunt. Why, child, what liberties do you mean? or what would you speak of in such a case? I hope you would desire no unlawful, unbecoming liberties, especially when you were a wife, and a mistress of a family.

Niece. I hope not, Madam, nor unbecoming restraints, neither; and that is the reason of my discourse: he may think himself willing to run the risk of the last; for our power of acting under them will be by no means equal.

[Just at this word, the young gentleman comes in again.]

Aunt. Here's my son, let him answer for himself. State your objection.

Niece. No, Madam, you can do it much better.

[The aunt repeats the words to him.]

Son. I wonder, Madam, you should think I should practise restraints with you; I see nothing in your conversation that prepares me to expect you can want a restraint, or that bids me fear it.

Niece. I may be a worse wife than I am a cousin, as I

have been a worse daughter to my father, than I have been a niece to my aunt.

Son. I am not so willing to suppose that, as I am well satisfied to the contrary.

Niece. But I would know what restraints I am to expect.

Son. You can hardly mention upon what occasion.

Niece. Upon the very probable occasion of my being a bad wife.

Son. That's a general head; and yet you shall have a particular answer to it, Madam. I know no practical restraints that a husband can honestly make use of, but those of intreaties, persuasions, and kind reasonings; and those I know you would allow.

Niece. You are capable of learning, though you may know no other yet.

Son. Pray, Madam, be so particular then, as to name some of the cases in which you apprehend I shall restrain you.

Niece. Perhaps I will go to the play, what will you do? You won't go with me.

Son. To the door, Madam, to see you safe, I should.

Niece. Perhaps, when you will go to prayers, I go a visiting.

Son. If you won't let me pray with you, Madam, I hope you'll let me pray for you.

Niece. Suppose I have a mind to go to the park on Sundays.

Son. I'll show you the reasons why I dare not go with you, and use all the intreaties and persuasions I can with you not to act so much against your own conscience; and I hope to prevail with you too. But to wave such suggestions: upon the whole, Madam, it is my principle, and I believe it will be my practice, that between man and wife no violence can be justified, but that of affectionate, tender persuasion, and a reasoning importunity. My disposition does not lead me to rudeness; all the government, and all

the obedience of the married state, that I have any notion of, consists in the dominion of love, and the subjection of love. What monster I may be transformed into, I cannot say, but this is my judgment, and I persuade myself, you are not apprehensive of the rest, any more than I am apprehensive of your acting as you say you will.

Sist. This, brother, was the substance of our discourse and an odd sort of courting you'll say it was; and thus the case stands now: what shall I resolve to do in it, I know not. What would you advise me to?

Bro. I'll be very plain with you, sister: if you were on as good terms with your father as ever you were, yet if this had offered then, I would have advised you to have had him, if ever you expected to be happy. He is a sober, virtuous, generous spirited gentleman, and such a one can never use you ill. I know you love Sir Anthony ———; but you are undone if ever you have him; for he is a brute and a beggar: he only wants your money; and if he marries you, he has neither estate to maintain you, sense to entertain you, or manners to use you well.

Sist. I believe I shall take your advice, truly, but I shall not be too hasty.

Bro. I am glad to see you in so fair a way to come off this ugly family broil.

Sist. I do not see that this will bring me off of it at all, my father will be the same man.

Bro. Yes, yes, it will bring you off; he will bring you to be reconciled, and my aunt will work another way; and if it should be impossible, still you are provided for.

Sist. I can't say but I shall be provided for, yet I own I shall never enjoy myself; for whether I am right or wrong, I cannot say I am easy to be at such a variance as not to be on speaking terms with my own father and mother.

Bro. That's just my case. I know not what I shall do to go abroad, and perhaps may never see them again; and to go, and not so much as see them again, or have their

blessing, or take my leave of them. I know not what to do in it

Sist. Dear brother, then why will you go? I think you take the wrongest step in the world.

Bro. In what, child?

Sist. To go in the army! what occasion have you for it? You told me you should only go to travel.

Bro. Well, be easy, I am going to travel first for a year; I design to go into Italy.

Sist. But you must go to the army at last.

Bro. Aye, but not a great while yet, though perhaps time enough to make my dream good.

Sist. My aunt's words came into my head, when you told me that ugly dream. I wish there be not something in it at last. If you did not go into the army, I should not be afraid of it.

Bro. I do not love to heed dreams.

Sist. I have heard our minister say, there is a just medium to be observed in the giving heed to dreams, viz. that we should not lay too much stress upon them, and yet not wholly slight them.

Bro. I observe the dreams that signify bad things are true oftenest. I dreamed exactly about a week before it happened of our breach with my father.

Sist. Here comes my aunt, we must talk no more of that now.

THE THIRD DIALOGUE.

The two last dialogues are to be understood to be a recapitulation of what had been acted some time past, in order to introduce this part, and preserve the connection of the history. The daughter is now to be talked of, as having been married some time. The son was gone to travel; and

having been returned into Flanders, was gone to his post in the army, where being in the confederate service, and commanded out upon action, he fell in with a party of the French, and, being very much wounded in the fight, was taken prisoner, and carried to Cambray, from whence he wrote his sister a letter, of which in its course.

The new-married couple had for above two years lived together, as they were at first, with his father and her aunt; during which time she had two children; and the treatment she had met with there, had been so kind, so diverting, and so obliging, that she could have no reason to say that they had not performed fully the engagement her husband had made with her, to endeavour to make her forget the affliction of the breach with her father.

Her husband carried it with so much tenderness and affection to her, as was capable to engage and win a temper far more refractory than her's; and, by his obliging carriage, he prevented many little excursions which her inclinations would otherwise have led her to. Yet two things remained—1. She could not persuade herself to like a regular kind of family-government: she loved company, which she had been accustomed to, and a little to play, and when she made her visits, would sometimes stay at cards or other diversions very late. 2. She could not think of stooping to own her misbehaviour to her father, or to make any submission to him; nor could her husband, though he failed in no endeavour, bring that breach to an end without it.

As her family increased, and, on the other hand, her ways were not very agreeable to the family she was in, it seemed necessary to think of settling themselves apart; and her husband having a very good house of his own near the city, it was resolved they should do so; and, accordingly, as we say, they began house-keeping.

And now began the trial of her husband's temper and patience to the utmost. The case was thus:—Being now to be a master of a family, he was obliged to take upon him

the charge of a family-government. He had not only been religiously educated, but, as has been before observed, was a very serious, religious gentleman himself. It was his affliction, that he found very little complaisance in his wife to any thing that was religious; and therefore he entered into no conference with her about establishing the orders of his family: but as soon as his house was furnished, and his family removed, he resolved, like a true Christian, to begin with the worship of God in his house; and, that he might leave no room for her to dispute it, he did this without so much as mentioning it to his wife: and as if it was a thing which ought to be taken for granted, was as naturally and necessarily to be done in a family, as providing food and conveniences for their subsistence. However, as if to make this more eligible, and to introduce it without any seeming imposition upon his wife, he invited his father and mother, and a minister, who was their acquaintance, to sup with them the first night of their house-keeping; and before supper, his wife being in the room, he asked the minister aloud if he would please to be their chaplain for that night? The wife could not offer to oppose it, though he could easily perceive she looked a little strange at it. So the minister, as had been concerted, gladly accepted the offer, books were brought in, the servants called together, and family-prayers performed the first night. After this was done, and supper was over, he invited the minister, who it seems lived in the country, to stay two or three days with them, which he also accepted; so, of course, prayers were had every night and morning while the minister staid. And thus the worship of God was quietly introduced into the family. And after the minister was gone, the servants, to whom it was no novelty, having been all in the family before, came of course together at the usual hour, and he performed it himself.

His wife, who was more disgusted at his taking no notice of it to her, than at the thing itself, as if it was a beginning of some new method which he intended to take with her,

took a great many ways to let him see she was not very well pleased. Sometimes at the usual time, when he would say, come, call in the servants, she would give a smile as a signal of contempt: often she would be busy above stairs, and not come down at all; very often, though she would come, she would make him wait a good while; and when she came into the room, would say, with some disdain, what need you to have staid for me?

However, he took no notice of all this; and though she strove, by all the ways she could, to have made him speak of it first, yet he shunned it; resolving not to have any dispute with her, if it were possible to avoid it; but she soon took care to make it unavoidable.

Being now become a mistress of a family, he hoped she would have had some consideration for the station she was in, and have appeared with a little of that gravity and authority that became her; but, on the contrary, she entirely omitted all appearance of any such thing; she visited oftener than ever; she played at cards abroad two or three times a week, and at home as often as she could get company; she went almost nightly to the play: in short, she began to lead a life so different from the rest of the family, and so uneasy to him, and all his and her friends, that it was greatly afflicting and perplexing to him.

During all this time he treated her with the utmost tenderness, and the most obliging carriage that was possible; only it could not be concealed neither from her, nor from all the house, that his wife's conduct was an extreme affliction to him; and the more, because he saw no possible method to go about to reclaim her.

His wife finding herself unrestrained, grew still worse, and at length contented not herself to give her vanity its full swing, but appeared discontented that he would not do the like. If she went to the play, he would sometimes go with her to the door, as he had said he would when he courted her; but would not go in, which she pretended she took very ill of him. When he visited any where with

her, where he saw her resolved to stay late at cards, he would excuse himself, and leave her; and it was much if she did not flout him before the company, in some such manner as this, "What, you want to go home, and say your prayers!" which he would turn off with a smile, or a jest, and withdraw: but still these things were very grievous to him.

During all this, and much more, nothing angered her so much, as that he would not take the case into debate with her: but he resolved to go on in the duties of a master in his family, and to give her no occasion to say he used her amiss; so that all this while he said nothing to her, till at last she began with him upon the following occasion.

His eldest child, a fine little boy, was now almost three years old: He had been but too well assured, that his wife took little care to teach the child any thing that might lay an early foundation of a religious knowledge in its mind; wherefore, upon all opportunities, he would be talking to the little creature in such language as was fittest for him to understand, viz. of who made him? and who redeemed him? what God was? and that he must serve God, and the like; as is usual to say to little children; and his wife takes that opportunity to break in upon him one day, in pursuance of her former resolution, and began with him while he was talking with his little son, in the following manner.

Wife. So, Mr. ———, you are worthily employed.

Husb. My dear, I hope it is no ill employment.

Wife. No, no; only suitable to that absolute government of your family, which you entered upon at your beginning to keep house.

Husb. My dear, I hope I have not encroached upon your province.

Wife. No, no; my province! to be sure I am not fit to instruct a child of three years old.

Husb. My speaking to the child to let him know who

made him, and who redeemed him, and whom he was born to serve, was a thing so innocent, and I thought so natural, that I wonder it should offend you, my dear.

Wife. No, no; offend me! why should it offend me? You know I cannot do it myself, having never been taught any thing till I was almost twenty years old.

Husb. Though you have had knowledge enough, my dear, yet I have heard you say, it had been better if your father had begun earlier with his family; and that it had prevented the breach that has happened since.

Wife. Yes, yes, and made you have a better wife.

Husb. My dear, you never heard me complain.

Wife. No, your reproofs are silent, but very legible, and easy to be understood.

Husb. Wherein, my dear, do I reprove you?

Wife. Only by taking all your family measures without consulting your wife; as one not worth having her consent asked in the matter, or rather not capable of giving it.

Husb. What family-measures do you mean, my dear? We have not been six months in a family yet, and I know not one single thing in the house that I have ordered without you.

Wife. Not one thing! Why, did not you bring home your chaplain without me, and set up your family-orders without me? Why was I not worthy being spoken to about it? I suppose you fancied I would oppose it, as you once had a notion I did at my father's; and so you treated me as if I was, first, an atheist, that would oppose any thing that was good or religious; and, secondly, an upper servant, whose business was not to join in making orders, but to submit to them when made. But I do not trouble you much at your devotions,

Husb. It is my great misfortune that you have kept this in your mind so long, and not let me know that you took offence at it before. Nothing was ever done with more innocence of intention, or construed in a more contrary man-

ner to my meaning. I could have no thought that you could oppose the natural duty of all creatures to worship and serve that Being that created them. How could I have such a thought of you, my dear, when I know you always willingly joined with us at my father's, and when I heard you declare to your aunt, that the coming to prayers was no part of the thing which made the breach at your father's? Do not take it ill, my dear; indeed I had not the least thought of what you suggest; and if I omitted any thing which I ought to have done in respect to you, my dear, I ask your pardon.

[Offers to kiss her, she turns away from him.]

Wife. What signifies that, when you have used me so? You know I must submit to your orders, now they are made.

Husb. My dear, is there any thing in my family-orders which offends you, or that you would not have done? If there is, let me know, and it shall be altered.

Wife. No, no; 'tis past the time to ask that question now; you know it is my part to submit.

Husb. My dear, I cannot but think it hard you should talk of submitting where there is nothing imposed; I impose nothing, and offer to alter any thing you shall direct to be altered.

Wife. Is it not imposing, when you did it all without so much as speaking a word to me about it? Though the matter of it was never so good, yet the manner of doing it was by imposing a compliance in me, since I was not thought worthy to be spoken to about it: but you see I don't trouble you much with my company.

Husb. That's my grief, my dear, and principally because I fear that at last it will not be your comfort.

Wife. What need that trouble you?

Husb. My dear, if you suppose I love you, you cannot think I can be less concerned for your future happiness than for your present.

Wife. I suppose none of the three.

Husb. If you do me justice, you will be satisfied of them all; but you are angry now, I'll wave that discourse till you are better satisfied.

Wife. Your grief you speak of is nothing at all to the occasions given me.

Husb. My grief is, that the occasion you take of being displeased, is from what is my indispensable duty, and your's also.

Wife. The doing your duty is none of my grief.

Husb. My dear, it is a double grief to me, to hear you say, the reason of your dislike is from my error in the manner of introducing it. Had I foreseen it, I would have made no scruple to have laid down all my authority, as you call it, as a master, and have begged of you to let it be done.

Wife. Don't banter me; you would have asked my leave to set up family-worship, would you? what if I had refused, would you have let it alone for that?

Husb. That is not a question to be asked; I am sure you would not have refused; you could not have refused such a natural known duty; and the certainty of your free consent was a very good reason why I should omit the ceremony; nay, if I had thought of it, I question whether I should have asked you; I rather should have thought I had obliged you in it, and should have offended in making it a question whether you consented to it or no.

Wife. But the more ingenuous truth of the two had been to have said, that if you had asked me, and I had refused to consent, yet that you would have done it against my will; and, therefore, to avoid the strife, you chose not to propose it. Is not that the case now?

Husb. My dear, I own it is a duty that I dare not omit; and though, if I had thought that you expected it, I would have asked your consent, yet I should have asked it upon a presumption of your being ready to agree to it; and it would have been the greatest affront to you in the world, to have supposed otherwise of you. We ought no more

to ask one another's leave to pray to God, than we ought to ask one another's consent to eat or drink, rise up, or sit down.

Wife. Well, you see, as I told you, I don't disturb you at it.

Husb. But if you knew how much that does disturb me, I believe you would consider of it.

Wife. I don't trouble myself about that, I assure you.

Husb. Well, my dear, I remember what I said to you before we were married, at your aunt's house, upon this very subject, when I little thought you were in earnest; but I'll perform it faithfully.

Wife. I remember nothing of it.

Husb. I told you, if you would not let me pray with you, I would pray for you, and so I do heartily; and I hope God will hear me at last. He has ways to move your heart, though I cannot prevail.

Wife. O, your memory is very good; and that makes me remember something too that was said at the same time, which I suppose you have forgot.

Husb. What's that, my dear?

Wife. Why, that I would have my liberty, and would not be tied to your formalities; but that I would go a-visiting when I pleased, though it were when you were at your long prayers; and that I would go to the play, and to the park on Sundays too, if I pleased.

Husb. My dear, have I not given you as much liberty as you have desired? Have I offered the least restraint to you? I have not so much as used the intreaties and persuasions that I capitulated with you to have liberty for.

Wife. But I can see well enough how you like it, and how ill you are pleased.

Husb. Nay, my dear, I never promised you that I would like such things, and be pleased with them; that is what you cannot say we agreed upon; nor I believe have you so little sense to expect that I can like it; but hitherto you have not had the least trouble of a complaint from me. I

believe, and heartily pray, that God will in his own time open your eyes to see that you are in the wrong, and to restore you to me and your friends, that we may yet have the comfort of one another; and till that time, I bear all you think fit to do with as much patience as I can.

Wife. But still you are going on with your family-government; and now you are for catechising your children, as if I was not able to tell them who made them as well as you.

Husb. I never questioned your ability, my dear.

Wife. No, nor my willingness, neither; for you never asked me whether I had done it, or would do it, or not: what was this but exposing me to all the house, as if I was not fit to be trusted with teaching a little child, but that you were fain to do it yourself

Husb. Instructing our children is the natural work both of father and mother; and my talking to the child in that manner, no way implies, that you do not, or cannot, or that I think so; in that your inference is not just, my dear.

Wife. I think it below you.

Husb. My dear, how can you think that, when you said to me of your own father, that if he had done it sooner by you, the fatal breach among you had never happened.

Wife. That case and this is not alike; I never refused or omitted it, what need you meddle with it?

Husb. Well, my dear, so the children be but early and rightly instructed, you and I will never differ about who shall do it. Do but grant me this, that it ought to be done.

Wife. Yes, yes, it ought to be done, to be sure.

Husb. Then, my dear, if you will allow me so much plainness, I'll prove to you that I have not done amiss, because it had not been done to this child; and therefore it was my duty to do it, you having thought fit to omit it.

Wife. How do you make that out, that I have omitted it.

Husb. You shall have unanswerable evidence immediately for your conviction. Come hither, Harry; come hither, my dear.

[He calls the little boy, and examines him.]

Fath. Who made you, my dear?

Child. God.

Fath. Who told you so?

Child. You did, papa.

Fath. When, my dear?

Child. Just now, papa.

Fath. Did nobody ever tell you so before?

Child. No, papa.

Moth. Sirrah, did not I tell you so?

Child. No, mamma.

Moth. Nor nurse neither?

Child. No, mamma.

Moth. You tell a lie, sirrah.

Child. No, indeed, mamma.

Husb. Nay, my dear, children are fools, you know, &c.

Wife. I am sure he tells an untruth now.

Husb. Why, my dear, do not be angry with the child; for I asked him over and over who made him? and he said, he could not tell; then I asked him if nobody ever told him? and he said, no; and if he had not answered me so, which a little surprised me, and troubled me too, I should not have committed this invasion upon your office.

Wife. Well, well, there is time enough to teach him all that; he is not three years old.

Husb. My dear, I thank God, it is yet early enough; but never let you and I dispute about whose work it is to instruct our children. If we do our duty, and instruct them well, it will find us both work enough, as they grow up: we shall be glad to help one another, and not think it an encroachment upon our office.

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it is nonsense to meddle with children at ~~some~~ old: they will answer like parrots, and say what they are bid; but they understand nothing of what they say.

Husb. With submission, my dear, that is a mistake: an awe and sense of the greatness and majesty of God, and the fear we ought to have of offending him, is capable of being received by a child as soon as it can speak.

Wife. I do not see it is to any manner of purpose.

Husb. My dear, does he know you?

Wife. Yes, to be sure.

Husb. Does he know you have a rod, and that he must be a naughty boy if he does, he will make you angry, and you will correct him?

Wife. What's all that to the purpose?

Husb. By the same rule he is capable of receiving due impressions of his Maker.

Wife. Not at all.

Husb. No doubt, as soon as God has impowered his soul to receive any knowledge at all, it is our duty to help him to receive some knowledge of God: besides, my dear, you are not ignorant how soon a little infant will be taught to sin; and I think we ought to study to be before hand with the devil, and lay a foundation of good in our children before he can get in to lay a foundation of evil.

Wife. You are wiser than I, to be sure: and therefore you thought fit to begin, as you suppose, before me; but to be sure, before you inquired of me, or consulted with me any thing about it.

Husb. You are disposed to be angry, my dear; my comfort is, you have no reason, and that I have done nothing but what I think my duty, and not even that, with a design to displease you.

Wife. You fancy yourself very obliging.

Husb. I would be always so to you, my dear.

Wife. Mighty obliging, indeed! in letting me go

alone always. I suppose you are ashamed of your wife: if you had, you should not have taken me. I did not court you.

Husb. My dear, I never let you go alone, but to places which I cannot agree to go to, such as the play-house, and to my Lady ———, where you know the company, and the gaming, are things I have not been bred to, and cannot comply with.

Wife. What, your conscience will not let you play a game at cards?

Husb. My dear, suppose it would, as to the simple action, yet I own it will not as to its circumstances.

Wife. What circumstances, I beseech you?

Husb. Why, first, I can employ my time better; and they that know the value of time, and the haste we are all making to eternity, will think themselves obliged to waste as little of their time as they can, and think it their duty always to employ it in the best manner they can possibly.

Wife. I think time spent in good company is not mispent.

Husb. My dear, when you come nearer the end of your time, you will think otherwise.

Wife. That's more than you are sure of.

Husb. For your sake, my dear, I hope you will; it will be a sad day for you, if you should not, and for me too, if I should live to see it.

Wife. Well, that is but one of your niceties; pray where are the rest?

Husb. Why, my dear, it is true, I have other scruples; and my second is this:—I am now a father, and a master of a family, and have servants and children growing up: I have duties upon me now, which were not my duties before, and particularly family-worship. Thirdly, I am obliged in duty to set no evil example either to children or servants; but, on the contrary, to let my conversation be in all things exemplary, that I may not have either my ser-

vants or children justify themselves in any excesses by my example.

Wife. What's all this to lawful things, such as visiting a friend, seeing at play, or playing a game a cards? Those things that you speak of, relate to unlawful excesses only; such as drunkenness, lowdness, and such things as these.

Husb. Aye, and other things too; and those circumstances make some things unlawful to me, which are not so in themselves; particularly, my dear, you stay there at cards till one or two in the morning; if I did so, I must neglect my duty in my family, and cause a game at cards to supersede the worship of God; would not that game of cards be a sin?

Wife. Yes, yes, I told you, at Sir Anthony's, you must go home, and say your prayers.

Husb. That was not the kindest thing that ever you said to me in your life, my dear.

Wife. I shall always use you so, when you are so rude to me, to leave the company.

Husb. Then I hope you will excuse me from going again, my dear.

Wife. You may stay away, if you please.

Husb. Indeed, my dear, I must stay away, or offend you by coming away before you; for I cannot dispense with my duty to God upon any account whatsoever. I am very sorry you will not take that for a sufficient excuse.

Wife. What need you make any excuses to me? any thing will serve to a wife, you know.

Husb. I am very loth to disoblige you, my dear, and therefore I am giving you just reasons for my behaviour in every part, that your own judgment may oblige you to say you have no cause to take it ill.

Wife. Other husbands do not live so; do you think any body but me have their husbands go to play-house doors with them, and then run away and leave them?

Husb. Indeed, my dear, I cannot comply with you in that part, and told you so before I married you. If you

will excuse me going to the door with you, I shall take it very kindly; but as for going to the plays, as I said of playing at cards, I can much better employ my time.

Wife. Yes, yes, you can go home to your prayers; I wonder you don't make your prayers an excuse for going to dinner.

Husb. My dear, I am sorry to hear you make a jest and scoff at praying to God. You never heard me make an excuse for doing any thing that becomes me to do, in my life. I am none of those that make a show or a boast of my duty. I entreat you upon what do you ground this banter? Did I ever tell you, when I carried you to the play-house, that I must go home to my prayers. I tell you plainly, and did so before we were married, I go to no plays; but I never said, I did not because I must go to my prayers.

Wife. No, no, but your spending your time better, implies it; for can you spend it better than in your prayers? and you say you are always to spend your time as well as you can.

Husb. You talk to me of my praying, my dear, as if I were a mere Pharisee, and said my prayers at the corner of every street.

Wife. You make more ado about them a great deal, I think, than you need.

Husb. I make no boast of them, nor do you know any more of them than needful family-worship requires. If I offered any such thing as private prayer with you, I fear you would but make a mock of it.

Wife. No, no, not I; you may pray all night and all day too, if you please; for you know you are to spend all your time as well as you can.

Husb. My dear, there are duties in a Christian life for every part of time without letting them interfere one with another: and yet, my dear, when you are at the play, I don't know whether it might not be as proper a

time for me to pray, as at any time, especially on your account.

Wife. Why, then, I beseech you, more than at any other time?

Husb. For the same reasons that Job was offering sacrifice for his sons and daughters, when they were making merry, viz. that they might not be led into temptation.

Wife. I desire none of your prayers.

Husb. For that reason you have the more occasion for them, my dear, and I the more reason to pray for you.

Wife. I had rather you would go to the play with me.

Husb. I am sorry for the wretched choice you make, and very sorry you make it impossible for me to oblige you. I had much rather you would put yourself in a condition that I might, according to my own inclination, deny you nothing.

Wife. You will have your own way; you will be a worse husband, before you are a better.

Husb. I believe you will be a better wife, before you are a worse.

Wife. You have too much religion to be a kind husband.

Husb. Lord give you more religion, my dear, then you shall be a kinder wife.

Wife. Do not trouble your head to pray for me, I tell you, till I put up a bill to you as they do at church.

Husb. I shall always pray for you, my dear.

Wife. You'll have no thanks for it, your labour is all lost.

Husb. I hope not, my dear; but I intreat you let us have no more of this kind of discourse, you mix it with so much profaneness, as well as unkindness, that it is very grievous and very afflicting to me. I was in hopes never to have seen you come this length.

Wife. What length am I come?

Husb. I desire not to enter into particulars. I fear you



are laying in a great stock for repentance, and our discourse does but increase it; therefore I forbear saying any more, for in multiplying words there wanteth not sin.

Wife. I desire to be used better, or I shall be a worse wife.

Husb. You are disposed to be out of temper at this time, my dear. I hope you will be of another mind when you have considered of it. I'll leave you awhile.

Wife. For as long as you please.

[He withdraws, and goes up stairs.]

When her husband was gone, and she had sit awhile, and mused upon what she had done, her passion began to abate, and reason to take place again in her soul: and first her unkindness to her husband began to show itself to her. "I believe," says she to herself, "I have angered him heartily; well, it cannot be helped now, let him take it as he will."

But a little further thinking brought her more to herself, and then her affection to him stirred in her, and she breaks out again, "But why should I treat him thus? He never was unkind to me in his life; he has been the most tender husband that ever woman had, and has taken me with circumstances ill enough: I'll go and heal it all again, take him in my arms, and speak kindly to him."

Away she goes to speak to him, but cannot find him. She inquires for him; the servants say he is in his closet; up she flies thither, but he was come down again, and was gone out; then, looking out at the window, she saw him at a distance walking very melancholy in some fields near the house, all alone by himself. By this time she was entirely come to herself; and seeing him walk so solitary, it made her very uneasy. She sends a servant to him, to tell him she desired to speak with him; and, in hopes of his coming, she run out into the garden to meet him; but the boy brought her word again he was gone, and he could not find him.

Now she began violently to reproach herself with her ill

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usage of her husband, and shutting herself into her chamber, she reflected bitterly on herself.

"What a brute have I been," said she, "to the best husband that ever woman had! that took me without a thing portion, when I was turned out of doors by my father and mother; that never said an unkind thing to me in his life; and I, I have lost him at a time at play, never said so much as, why should I go so? or grudged parting with him a day! What barbarous language have I given him! and how calmly and tenderly he has returned it all without one unkind word! Sure I am the veriest monster that ever man had, and do not deserve that ever he should have the least value for me again!" She stopt awhile, and wept vehemently, and then went on with her exclamations upon herself, thus:—

"Then what have I quarrelled with him for, but for what all the women in the nation but I would value a man for, viz. for his being sober, and virtuous, and religious; and did ever a fool talk to a husband as I did, about his family orders, his praying to God, and the like. Why, my own conscience tells me that he is in the right, and I am in the wrong; and, though I mind nothing myself, I cannot but own he does well. Sure I am the worst creature alive! There are many women, and men too, that have religion little enough; but sure never any woman abused her husband for being better than themselves before."

Here she bursts out into tears again, and still impatient, upon every little noise she heard in the house, to know if her husband was come home.

Her husband had borne all her taunts with the utmost patience as above, and had not withdrawn at last, but that he found himself moved by her talking irreligiously and profanely, when, fearing he should fly out in a passion too, and so give her any indecent language as she did him, and which he thought himself obliged to avoid, he withdrew.

He was, however, not only surprised, but extremely af-



flicted, at this treatment; and not only at this as an accident, but at the sad prospect of what he was to expect from the continuance of it; and that both as it respected the conduct of herself abroad, which began to be public, and also the treatment he was to have from her at home.

However, as the best remedy for the disorder of his passions, he went immediately into his closet, and prayed earnestly to God for a patient submissive frame in himself to all his providences; that he might not lay any stress upon the instrument, but view the meaning and design of sovereign goodness in all those things, not forgetting, at the same time, to pray very sincerely for his wife, that God would open her eyes, convince her of her sin, and bring her home to himself, by a true repentance and reformation.

This brought him to a perfect composure of mind; and, after some time spent thus, he went out, and took a walk in some fields behind his house, where his wife afterwards, as is noted above, discovered him from her chamber window; but, before the messenger she sent came thither, he was gone, having walked into the city; and as he went, he accidentally met with his wife's father, and, going to take a glass of wine together, the following discourse happened between them.

Fath. Well, son, I hear you are gone to house-keeping. I give you joy of your settlement: how does all your family?

Son. We would do all much better, if we had your blessing, Sir, and might have some of your company.

Fath. Indeed, son, you have my blessing and good wishes very heartily. I have no other reason.

Son. I thank you for it so far, Sir; but we are without it in a family way; which is what I long to have over. Is there no way, Sir, to obtain your pardon?

Fath. God has not obliged us to pardon offences that are never acknowledged.

Son. Sir, your daughter and I are one now; be pleased

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to accept my acknowledgment for her. I do most freely own she has been in the wrong in every part, and I'll beg my pardon for her on my knees.

If you will say she desires you to do so, I'll grant at the first word, and abate you the ceremony of kneeling.

Son. I wish I could say so, Sir, honestly: but I dare not say so, unless it were true.

Fath. I know that very well, and therefore I put it upon your bare saying it.

Son. It is my great grief that it is not so much so as I wish; but can you abate nothing, Sir.

Fath. Nay, son, I'll leave it to you; is it meet I should come and say, daughter, I am in the wrong; 'I ought not to have reformed my family, or, if I had, I ought not to have expected you or your brother should have complied with it, and therefore you have been in the right, and I am very sorry it has gone so far, pray come and see me?

Son. No, Sir, I never so much as thought you were in the wrong; nor do I say but my wife ought to come and acknowledge her fault, and ask your pardon, but she has had ill advisers. If I had influence enough on her to prevail, she should neither eat nor sleep till she asked your pardon in the humblest manner possible.

Fath. For your sake, son, and to let you see how willing I am to heal a family breach, if she will send one word by you, that she acknowledges she has failed in her duty and desires me to be reconciled to her, I'll come to her house and see you to-morrow.

Son. It is my grief, Sir, that I cannot promise for her, that she should comply with what is so reasonable, and so kind. I acknowledge, Sir, you cannot ask less.

Fath. Nay, I do not expect-it. I know she won't do it. Did she not refuse so much as to see me when she had no reason but to think she was upon her death-bed?

Son. I am sorry to own to you, Sir, that I have not in-



terest enough in her to prevail for what is so just, and so much her duty. It is my affliction, I did not think she would have stood out so long.

Fath. I do not expect it of you, son. I know her. I wish you could prevail with her upon some other accounts. She manages herself very strangely, as I hear.

Son. I hope time may show her the mistakes she commits. They are not of any great consequence. She will be wiser, Sir, with a little more experience.

Fath. But, in the mean time, she ruins her reputation, and may ruin your estate; for she goes so much abroad, she is very seldom at home; and, more than that, I hear she plays.

Son. I have no doubt at all of her virtue, though she may err in her prudence, sir; and that makes me say, I hope a little time will rectify it all. As to play, she does not play high.

Fath. Why, son, I heard she lost 50*l.* at Sir Anthony's a few nights ago. I wonder you would let her go there; I forbade her that house when she was a maid; nay, her brother (give him his due) blamed her for going there. He is the most rakish fellow in the town; and his sisters, whom she used to visit, are no better than they should be. I would have you, for her sake as well as your own, to persuade her against it.

Son. Alas, Sir, she is not to be persuaded by me to things of less consequence than that!

Fath. Then you must restrain her.

Son. That is a task I am no way qualified for, any farther than the violence of intreaties and persuasions will have any effect.

Fath. Why then a wife may ruin herself, and you too; I thought you had been fitter to make a husband than that comes to; why, it is not ill using a wife, it is to love her, to restrain her from ruining her own reputation, and your estate. Do you think I would persuade you to use her ill? Though she has not behaved well to me, she is my

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de , and was once my best beloved daughter : nay, I love her very well still, and I would not have my scores odd' say.

ally, Sir, if that be required of a husband, I am it for a husband ; and as to ruining me, indeed, if my will ruin me, I may be ruined ; for I can never frame my temper to use any violence or restraint with her. Besides, her temper is such she would set all the house in a flame, and expose herself to all the world.

Fath. Pray, what said she to you for losing 50l. at play ? you said it for her.

I would not dishonour her so much. I gave it her immediately to pay for herself. She said, of her own accord, she was in the wrong, and she would play no more. I wish she would lose 500l. though I paid it this very night, so she might but be prevailed with to leave it off.

Fath. I hear she behaves very ill to you at home too.

Son. No, no, Sir, I do not complain of her : she would be a very good wife to me, Sir, if I could persuade her to leave off keeping company with two or three families ; and I hope in time she will be tired of them.

Fath. I cannot but be glad that I fairly told you all I feared of her, before you had her ; you have nothing to blame me for.

Son. Sir, I blame nobody ; she is a very good wife.

Fath. Well, you are kind to her, but I blame her extremely ; and it is a grief to me that any one out of my family should behave so. I am sensible how obliging you have carried it to her, and do still, and how tenderly you use her ; and I wanted an occasion to tell you, that though she has not grace to make you a suitable return for it, I shall never forget it, nor I hope forget to reward it.

Son. Sir, you lay too much stress upon what is nothing but my duty, and what she very well deserves ; for to give her her due, when she is not prejudiced by her passions, which are hasty, and which hurry her too violently after the

gaieties of the town, and the company which she is fond of, she is of the most engaging temper in the world; and no man that has any sense or affection, can be unkind to her. I may have faults on my side, and I should think it hard she would not bear with them; and I see nothing in her but I can bear with, and wait patiently for the return of her temper. Nothing afflicts me so much in her, as to see her so entirely empty of any thing that is religious, that she will hardly bear with our family orders, and the common worship of God: but as that must be wrought by the immediate hand of God, I hope still it will come in his due time. She wants no sense of things, nor knowledge of what is our natural duty, either to God, or one another.

Fath. Well, son, you have more hopes of her than I have, I assure you. I cannot but say, if any thing on earth can bring her to a sense of her duty, either to God or man, it must be such a winning obliging carriage as she receives from you. If you will not work on her, she must be the most ungrateful creature on earth, considering in what circumstances you took her, and that you have had her three years without having had a penny with her.

Son. Sir, as I told you before I married her, I would never ask any thing of you on that account, till I had, if possible, brought her and you to be reconciled; so I have been as good as my word; I am sure she has suffered no inconvenience on that account.

Fath. But I shall not be so unjust to you as to let you suffer on that account; and, therefore, though I cannot receive her as a daughter, yet I shall always value you and treat you as a son, nay as my own son: and though for her I would not disburse a shilling, yet I am resolved, and have wanted an opportunity to tell you that I will give you, for your own sake, not for her's, as much as I would have given her if she had never disobliged me; and if you are willing to have it settled on either, or both children, I will do it when you please.

Son. It is more, Sir, than I can ask, and therefore it shall

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you shall think fit. I hope my wife will think
it ought to thank you, Sir, as well as I.

Father. I do not expect or regard her thanks, whilst she
disobey her duty. The submission I have insisted
on is no ceremony; I demand it not in respect to my-
self as a debt due to the world, in acknowledgment of
her duty to God and her parents: and as I had never
withheld her portion, but in expectation, that, some time or
other, she would have complied, and have come to herself;
I will make no advantage of the delay, but you shall have
it from the day of her marriage: and as I say
it to you, and as an acknowledgment of
her extraordinary behaviour to my daughter; so you shall
not take it ill, that I desire her to take notice, I will not
now accept of her submission; or be any wise concerned
with her, or for her, upon any account whatsoever.

Son. Sir, as the goodness you are pleased to express to
me, is more than I have merit to balance, or reason to ex-
pect, so I beg you would not let your kindness to me be
clogged with any further severity to my wife; for since our
good or evil being in this world is inseparable, this would
be laying a heavy load on me, at the same time that you are
obliging me in the highest manner possible: nay, this
would be an unspeakable grief to me, since all the prospect
of happiness I have in this world consists in the hopes I
have of one day making up this wretched breach, to the
comfort and satisfaction of us all.

Father. Well, however, you may deliver this as a message
to your wife from me; only noting, for your own private
satisfaction, that I do not make this with the same unalter-
able resolution as I have the other.

Son. Then, Sir, I intreat you, let not me be the mes-
senger of any thing to my wife that I know will grieve
her.

Father. If the absence from her father had been any grief
to her, she would not have borne it out so long; I cannot
suppose it any grief to her.

Son. But, Sir, I have many reasons to believe it is a grief to her ; and many more to hope, that it will be much more a grief to her than it is, when God shall be pleased to show her both the sin of what is past, and what is her duty for time to come ; which time I earnestly pray for, and not without hope ; and, Sir, as I shall always make it my endeavour to convince her, how much it is her duty to acknowledge her offence both to God and her father, and humbly to ask pardon of both. I beg you would not put a silencing argument in her mouth to answer my intreaties and persuasions with, by saying to me, do not you know, it is too late ? and has not my father said, if I do not submit myself to him now, he will not accept me ? If God should say so at the same time, Sir, she would be undone ; and the having you say on the one hand, may tempt her to despair of God's mercy on the other, and so make that conviction, which I hope shall be her mercy, whenever it comes, be her ruin.

[The father embraces him.]

Fath. Dear son, you are fitter to be a father than I am ; I am fully answered by your arguments ; nothing can be more engaging than the affection you discover for a wife, that I doubt never deserved it from you, and I believe never will : I will forbear the message ; say to her then whatever you will, and whatever God shall direct you, in order to bring her to her duty. You give me some hopes that God will yet be merciful to her, in that he has fixed such a concern for her good, in one so capable of being a prevailing instrument with her. I pray God bless your counsel to her good.

[They part, and the young gentleman goes home to his wife.]

His wife had impatiently waited for his return ; her passion was entirely over, and her affection to her husband acting now as violently the other way. She had afflicted herself exceedingly at his not coming home ; in so much that her grief put her very much out of order, and she had

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down upon a couch in her chamber, but had servants not to fail to call her as soon as their duty required.

As he came in, which was later than his usual hour, upon inquiring for his wife, was told by the servant, that she was very ill, he ran directly up stairs into her chamber, before any body could give her notice of his coming; but she, who listened too attentively to want no messenger, heard him coming up stairs; and rising hastily from the couch, she ran to the top of the stairs to him, and threw herself violently in her arms—"My dear," says she, "I am sure, that I have ungratefully insulted, and basely provoked the tenderest husband, and the best temper in the world. Tears choked her words, and she could say no more; and having risen up, and run across the room too hastily, the violence of that motion, and her own passions, overcame her, and she fainted.

He called out for help; and the servants immediately running in, she was carried back to her chamber, and in some short time she came to herself again, but finding her husband sitting by her, and very anxious for her, it renewed her grief, and made her for some time unable to express herself freely.

When she was entirely recovered, and fit to converse, she ordered the servants to withdraw; and then, with abundance of tears, she acknowledged to him how sensible she was that she had used him ill;—and that she had not behaved herself as became her, in any of her carriage to him;—how afflicted she had been at his absence so long, believing that she had exasperated him, and grieved him;—and, in short, assured him she would endeavour to make him amends by a quite different behaviour to him all her life after.

The grief he had conceived at her swooning away, and the surprise of it, together with the extreme joy he felt within himself, at her declaring her resolutions of altering her conduct, caused him to speak little to her, except what

he thought proper to comfort her, till she pressed him, by often repeating such questions as these:—My dear, do you forgive me? Are you not angry? Were you not very angry? and the like; which made him, after some pause, answer thus:

Husb. My dear, I am not angry, nay, I was not angry; I never knew what it was to be angry with you; but I cannot say I was not grieved, and heartily afflicted; but you have abundantly made me amends, and much more than ever I desired of you; for I can allow of no submissions and subjections between you and I, but those of love: but you will add, to my satisfaction, more than you are aware of, or that I can express, if you will give me leave to ask you one question.

Wife. What is that, my dear? I'll answer you any question you can ask, as well as I can.

Husb. How long, my dear, after I left you, was it before your affections prevailed over your passion, to work this blessed change upon your mind?

Wife. My dear, you were not gone a quarter of an hour, before my heart struck me, that I had been unkind to you; and I acknowledge that you have not deserved it at my hands.

Husb. My dear, I am satisfied, fully satisfied. The work is of God, to him shall be the glory; and I will take it for a blessed token, that it shall not end here, for his works are all perfect.

The wife had no guess at what he meant by this, and therefore made no reply; but his joy at her answer proceeded from this, that he knew the change was wrought in her that very time, nay, as near as he could guess, the very moment that he, as is noted before, was earnestly praying to God, not only to give him patience to bear the affliction; but in his own time to open her eyes to her duty, convince her of sin, and bring her to a sincere repentance; (vide p. 315) and this was an unspeakable comfort to him.

This affected him so much, that as soon as he could possibly leave his wife, he retired to his closet, and with great thankfulness and joy gave praises to the Divine goodness for his beginning of mercy; not forgetting earnestly to pray that God would be pleased to carry on this work to a thorough awakening the conscience of his wife, and bringing her to a sense of her duty to God, and to a sincere repentance for her former errors; in which how he was heard, and how effectually he was answered, will appear in the following part of this work.

The father of this young lady having, as is said above, been discoursing with her husband some time; when they parted, he went home, where he found a letter directed to his daughter, and which had come inclosed in one to him from his son, who had gone abroad into the army, as is noted already. This letter he immediately sent away by a servant to his daughter, and it was brought to her just at that time when her husband was withdrawn, as above; so that when he came back, he found his wife all in tears again. He began to comfort her, thinking it was the effect of the same thing which had affected her before; but she undeceived him, by showing him the letter from her brother, which was to this purpose.

“DEAR SISTER,

“While I had a hand to write to you, I too seldom paid you the respect which my affection and duty to you required; and now I have neither an hand to write, or a heart to dictate. My last gave you an account of my being wounded at the siege of Douay; of which, after some time, I was cured, though I lay all the winter sick at Lisle. Now I am the most miserable object in the world. I was taken prisoner of war last week, and I am brought to this place, having my right arm broken by a musquet ball, and to-morrow it must be cut off. God is just, sister: I cut off my father's right arm, as to his family, when I broke from him by violence, and went abroad against his con-

sent; now I lose my right arm as a just retaliation. I insulted my father upon my having an estate without him; now I must go a begging to my father for bread, or perish in misery; for my estate is gone, and I am out of commission. God is just, sister: he is very just. I hope you have begged my father's pardon, and obtained his blessing, though I may never live to do it. I have wrote my father for some assistance, but have little reason to expect it. Adieu.

Your dying brother.

"*Cambray, ———, 1709.*"

The grief of this surprising letter, and the concern she had been in before, upon her breach with her husband, put her into such an agony, that she spoke not a word, but incessantly grieved and wept, nor could the tenderest, most affectionate expressions of her husband, who never stirred from her, procure a word from her all that evening. She went to bed, indeed, but got no sleep that night; and by the next morning it had thrown her into a high fever, which brought her to death's door, as we call it: and as it pleased God, that, during the violence of her distemper, she retained the perfect use of her senses: so the sense of her danger awakened her to a sense of her duty, as will appear in the next dialogue.

THE FOURTH DIALOGUE.

The last dialogue gave an account of the accident which had thrown the young married lady into a dangerous fever, and left her in a very weak condition. Her husband, as he was a tender affectionate relation, was in the utmost concern and affliction for her, seeing a great deal of danger of

her life; so, as he was also a serious Christian, he could not be without inexpressible anxieties about her future state. He had been backward to speak to her of death, or of any of the perplexities which were upon him for her condition, lest the impression should be assistant to the disease, yet he thought it was his indispensable duty not to be wanting to make her sensible of her danger, as to her soul's condition; and especially as to the breach with her father, which he always acknowledged was unjustifiable, and a great sin in her, both against God and her father.

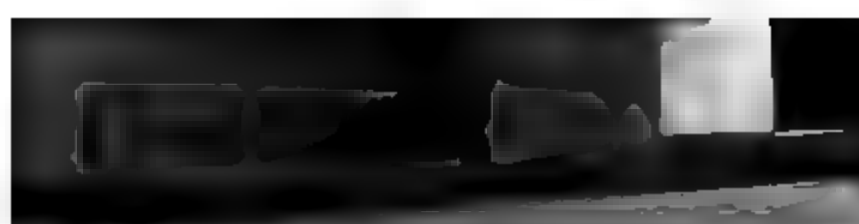
While he was sitting mournfully by her, and his heart oppressed with the struggle he had between his duty to tell her his thoughts, and his fear of injuring her health by it, she put an end to his troubles of that kind, by beginning with him thus:

Wife. My dear, you see I am dying; but I cannot go out of the world without repeating my acknowledgment to you, that I have not carried it to you as became me, or done either the duty of a wife or a Christian, as to you in particular, especially your kindness to me considered; and therefore I repeat my asking you pardon—Forgive me, my dear, and let me be assured you do it freely, for this is no a time to compliment me.

Husb. My dear, I have been backward to speak, because I would not oppress and discourage thee; but I cannot deny, that I fear thy danger is great. As for what troubles thy mind about thy carriage to me, be as easy as if we were not yet come together. I have not the least regret, or resentment in my heart about it, it is all to me as if it had never been done.

Wife. Then say you forgive me: you must say so; say you forgive me, my dear.

Husb. If I did not say so plainly before, it was because I would not call it an offence; but since you will have me call it so, I do forgive all that can be thought an offence against me, with all the freedom and joy I am capable of. The Lord forgive all our offences against him.



Wife. Then, my dear, I am satisfied, and thankful; and if God spare me further life, I'll make thee full amends, if it be in my power; if not, my request is, let it answer all the reproaches that shall be cast upon me, after I am gone, by telling the whole world that I acknowledged it, and asked your pardon.

Husb. My dear, let it take up none of your thoughts; matters of greater moment are before thee; if thy life is in danger, as I fear, I beg of thee, my dear, look up to Him that gives life, and to whom are the issues of life and of death.

Wife. I have a sad prospect within;—a guilty soul, and a hardened heart.

Husb. But there is forgiveness with him that he may be feared; and he will take away the heart of stone, and give a heart of flesh.

Wife. But it is very late to ask it now,—very late. A sick-bed is an ill time to repent in! when the body is burdened with the force of a disease, the soul oppressed with a fearful view of eternity, and the senses seldom free to act their part!

Husb. My dear, but though it be very late, it is never too late; powerful grace is not restrained to time, nor limited by circumstances; one relenting thought sincerely cast up to heaven, one hearty wish, one returning sigh, can reach heaven. Be not afraid to cast thy soul at his feet, whose nature and property is ever to have mercy, and to forgive.

Wife. I cannot say that it is too late.

Husb. Remember then the words of our blessed Saviour himself—"Be not afraid, only believe." My dear, shall I desire the minister to make thee a visit, and pray with thee? It may be God may direct him to speak something to thy comfort.

Wife. No, my dear, those prayers of thine which I have wickedly and unkindly made my jest, shall be now my only comfort: and, as God is just, in bringing me to want thy

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which I too much slighted, so he is good, and ceased to do me good by the means that I so easily condemned,—that others may know the duty of such a relation as husband and wife; and I may, if I should live, know how to value them for the future. Will you pray with me, my dear?

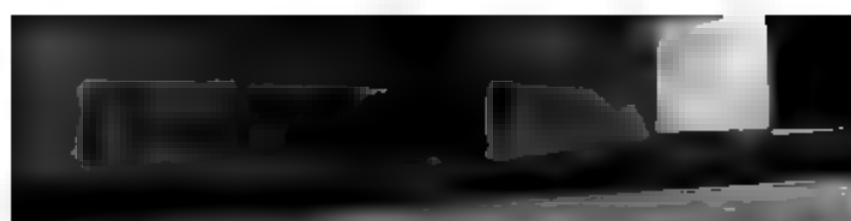
Husb. As well as my grief will permit me, my dear, I will with all my heart.

Upon her earnest request, her husband prayed with her; and she seemed so affected with the confession of sin, which he made to be as it were the introductory part of his prayer, that from that time forward he entertained great hopes of her being a true penitent.

He avoided being long, in respect of her weakness; but as he was never from her, either night or day, she caused him to pray with her almost every two hours, and sometimes would break out into short ejaculatory prayers herself; in which he could perceive, mingled with deep humiliation and confession, plain appearances of her having more hope of her future state, than before.

Her husband, encouraged by this, in one of his prayers, making confession of sin, mentioned something of the errors and mistakes of youth, which we are hurried into by the violence of our passions, and the violent affection with which we entertain our pleasures and vanities; and then went on to a confession of the sin of rejecting the counsel of our instructors, and refusing to stoop to the just reproofs of those to whom we are committed by the consequence of our relation, or by our dependence upon them, and to whom it is our duty to submit: thus proceeding to point out, though gently, the sin she had been guilty of, in resisting the admonitions of her parents; imploring God's pardon for it, and that her eyes might be opened to see and acknowledge it.

As soon as this prayer was over, she turned herself towards him, and reaching out her hands to him, she embraced him with great passion and earnestness, as her



strength would permit. My dear, said she, I bless God for what he has put into thy heart to say upon that subject. I am convinced I have sinned greatly in that matter of my father. I am convinced! I am convinced! repeating the words several times, with very great earnestness, and abundance of tears.

Her husband told her, he was very glad to hear her say so much, that it had lain much upon his mind to mention it to her, but that he was loth to grieve her; but he hoped, that as God had been pleased to make her sensible of the evil of it, so he would, as of old, in the case of the great penitent, David, no sooner give her a resolution to confess the sin, but add the comfort of his pardon. "I said, I will confess my transgression unto the Lord, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin."

She looked up with a kind of smile at these words, and said, God will forgive me, my dear, though my father won't. At which her husband said, my dear, if God forgive us, it is not so much to us, if others do not; but I dare say, if thy father heard thee, he would not wait for any further acknowledgment. Shall I let him know it? said her husband; I know his heart mourns for thee. My dear, said she, I am in an ill condition to ask him for forgiveness now; but if he was here, I would do it as well as I could, with all my heart. And here her tears again interrupting her, she said no more.

Her husband found it was not proper to say much more to her at that time, her distemper being violent, so he withdrew, secretly pleased to hear her speak with so much earnestness and concern about her father; and immediately sent a servant to her father, with a letter, to tell him he desired to see him in the morning, and withal wrote some account of the occasion. The father, though he took the news of her illness very heavily (for he still loved her very tenderly), yet receiving this part of the account with great satisfaction, came early in the morning to the house,

where his son-in-law gave him an account of all the particulars of his wife's discourse.

But it was too late; for her fever had increased upon her with so much violence in the night, that when her father came into the room, she was speechless, and to all outward appearance at the very point of death.

Her husband, though passionately afflicted at so sad a sight, yet willing to give her all the consolation he could, spoke close to her ear, that her father was come, but she did not seem to take any notice of it; he repeated it, adding, he was come to give her his blessing, and assure her, that he had forgiven all the breach between them; at which words she opened her eyes, and looked at her father; but closed them immediately, and remained speechless. My dear, said her husband, give us a sign, if you understand us; would you have your father to forgive you? (at which she lifted up her hand) and pray for thee? said her husband; at which she lifted up her hand again, and just opened her eyes, but could not speak.

This was a melancholy sight for two such near relations to bear; nor did it afford any thing more that serves to our present purpose. The father prayed by her bed-side, and gave thanks for any appearances of mercy to her soul; and committing her into the hands of her Redeemer, they retired, expecting her departing every moment.

But Providence had otherwise determined it; for though she lay in that condition two or three days, yet it pleased God, after that, the fever seemed to abate, and she came to her speech again, and in a few days more grew better, though so very weak, as made her recovery be very slow.

Now a new care and anxiety seized upon her husband, who, though truly joyful at the hopes he had of his wife's recovery, which a few days before there was no room to expect, yet he could not but be fearful, lest her convictions should wear off, with a sense of her danger, as is usual in the case of death-bed repentance; and that the near



prospect of death now disappearing, her love of vanity and pleasure should return with her health; and, therefore, like one that truly loved her soul's advantage, as well as her personal welfare, he began early to put her in mind of the debt she owed to the goodness of God, which seemed to be giving her a new life, and to whom the hours she should now bestow ought to be dedicated, as given for that purpose. His often repeating these things gave occasion to the following discourse; which, though it suffered several intermissions from her weakness, yet being all to the same purpose, will be very well read as one continued dialogue. She began with her husband upon the occasion, as I have noted, of his often repeating the cautions against forgetting, after her recovering, the sense of her state, which she had upon her mind, when she was in expectation of death.

Wife. My dear, says she, I see what you are afraid of; you fear I shall forget God's goodness to me, as soon as I am recovered.

Husb. I hope, my dear, you cannot forget neither what you are, nor what you were.

Wife. But I see plainly you are anxious about it.

Husb. My dear, do not take it ill—"We are not ignorant of satan's devices. Our adversary the devil, like a roaring lion, goes about seeking whom he may devour." We are all too subject to forget the vows of our afflicted condition; I am no otherwise afraid for thee, than as we are all apt to do so.

Wife. But has he not "snatched me as a brand out of the fire?" Zech. ii. 2.

Husb. It is true, my dear.

Wife. Has he not "ransomed me from the power of the grave?" Hosea xiii. 14.

Husb. He has, I hope, ransomed thy soul too.

Wife. "Has not my soul been precious in his sight?" 1 Sam. xxvi. 21.

Husb. May God keep the remembrance of it always upon thy mind, my dear.

Wife. I am assured he will do so.

She breaks out into an extasy of thankfulness, and repeats the 2d, 3d, and 4th verses of the 103d Psalm—
 “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases. Who redeemed thy life from destruction: who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.”

Husb. Let me join, my dear, said her husband. Psalm lxxxvi. 2, 3, 5—“O thou my God, save thy servant that trusted in thee. Be merciful to me, O Lord, for I cry unto thee daily. For thou, O Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.”

Wife. Psalm lxxxviii. 9, 10—“Lord, I have called daily upon thee, I have stretched out my hands unto thee. Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? Shall the dead arise and praise thee?”

Husb. My dear, I will be an echo to all thy breathings of this kind. Psalm xciii. 1, 2—“It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord; and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High; to show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.”

Wife. Psalm ciii. 11, 24—“I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days. My days are like a shadow that declineth, and I am withered like grass.” Psalm cxvi. 1—3—“I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice, and my supplications; because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.”

Husb. “The Lord upholdeth all that fall, and raiseth up all those that are bowed down. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them. The Lord is high unto all



them that call upon him, to all them that call upon him in truth."

They continued thus in this blessed extasy of praising and giving thanks to God for some time every day; and whenever he came into the chamber to see her, he came always with some comforting text of scripture in his mouth, which he had found out while he had been absent, and this way of conversation between them lasted till she was thoroughly well; when, being come down stairs, and beginning to take upon her again the affairs of her family, after having been at church, to render more solemnly her thanks to God in public for her recovery, she called her husband to her, and began this short discourse with him.

Wife. My dear, now God has been pleased to give me a new life, and restore me to thee, and to my family; it is my part to testify my thankfulness to his goodness, by a new way of living; and therefore I wish you would begin with a solemn giving thanks in the family, at your usual time of family worship.

Husb. With all my heart, my dear.

Wife. You shall see, my dear, I shall no more discountenance the service and worship of God in my family, as I formerly did, to my shame be it spoken.

Husb. Do not mention that any more, my dear; I hope it is forgotten above. He remembereth our sins no more, and it is meet it should be forgotten with me.

Wife. But I shall never forget to mention it with shame and reproach upon myself, as long as I live; and therefore it is that I desire to be now the first to promote and forward that blessed work which I was so much the hindrance of before.

Husb. I rejoice, my dear, at the encouragement you will give to our doing the duty of our station: but the bare performance of a course of worship is the meanest part of what is required: our whole lives must be squared accord-

ing to those rules which God has set us to walk by, that we may adorn the profession we make of religion, and "walk in the commandments and ordinances of God blameless." Luke i. 6.

Wife. My dear, I am not supposing that the form of our duty is the substance of it: but as it is true, that there may be the outward performance without the heart, it is as true, that where the heart is engaged, there will be no omission of the outward performance: and therefore I first thought myself obliged to give you this assurance of my willingness to comply with the outward performance, and the rather because of what is past.

Husb. My dear, let us have no more reflections on what is past between us; the remembrance of it is, with great satisfaction, buried with me.

Wife. But, my dear, you must allow me to look back with regret, and keep it always in my view; I shall endeavour to remember you of it no otherwise, than by showing you the reverse of it in my future behaviour.

Husb. That shall be a remembrance that will issue only in praises and thankfulness to God's infinite goodness, and in an increase, if that be possible, of my affection too, and delight in thee, while I live.

Wife. First, then, my dear, be satisfied and assured I have entirely done with the follies of my former life, and that I shall throw away no more time at the play-house, or in gaming, those thieves of the affections, and prodigal wasters of time; which time I have learned to know the value of, at the appearance of eternity; and I hope I have been furnished with knowledge from experience how to employ it to better advantage.

[He embraces her with tears of joy running down his cheeks.]

Husb. God of his infinite mercy support those resolutions.

Wife. My dear, why do you show a concern at it? why those tears?



Husb. They are tears of joy, my dear, tears proceeding from a satisfaction otherwise inexpressible.

Wife. Are they not mingled with some doubt, and proceeding from some fear, that I shall break in again upon those resolutions, as I have oftentimes done before, and as many people do after their death-bed astonishments are over?

Husb. No, my dear, I hope God, in whose strength you have made those vows, will give you grace and strength to keep them.

Wife. My dear, those thoughts of mine are not digested into formal vows and protestations; things which, often being made in our strength, we are justly forsaken by the Divine assistance in, and are left to break and fall from, relapsing with greater violence into the very sins we in that manner abjure. But I find my heart so fully convinced of the folly and vanity of those diversions, the unsatisfying, uninstrueting pleasures in them, which at death we would give millions to retrieve, and the many other attending snares they are inseparable from, that I look on them with the utmost detestation, and reproach myself with the greatest admiration, at the influence which those things had upon me.

Husb. My dear, this is a greater assurance to me of the stability of thy resolutions, than a thousand formal oaths and vows against them; which, as you well observe, being often made in our own strength, God is pleased for our mortification, to leave us to break, and which also the devil never gives over soliciting us to forget and undervalue.

Wife. Well, my dear, I hope I shall never alter my sentiments of these things; and you may, I hope, depend upon it, that neither the practice itself, nor the company that used to make those things delightful to me, will ever be tolerable to me again.

Husb. My dear, you must be civil to your acquaintance.

Wife. Truly it will be with difficulty that I shall be so to some of them; and I shall miss no occasion of wearing out the acquaintance with them, especially that of Sir Anthony and my Lady Lighthouse.

Husb. I believe, my dear, their company can be little diversion to you; I cannot think they ever really were; they have so little in them, I think it was impossible.

Wife. They have been engines in the hand of the devil to do me mischief, and to make me run a dreadful length in my own ruin, both of soul and body.

Husb. It must be by mere drollery and mimic then, for they have neither of them any such thing as solid wit or agreeable behaviour.

Wife. It has been by that bewitching thing called gallantry and honour, by which my lady especially, as it were, bantered me out of my sense of all kind of duty either to God or man,—made me think it below me to regard relative obligations, and ungenteel to be bound by the duties either of a child to my father, or of a wife to my husband.

Husb. She has done thee no harm in the main, I hope.

Wife. She has employed me, my dear, these five years, in diligently laying up a vast stock for repentance, and making work for tears and reproaches, as long as I live.

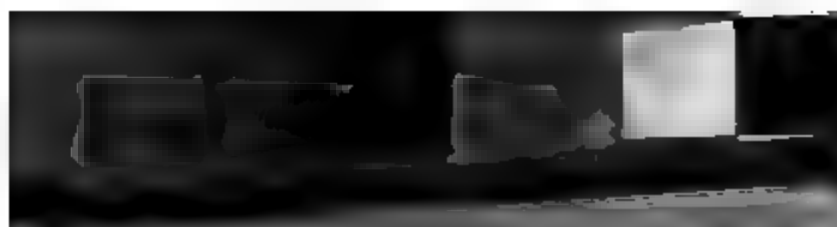
Husb. Those things often end worse, my dear; I fear they will end worse with them.

Wife. If the end is any thing with me but ruin of soul and body, it must be the effect of infinite mercy and the free grace of God.

Husb. And is not that a blessed fruit?

Wife. But in the mean time it is a fountain of secret regret, self-abhorrence, constant reproaches, and sighs that break the very soul. This is the fruit I have of those things whereof I am now ashamed.

Husb. A blessed fruit it is, however, in the end, viz. the peaceable fruit of righteousness to the saving of the soul.



Wife. But what mortification, what regret, what havoc, has it made in my soul! Here I have been an undutiful child,—a terror to my relations,—a grief to my father and mother,—the ruin of my brother!

[Tears stopped her speech for a while, at the mention of her brother.]

Husb. Do not mention that now, my dear.

Wife. Not mention it! yes, I must mention it; he is undone! and I was partner with him in his sin! nay, I was worse than he! Why has God ruined him, and spared me? I was a rebel to my father! I have been a traitor to thee, my dear! and, above all, a forsaker of God, and a despiser of religion, and all that was good! And why am I not destroyed, rather than my dear brother?

Husb. But God, that gives repentance, gives also pardon; and blessed be God thou art now rejoicing in hope!

Wife. Aye, my dear; but what work is here for repentance, not towards God only, but to every one else! I have asked forgiveness of thee, my dear, and I ought to do it of my brother, and of my father, and they ought all to refuse me.

Husb. But I am sure we are all too glad of the occasion to entertain such a thought: where God is pleased to pardon, who is man that he should resent? I dare say thy father forgives thee freely.

Wife. Well, whether he will or not, it is my duty to acknowledge my fault to him.

Husb. My dear, thou hast done it already, and he is satisfied; he will be here to visit us to-night.

Wife. But that is not sufficient to me.

Husb. Here's thy father already.

Her father knocks at the door, and comes in; she runs to him, falls on her knees, and cried, My dear father! but fainted again, and could not speak a word more, and continued so ill afterwards, that she was obliged to be carried

to bed, which put the family into a great disorder, fearing the return of her distemper. After she had lain some time, and was a little refreshed, she desired her father and husband to come up to her chamber. While she lay indisposed on her bed, her husband had related to her father all the discourse that passed between them; which so affected her father, that he could not bear giving her the uneasiness of farther confessions; and, therefore, when she sent for them up, the father spoke to her husband thus:

“Son, I desire you will go up first, and tell her, word for word, what I say to you, as near as you can remember.

“First, tell her you have related to me the discourse that has been between her and you; and that I am fully satisfied with, and rejoice in the acknowledgment she has made of her former carriage to me, and of her design to acknowledge it farther;—that I already think it more than enough; that as neither her weakness, on the one hand, can bear it, so neither can my affection to her, on the other hand, bear any more submissions; and therefore I will not come up to her, unless she will promise not to speak one word to me of it more; but only hear what I shall say to her, and so put an entire end to it.”

Her husband did so, and with much difficulty prevailed with her to promise: upon which her father, being brought in, went to her, and kissed her as she lay; and praying earnestly in a few words to God to bless her, and continue his goodness to her, he comforted her in the following manner:

“My dear child,” said he, “I have acknowledgments enough, and I am fully satisfied; my joy and comfort is, that God has given you a due and deep sense of your offences against him, and I hope has pardoned you also. Your offence against me is nothing, but as it was a sin against him; nor had I ever any other resentment of it, but what my common affection could have prevailed over. I



rejoice that God has given you repentance; and I think it is as much my duty to forgive you now, as I thought before I was obliged not to do it, till you had acknowledged it; therefore I freely and heartily forgive you, as if you had never offended me; and I make but this one condition of my forgiveness, which I oblige you to comply with, viz. that you say not one word more by way of asking pardon; for as you cannot bear to do it, so neither can I bear to hear it."

She kept her word as to speaking, but abundance of tears testified how sensible she was of what her father had said to her, and thus an entire reconciliation was made of all that was past; and she proved ever after a sober, religious, and shining Christian;—a dutiful and affectionate daughter to her parents,—a tender and obliging wife to her husband,—and a careful instructing mother to her children.

The tragical part of this story remains, and will make the conclusion of this work. The subject is, the miserable wretched case of the young gentleman, the brother to this lady; and who had gone abroad, as has been said, but was partly by his wounds, sickness, and misfortune, but principally by his vices and extravagance, reduced to the last extremity of misery, had wasted his estate, sold his commission, lost one of his arms, and was brought to the necessity of writing to his father for subsistence, and for money to bring him over to England; of which the particulars will appear in the next dialogue.

THE FIFTH DIALOGUE.

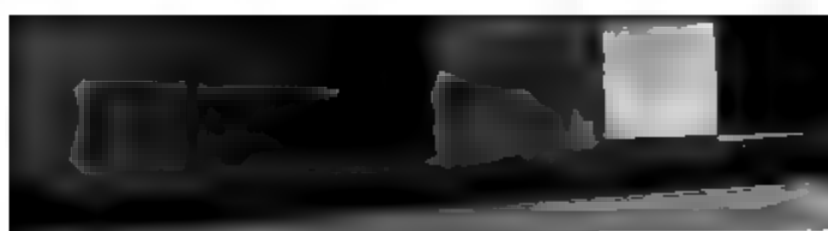
In the last dialogue you have some account of the condition the young gentleman formerly mentioned was reduced to, in a letter to his sister, dated from Cambray, where he was under cure of his wounds.

It seems his extravagance had reduced him to the last extremity; and having had his arm cut off, and falling into a long fit of sickness after it, though he was exchanged by virtue of the cartel for exchange of prisoners, and so had his freedom, yet he could not be removed, and was at last obliged to sell his commission; after which, seeing himself reduced to great extremities, and the utmost misery, even of wanting bread, being in his view, he wrote a second letter to his father; which being brought by a person who gave a particular account of his condition, moved his father to take compassion on him, and relieve him.

His letter to his father was thus:

“SIR,

“As I have little reason to expect any relief from you, so duty ought to have moved me not to have given you the affliction of knowing my condition. Perhaps, however, while you may be moved with my disasters, it may be some satisfaction to you to see, that he who went away without your blessing is brought to the necessity of seeking to you for his bread. If it be your pleasure, that I shall perish here in misery, and friendless, I am ready to submit to the sentence from your mouth, as a just punishment; but if you have so much concern for my life, as to cause me to be brought over, that I may die in my native country, the bearer will acquaint you, how such undeserved bounty will be received by, &c.”



The tender compassionate father, though he resented his son's treatment of him deeply enough, and steadily adhered to the resolution of never receiving him into his family, unless he acknowledged his first crime, viz. of withstanding the reformation of his father's house; yet being by no means obliged by that resolution, not to relieve him in distress, or to let him starve in a strange country, having inquired into the particulars of his circumstances, from the gentleman who brought over the letter, and understanding by him, that his son was reduced to the utmost distress, he immediately remitted money over to a Dutch merchant at Lisle, with orders to give him present subsistence, and to bring him from Cambray thither, in order to his being sent over to England; all which the said merchant effectually performed, and the poor reduced gentleman arrived at London soon after.

It was the very same day of his arrival when he caused his father to have notice, that he was coming to lay himself at his door; but the father, though he had relieved him, and designed to take care that he should not want, yet judging it needful to let him know that his resentment had been very just, and that he was to be satisfied further, with relation to things past, before he could be restored to the state of an eldest son, if ever that was to be done at all, gave him the mortification of signifying to him by a messenger, that he was not to be admitted to see his father, or to come into his house yet; but that he was to go to such a place, not far off, where a lodging was provided for him.

This afflicted him extremely: at first it threw him into a violent passion, expostulating with the messenger, in such words as these. What! has my father brought me thus far, but to trample on my misery, and to make his resentment sink the deeper? or has he brought me like a criminal to the place of execution, thus, as he may think, to do justice upon me! Why has he not suffered me to perish where I was, rather than come hither to die, with the

more affliction and reproach? The messenger told him his business was not to dispute with him, but to deliver his message; that he had no farther instructions; and, so giving the coachman directions where to go, he told the poor gentleman he would go before to receive him, and took his leave.

The unhappy gentleman bid the coachman go on, and in a little time he found himself passing by his father's door; this struck him with inexpressible grief, even into an agony of shame, anger, and despair: when, in that very moment, his dream came into his mind, which he had related to his sister, and which is set down in the first dialogue of this part, viz. how that having his arm shot off, and being relieved by his father abroad, and brought over, though he came to his father's door, yet he would not take him in, but had ordered him to a neighbour's house, &c.

As soon as this revolved upon his thoughts, it immediately quieted him, and he broke out into this expression—"Well, I now see that nothing befalls us without the determinate will of that sovereign Power that guides and governs the whole world: this was so long ago represented to me in a dream. How exactly is every step of it come to pass upon me! God is just, and it is my part to submit!"

This quieted his mind for some time, and he went on to the house which his father had appointed him, where he found the servant, who, as he had said, went before, who helped him out, for he was so weak he could hardly go, and, coming into a chamber provided for him, fetching a deep sigh he threw himself on the bed, without speaking a word; and in this condition he remained all that night, and part of the next day, nobody coming to him but the people of the house, who were, however, directed to attend him, and supply him with necessaries.

In the evening he heard a coach stop at the door, and soon after a lady coming up stairs, who was brought up into his chamber, and whom he presently knew to be his sister. She found him very weak sitting in a chair by the



fire, leaning his head upon his hand, and his elbow on a table that stood by him, his eyes fixed on the ground; his countenance to the last degree dejected, pale, and thin; and, in short, as like a spectre as any thing that is real flesh and blood could be supposed to be. As she came forward into the room, he lifted up his eyes, and said only this word, Sister! and would have risen up, but had not strength. She designed to have embraced him; but when she saw him, she was frightened and amazed, and sat down over against him at some distance, being ready to swoon away. At the first she could hardly be convinced it was really her brother: and when she was satisfied of that, the very seeing him in that condition struck her with such grief, that she could not speak a word to him for a great while. Being recovered a little, my dear brother! said she, and would have gone on, but she burst out into tears. However, these transports, which the surprise of seeing him in such a condition might very well be supposed to work in so near a relation, being a little over, they began to discourse a little together; and after the usual questions concerning his health, and the proper remedies to be used to recover his strength, and the like, the following dialogue contains the substance of their discourse:

Sist. Dear brother, but what makes you so dejected? and why have you lost your courage so much at your disaster? I hope, with taking care of yourself, and proper remedies being used, you may recover. But if your spirits are sunk, you will fall under the weight of your own melancholy, and be lost without remedy.

Bro. Dear sister, not all my disasters, not the loss of my arm, or the cruel operations of the surgeons; not the having wasted my estate; not my being reduced to want of bread; not all that has befallen me, or that could befall me in the world, has ever been able to sink my spirits, and cast me so low as this part of my tragedy.

Sist. What part, brother?

Z

Bro. Why, that my father, who kindly relieved me, when I wrote to him in my distress, who ordered me to be brought home, as I thought, that, according to my request, I might die in my native country, should, instead of that common compassion, which nature dictates for men in misery, bring me hither but just as they do malefactors, to die with the more shame; and, not suffering me to come within his doors, should send me hither, as it were to an hospital, to be kept upon his charity; like one, who, although he would not have starved, he had relieved, not in favour, but that he might die with the most exquisite tortures of the mind. This he could not but know such a thing would produce, and must produce in a soul that had any sense of misery left.

Sist. You lay it too much to heart, brother; that is not my father's design.

Bro. Yes, yes, that is the design; why else had he not ordered me to some hospital, or place of retreat? some place where I need not have been a spectacle to, and the reproach of his servants, and the contempt of all my acquaintance? But he shall have his full satisfaction over me; and I will, as I dreamed I had done, cause myself to be carried to his gate, that he may say he had the pleasure to see his eldest son die at his door.

Sist. Your grief permits you not to make a right judgment of things; I beg you will weigh the circumstances of every part, and you will find my father has quite other designs towards you.

Bro. It cannot be, sister; for why this triumph then over my disasters; it is impossible.

Sist. You cannot think so hardly of my father; you should rather conclude, that his bringing you so near him, is in order to restore you entirely, and a little patience would give you light into that matter.

Bro. Has he given me so much as the least intimation of it? On the contrary, has he not brought me to pass his

very door, and sent his messengers to command me to come no nearer to him, nor himself so much as vouchsafe to see me?

Sist. You should consider, brother, the terms on which you stand with my father, with respect to your going away, and the obligation he is under of expecting some terms, before you are restored.

Bro. I know what you mean, sister. I could have made any submissions, had he not brought me thus, as it were, upon a stage, to be a spectacle to all people, and make a private breach become public, by a scandalous penance. Now I can never do it, though I were much more convinced of the crime than I am; it is impossible: no, I cannot do it, if I starve here.

Sist. Dear brother, do not talk of that; you shall not starve. I have had too much hand in your miseries to suffer you to starve, though my father would; but you will not find my father inclines to any thing unkind. But, dear brother, you are, I hope, too sensible of the mistake we both committed, to be unwilling to give my father that small satisfaction he requires, which is but a bare acknowledgment of having done amiss. I have done it with the greatest sincerity, and with the greatest peace and satisfaction to myself in the world; to tell you the truth, I had really no true peace or satisfaction till I did do it.

Bro. Well, sister, before I speak of that, let me observe to you, that your words put me in mind of my old dream again; which, you cannot but remember, I told you of at my aunt's; and it is fulfilled in every part; for I am brought to my father's very door, and being refused leave to come in, I am sent hither to be kept as in an hospital under cure; and you only (just as I dreamed) are come to visit me, acknowledging you have submitted to your father, and persuading me to do the same. God is just, sister! God is just! and I have brought all this upon myself! But my father is cruel, and tyrannizes over my distress, and that I cannot bear.

Sist. Dear brother, it is very wonderful, and I have often thought on that dream, and of my aunt's prediction also, about the same time, viz. that you would be brought to want bread, and to beg of my father to relieve you, though I was in hopes it would never have come to pass.

Bro. It is a testimony that nothing befalls us without an invisible hand. I acknowledge his justice; but I cannot but think that my father is very severe, and indeed very cruel.

Sist. That is, because you take the first part of this affair, without the subsequent, which is in his design; and which, I hope, will make all end well still, if you can be persuaded to act with temper and patience.

Bro. That is upon supposition, I perceive, that my condition will oblige me to make the utmost submissions, merely for want of subsistence, whether I am sensible of the crime or not.

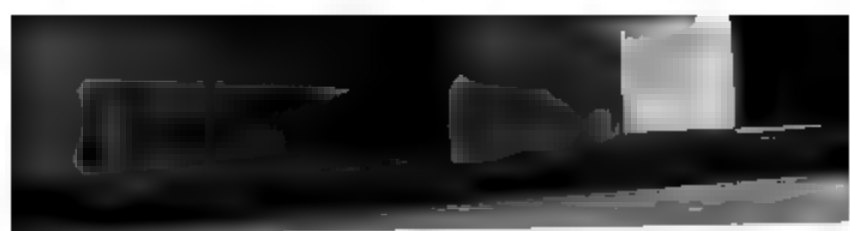
Sist. Dear brother, I hope you are sensible of it. If such judgments as you have met with cannot make you sensible, nothing will. However, as all your dream is come to pass, I shall fulfil the rest, by which, besides my respect to you, that excuse shall be taken away, viz. that you are necessitated to make submissions for bread. I hope you will do it from a mere sense of the sin, and of God's anger and justice, as well as of your father's displeasure. And that you may not be in a necessity of doing it otherwise, take that part of your dream too, for your present comfort, for you dreamed I brought you some money.

[She puts a purse of gold into his hand.]

Bro. Dear sister, you are too kind; but I am past this kind of consolation.

Sist. As you are reduced to want necessities, you cannot be past receiving some satisfaction for a supply.

Bro. If, with my estate, I had lost all sense of honour, was grown as low spirited as I am low circumstanced, I might cringe and stoop as a heggar at a door; but if my father seeks to suppress the soul, by the afflictions of the



body, as it is more than cruel in him, so it is insupportable to me, and I must deliver myself, sister.

Sist. If you had not at first disoblged him to the highest degree, you would have had reason in what you say: but if what my father expects now be more than he expected, when you were in your best circumstances, no more than he made the condition of your return, by receiving the assurances of its being the consequence of your going away, and that even before you went; and above all, if it be no more, as a parent and a master of a family, he was obliged to do, to preserve that authority, which you and I unhappily opposed: then you cannot call his carrying it thus to you now, an imposing upon you, or insulting your misery. I know it is not in his nature to do so; if it had, brother, why did he answer your letters, send you relief, be at the expense of bringing you over, and providing for you here: has not his pity saved your life?

Bro. But is not this way of giving life worse than death? I know how to revenge myself: he that dares die, knows how to revenge himself of all the world.

Sist. That is talking more like a soldier, brother, than a Christian; nay, according to the notions of philosophy, which you and I used to talk of, it is talking like a coward, not like a man of courage, since what they call courage consists in sustaining the mind under the most pressing afflictions, and passive valour is the greatest extremity of true magnanimity, whereas he that destroys himself is a coward, and dies for fear of the bitterness of life.

Bro. There are some circumstances which may overcome even human nature itself, and among these, to be insulted in distress, is the most insupportable. I could die by torture, with much more ease.

Sist. But, dear brother, you put the falsest construction imaginable upon your present circumstances. My father has put no insult upon you, and means you none; you know the just engagements he is under, bind him to what he does.

Bro. Is it no insult, sister, to bring me to his own door, and then send a servant to tell me, I must not be taken in, but go to such a place?

Sist. Had there been nothing between you before, that makes that proceeding reasonable, it might have been thought hard; but you cannot but own my father has been provoked.

Bro. You were of another mind once, sister.

Sist. Dear brother, I acknowledge it with the greatest affliction imaginable, that I was doubly unhappy in being so; that I was too much the wicked instrument to encourage you in that course, which has reduced you to this misery: and it has cost me more tears than you can imagine, to think that I, that loved you dearly, should have so much hand in your ruin.

Bro. It has cost me more blood, than it has cost you tears.

Sist. That may be true too; but my repentance has been severe enough.

Bro. And pray how has it issued? I wish you would give me the short history, that I may judge how to regulate my conduct by your's.

Sist. I was your unhappy pattern before. I pray God extend the same grace to you now, that, as we sinned together, we may be witnesses together of our repentance. My case is thus:

[Here she relates to him all her own story, from her marriage to her reconciliation with her father, as related in the dialogues foregoing.]

Bro. Your story is very remarkable. Indeed your husband's conduct must be admired. But, dear sister, my father did not deal with you as he does with me: if he had, it would have fired your spirits, and filled you with indignation, rather than have engaged you to an acknowledgment.

Sist. You misconstrue my father's intentions extremely.

Bro. What misconception can it be? Am I not here? Was I not brought to his door? Was I not shut out, and turned here, after five year's absence? Has my father or mother, or any of the family come, or so much as sent a servant, to see me?

Sist. Dear brother, do not let your passions be your temptations, I am come to see you.

Bro. You are like yourself, kind and good; but what is that to them?

Sist. You are supposing, then, brother, that I came without my father's knowledge? No, brother, I came to discourse with you, that you may be easy, and that my father may have room to act what his own compassionate inclinations move him to, and to receive you with the same freedom and affection that he did me.

Bro. Then I am not to treat with you now as my sister, but as an ambassador, or mediator.

Sist. I intreat you, dear brother, let us be serious; it is for your life.

Bro. My life! alas, that is not worth a treaty; I wish, as it is in my power to give it, it were in his to take it. You should see I would die like a son, but scorn to be fed by his charity.

Sist. But, brother, I am not treating with you on the subject of charity; I will protect you myself from the need of any one's charity: but, as the foundation of this breach was wrong, and as I hope you are now convinced of it, as well as I am, I would fain persuade you to a dutiful accommodation with my father, who is ready to abate you the ceremony, if he can but have the reality of such repentance as God and your duty calls for, and that you may do this freely, and under no pretence of being reduced to it, by your circumstances, I brought you the relief you have; nor shall you be suffered to want, let it go how it will.

Bro. What would you have me do?

Sist. Your own sense will dictate that to you.

Bro. I acknowledge I am very sorry I have given him offence, and especially that I went away without his leave,—methinks what I suffered for that crime should be enough.

Sist. You may be sure I shall relate this with all the advantage I can to my father; but the matter itself is so plain, the message you might send would as plainly put an end to it.

Bro. What plainer could I say?

Sist. Nay, brother, you do not want me to dictate.

Bro. You would have me say, I acknowledge I gave him just cause for all he did,—that I acted very wickedly in opposing him in his family orders,—and that I beg pardon of him, and so fall down on my knees, &c. Dear sister, if I should, I am such a cripple, I could not get up again.

Sist. Dear brother, I am sorry to see how it is with you; I see plainly it is not in your heart; and all that is in appearance, will be but from the lip outward, what can I do?

Bro. I could have made many submissions, if he had not brought me hither to do it in this manner; but death, I think, would be a much easier portion to me now.

Sist. It is in vain for you and I to dispute it, brother; tell me then what I shall say for you, or what I shall do for you.

Bro. Say as above, which is the truth, that I regret so much the usage of me at last, that I have nothing left to do but to satisfy my father that I will be as short a burden to him as possible.

Sist. Dear brother, I cannot carry such a message; consider of something fit for me to say, and do not provoke him at last, when you are just casting yourself upon him.

Bro. Tell him, then, what your kindest thoughts of me can suggest,—only not omitting to let him know that the repulse I have met with here is greater to me than all that has befallen me; that I was prepared to have asked him pardon, and in general I will do so still; but that this has

put me just all temper; tell him just so, and let it leave as it will.

Sist. It is an uncomfortable message for me to carry; but I must do as you bid me.

Bro. I cannot say less without feigning a temper, which, if I should see my father, I cannot make good, or act over again; for I cannot counterfeit; and, if I say more, you will not be willing to carry the message; therefore, let it go so, come of it what will.

Sist. If I decline carrying any message, it is for your sake, that I may not injure your interest with my father, and for no other reason.

Bro. I know it, sister, and understand it also, I hope you do not take amiss what I said.

Sist. Not at all; I am only grieved that I do not see a prospect of doing you all the good I would do.

Bro. I am such an object now, that I do not see what condition to desire, sister. Had my father received me kindly, I should not have behaved unworthy of him, though in so ill a condition; but this indignity has placed me so far below any thing of a son, that I shall be the contempt of his servants, if I should come in.

Sist. What then shall I ask of him?

Bro. Nothing, sister, nothing at all; let him do just as he pleases.

Sist. Dear brother, you act just the desperate part now; where will it end?

Bro. In the grave, sister; there I would have it end.

Sist. I am sorry to see you so obstinate in your own ruin; however, I'll do as well as I can for you.

[She leaves him in this humour, not being able to obtain any thing of him, and goes directly to her father, who was waiting impatiently for to hear what his son had said to her, being himself disposed to have treated him with the utmost kindness and tenderness. As soon as he saw her, he began thus:]

Fath. Well, child, have you seen your brother?

Daugh. Yes, Sir, I have seen a miserable object; I am glad you did not see him at first.

Fath. Why so?

Daugh. I believe it would break your heart to see him. He is lame with a wound in his knee, one arm cut off, thin and lean, as one dying of a consumption. He looks pale and melancholy, and indeed is to the last degree dejected and disconsolate; and what he is mean and shabby in his clothes. I never saw such an object.

Fath. But what temper is he in?

Daugh. An accident has disordered him, otherwise he is as he used to be.

Fath. What accident?

Daugh. Why, the servant you sent surprised him, with telling him too hastily that he had ordered him to a lodging, and not to bring him home; and then to increase it, the coach very unhappily drove by the door here; and it grieved him so much, to see himself brought to his father's door, and could not have leave to come in, that he fell into a violent passion: the people say, he raged so much all night, though they knew not what at, that they were afraid he would destroy himself; and he lays it so to heart still, that it grieves me: I know not what to do for him.

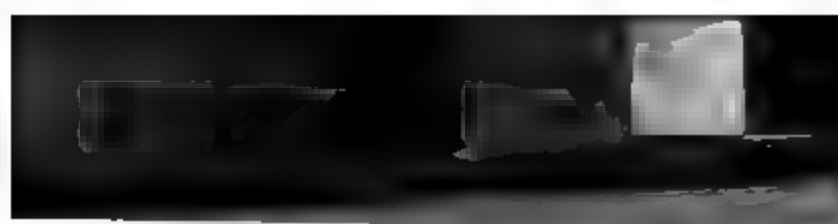
[She weeps.]

Fath. I heard, indeed, that he flew out into a passion. The fellow was a fool to deliver his message so insolently, and also to bring him by the door: there was no need for that; but as for not coming in, he knew my terms of his return; and I know that he expected no other before he came over: but he might easily think my bringing him hither, was in order to receive him kindly, and make his submission as cheap to him as I could.

Daugh. He would have scrupled no submissions, I believe, if this had not happened.

Fath. But he does now, it seems.

Daugh. No, really; he bids me say to you that he is very sorry he has given you offence, and especially that he



went away without your leave; and that he will ask your pardon with all his heart.

Fath. But, child, does he come to the main point? will he acknowledge his sin against God and his father, in resisting the just measures taken for the reformation of our family, and his leaving the house upon that account, for which I solemnly declared to him, that if he went away upon that score, he should never return but as a penitent.

Daugh. I hope, Sir, you will construe his asking your pardon in general to contain all that.

Fath. Why should I construe it, child, a way that he does not declare it to be understood? for I have had some information already that he resolves the contrary.

Daugh. I am in hopes, Sir, he will not declare that; and I hope you will let his condition plead a little for him, misery disorders our tempers as well as our bodies.

Fath. But if his misery will not allow him to make so just an acknowledgment, nor he will not free me from the engagements, which he knows I am under, it is he refuses to come in; it is not I that shut him out. It is a sad sign, if so much suffering has not reached his heart to convince him of his sin.

Daugh. Perhaps he may be better, Sir, when his concern at this accident is a little over; I am loth to afflict him; for he is so weak, I fear disturbing him may kill him.

Fath. I could find in my heart to go to him myself.

Daugh. I cannot say, Sir, whether it may be better or worse. If he be in temper, it must needs be to his advantage to have you see him; but if his disturbance at this affair is not over, though he be so low reduced, I fear his obstinate temper.

Fath. What, does he think that I take occasion from his misery to force him to a submission?

Daugh. I cannot say but something of that is upon his

Fath. Come, then, I have thought of an expedient to

remove his resentment; for I will not leave him the least room to complain of me, nor indeed do I desire or value a forced submission; if God has not wrought a change upon him by his afflictions, it is not my forcing him that will do any good. If he makes any acknowledgments from the power of his present necessities, they will be but hypocritical and insincere, and such a kind of penitence as will not be acceptable to God, I am sure will be very unsatisfying to me.

Daugh. That's very true, Sir.

Fath. I'll tell you what you shall do; go back to him, and tell him, I had no design to put any affront upon him, or to oppress him in his affliction at all; and if my servant behaved ill to him, it was without my order.

Daugh. That will be a great comfort to him, I dare say

Fath. Then tell him he knows the reason why I cannot agree to take him home, which reason it is in his power to remove when he pleases. Tell him, that when he thinks fit to remove it effectually, he shall be received with as much affection and kindness as he can expect: but that it is below me to take advantage of his misery, to oblige him to that submission, though I have good reason to do so, and that therefore I allow him to remove whither he pleases to go for his accommodation; and I will allow him 50*l.* a year for his subsistence; and there is 10*l.* for him for his present supply. Thus he is left entirely free, either to comply with his father, or not to comply with him, as God shall please to influence his mind. He can complain of no force or ill usage on my side.

Daugh. Indeed, Sir, I must acknowledge for him it is more than he can expect. I'll carry him the news, and remove him this very night; for he will break his heart if he stays there, he reckons that he is only sent into an hospital. But whither shall I remove him?

Fath. Wherever he will go.

Daugh. Are you pleased, Sir, that I shall carry him to my house?



Fath. I'll direct nothing in that.

[She goes away to return to her brother, and coming up to him, finds him on the bed.]

Sist. Brother! what, are you not well?

Bro. Never worse, in body and mind.

Sist. Come, will you get up?

Bro. I cannot without help: I am an emblem of mankind; they can fall when they will, but cannot rise without help.

Sist. Come, I'll help you up. Alas! you are no heavier than a little child.

[She lifts him up.]

Bro. Well, have you seen my father?

Sist. Dear brother, we have such a father, as no child in the world but us could ever offend.

Bro. Why, what does he say?

Sist. He is very angry with his servant for treating you so rudely, and bringing you up to the door, and has turned him out of doors for it. He says he ordered no such thing; and, that you may not lay any thing of that to heart, he has given me leave to carry you away from hence, where I will; or, in short, given you leave to remove to any part of the town where you please.

Bro. Sister, I am willing enough to construe every thing my father does in the best sense; but you mistake me, the servant did not behave rudely, nor was it his fault that I was brought up to the door; the servant only did his message. It was the nature of the message, not the manner of it, that was my surprise; and for the rest, it was only casual or providential. The way, I know, lay by my father's door; and the coachman, who knew nothing of it, drove that way of course. But it is the matter of the message, and sending me hither as to an hospital, to be kept in sight of his house, and not admitted till I had performed so and so.

Sist. Well, brother, however my father says, you quite

mistake him. He says, he should have been very glad if your own inclinations had led you to give him the satisfaction which he thinks is your debt, and which, you know, he cannot go from; that he hoped you had been convinced, by the hand of God upon you, both of your past sin, and your present duty: but that he scorns to put any force upon you, or to press you by the violence of your necessities to comply with him; it must be God's work, or it can be no satisfaction to him; and therefore he leaves you to your liberty.

Bro. What does my father call liberty, sister? He leaves me to my liberty; that is, either to submit or starve; come on my knees to him, or beg: is this leaving me to my liberty?

Sist. Dear brother, see now how your passions and impatience misguide you. My father is none of those tyrants: he says, he hopes God may still open your eyes: that repentance is God's gift, it is not in his power to force it; that however you refuse or decline your duty to him, he will do his duty to you, and leave the issue to time. To this purpose he will allow you 50*l.* a year, for your subsistence, and has sent you 10*l.* for your present supply; and, as you know the conditions of reconciliation to your father, he says you have the keys of his door, and the key of his affections too, you may come in when you please.

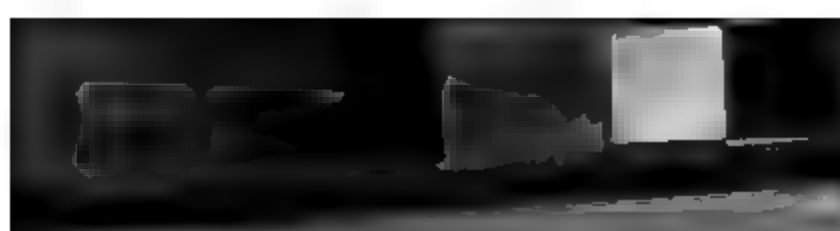
Bro. Did my father say all this?

Sist. Yes, indeed, and, if I had not prevented him, I believe he would have come and told you so himself.

Bro. Why did you hinder him?

Sist. Why, brother, I was afraid of your passions, lest by too warm expressions you should do yourself a prejudice, and lessen that affectionate concern he has for you. I know the different influence of words, as they are well or ill placed.

Bro. I am easily overcome by kindness, never by violence.



Sist. Will you not allow your father the same effect of flesh and blood.

Bro. Had my father come hither in that temper, and said those words you say from him, I should have thrown myself at his feet, with more submission than he can expect.

Sist. Then I am sorry I hindered him; I'll go and fetch him still.

Bro. No, do not do that: I cannot promise for myself at second hand.

Sist. O, brother! you have not a sense of the crime, though you have some sense of the kindness. I hope still time may open your eyes. For the present, I would be glad to recover your spirits, and cheer your thoughts a little, that you may consider things with more composure. Will you tell me what course you will take?

Bro. Any course you shall direct, only to remove me from this place.

Sist. I doubt not it grieves you to look out of the back window, and see your father's garden gate.

Bro. Many other things make this place hateful to me.

Sist. Come, you shall go home with me to my house. I am sure my dear will make you very welcome.

She takes him home in her coach, where she used him with all kindness and tenderness in the world, but could never bring him to any sense of his duty to God or his father. After some time, having still his allowance from his father, he grew melancholy and disturbed, and offered two or three times to destroy himself; but, being recovered from that, he removed from his sister's, and God having not pleased to grant him either the grace of repentance for his former sins, or to prevent future, he fell into an extravagant life, ill company, and drinking, and died in a miserable condition, atheistical and impenitent; having never seen his father, nor so much as desiring it, till on his death-bed,

being delirious, he cried out for "his father! his father!" and that he had abused his father, and begged to see his father, that he might ask him forgiveness. But he died before his father, who happened to be in the country, could be sent for.



PART IV.

THE FIRST DIALOGUE.

THIS discourse is too much a history; it is founded upon an unhappy quarrel between a man and his wife, both sober religious persons, about their religious conduct in their family.

The husband, provoked by some rash words of his wife, and especially by her speaking slightly of his performing family-worship, takes the worst method in the world with himself, flinging away in a passion, without calling his reason, or conscience of duty, to his assistance; and having not called his family together to morning-prayer, as was before his constant practice. In this fury he walks out into a field near his house, where he had the advantage of conversing with himself, without being heard; and his passion being not much abated, as you may suppose, he fell to reasoning himself out of his duty, instead of into it, and to forming the arguments to justify his laying aside the thoughts of it for the future.

What can I do, says he, when a woman is arrived to such a height as to make a mock of me in my own family? She has brought things to such a pass, I do not think it is my duty to pray among them any more: she openly told me, before my children, that I need not give myself the trouble

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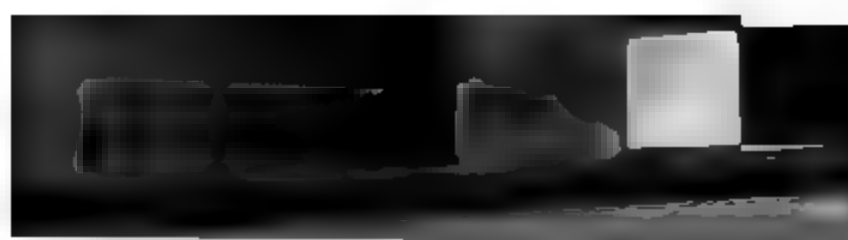
to keep up the ceremony,—that they none of them value it,—that they hate the offering for the sake of the priest,—that they care not to join with me,—and they can serve God to more purpose without me. Why, I don't think it is my duty; certainly God does not expect I should worship him in such company: I am not to cast my pearls before swine. Besides, where there is no charity, no unity, what signifies duty! What worship can there be that can be acceptable to God or comfortable to me? I'll trouble myself no more about them. And as to its being my duty, I think I am fairly discharged of it: at her door be the sin, who has been the cause of it. As I am not the occasion of the breach, so neither will the consequence lie at my door. I'll perform my duty by myself, and let them take their own course.

With this kind of discourse he satisfied himself for the present, the devil no doubt assisting; and, coming home, took no notice at the usual time of family-worship, but went unconcerned about his business; sat down to dinner at noon, and at night stayed out till it was time to go to supper.

After supper, his wife (who kept up her resentment as high as he) calls her maid to bring her a candle, and away she goes to bed, taking no notice of him, or of the usual family order.

It was a little unnatural to him, as it had been unusual, to close the day thus, without either his duty to God, or any society with his wife; and, as he said afterwards, had she spoken but one kind word to him, or given him but a sociable look, he had forgot all, and, gone on again in his duty, as he used to have done. But she unwarily and imprudently prompting his disgust, and throwing oil instead of water into the fire, enraged him farther, assisted the temptation, and confirmed him in the wicked resolution of neglecting his duty.

The breach was now made, and every thing contributed make it wider: the man went to bed some time after;



but, as she was asleep when he came to bed, so he was asleep when she arose, and they had no interval or opportunity of conversation to allay their heat or bring them together. Thus they went on with their discontent, and continued two or three days hardly on speaking terms one with another: during this time, as there were no healing steps taken on either side, so it may be supposed there was no compliance in the matter of religious duty. Now the family orders dropped, religion seemed wholly laid aside; and that which was still worse, the disorder of their minds was so great, that it broke in upon their private duties, as well as their public, and one was neglected as well as the other. Indeed it might have been concluded, that had either of them retired to their private duties, had they gone into their closets and looked up for direction what to do, the secret ejaculation would have strongly moved them to another frame, would have returned them to their duty, and restored them to one another.

A little time, it is true, did restore them to better terms of living together; the passionate part cooled again, and they conversed a little more friendly. But the blow was given, the religion of the family was overthrown; and as the woman, on one hand, showed no concern about it, seemed of the same temper as to charity, as before, and not to desire his performance; so he, bolstering up his neglect, and checking his convictions with this notion, that the breach was upon his wife, and not upon him; that she had refused him, and that now it was not his duty; persuading himself, I say, in this manner, he seemed to be satisfied in the omission, and to think of his duty no more.

It was very observable, that, as they laid aside their family-worship, so, in the nature of the thing, their family peace vanished. They were continually quarrelling and falling out with one another. Their humours jostled in every trifle, upbraiding one another's sincerity, affection, and integrity, on every little occasion; reviling one another with bitterness, and forgetting nothing that might make them

THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR. [Part IV.]

able to one another: in a word, waspish and fretful even when they agreed best, and scandalously furious and hot when they fell out.

Hardly any discourse happened between them, however, mildly it began, but it ended in a broil; she would thwart him in every thing he said, and he contradict her as often. Their orders in the house clashed so in every thing, the children knew not how to behave, or servants to obey; whilst the father commanded this, and the mother that, it was impossible to preserve any harmony among the children: two of them, one son and one daughter, taking part with the father, and another son and two daughters with the mother; so that as the father and mother differed, the children differed; and that with such heat as filled the house with disorder.

It happened once, that a discourse began between the father and mother about the eclipse of the sun, which fell out on April 22, 1715.

The eclipse of the sun was the subject of all conversation at that time, having been, as is well known, so total, and the darkness so great, as that the like had not been known in some hundred years before.

The wife had inquired of the husband what the nature of the thing was, and he was describing it to her and her children in a familiar way; and, as I said, that unkind reflections upon one another was the usual issue of their common discourse, so it was here; the husband tells her, that the moon was like a cross wife, that, when she was out of humour, could thwart and eclipse her husband whenever she pleased; and that, if an ill wife stood in the way, the brightest husband could not shine.

She flew in a passion at this; and being of a sharp wit, you do well, says she, to carry your emblem to a suitable height; I warrant you think a wife, like the moon, has no light but what she borrows from her husband, and that we only shine by reflection; it is necessary, then, you should she can eclipse him when she pleases.



Ay, ay, says the husband, but you see, when she does, she darkens the whole house, she can give no light without him.

[Upon this she came closer to him.]

Wife. I suppose you think you have been eclipsed lately; we don't see the house is the darker for it.

Husb. That's because of your own darkness; I think the house has been much the darker.

Wife. None of the family are made sensible of it; we don't miss your light.

Husb. 'Tis strange if they don't, for I see no light you give in the room of it.

Wife. We are but as dark as we were before; for we were none of us the better for all your hypocritical shining.

Husb. Well, I have done shining, you see; the darkness be at your door.

[It is evident that both meant here his having left off family-worship; and it is apparent by it, that both were come to a dreadful extremity in their quarrel.

Wife. At my door! am I the master the family? Don't lay your sins to my charge.

Husb. But your own I may. It is the retrograde motion of the moon that causes an eclipse.

Wife. Where all was dark before, there can be no eclipse.

Husb. Your sin is, that my light is your darkness.

Wife. That won't excuse you, if you think it a sin. Can you not do what you please without me?

Husb. I don't think it a sin in me to refrain my duty among those that condemn it, and who reject it, for my sake; I am forbid to cast pearls before swine.

Wife. Yes, yes, your wife and children are all swine with you, and are treated like such by you; and, because you want an-excuse for neglect of your duty, therefore we are all swine. The comparison is something swinish, I think, on your part.

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Husb. Authority is good, it is the scripture comparison of those that trample religion under their feet, and fly in the faces of those that officiate: they are swine in both, for they make dirt of religion, and turn again and rend those who offer it; that is, despise them, and assault them, which is my case exactly.

Wife. What matter is it what I think, can't you pray with them that will hear you?

Husb. Do you know the nature of family-worship? Is it not that the whole family may show their agreement and unity, in acknowledging and serving God. If part of the family separate, it is a schism in the house; and the family being broke, the rest is but private worship, and may as well be done alone. I do not think I am at all required to perform family-worship, if my family refuses to join.

Wife. A fine delusion of the devil! an artifice to throw your burden upon me: there's nothing in it: when you reform your life, no body will slight your performances.

Husb. And yet you have no crime to charge me with but want of obedience to my wife. When you first return to your duty, I shall think myself obliged to return to mine.

All this while there was no abatement on one side or other, and both of them dreadfully mistaken about their duty; they wrangled thus upon every occasion, and this last dialogue is only given as a sketch of their almost daily conversation: their communication was poisoned by the breach in their affection; and as the sweet dews of heaven, falling into the sea, become salt like the ocean, so the most casual innocent discourse between them generally issued in a broil. Yet none of these discourses brought them together, or convinced them that they were wrong; much less did they produce any return to their duty, and to their religious performance. But passion prevailing, they continued in a dreadful course of irreligion, and restraining prayer before God.

It was also observable, that while thus they laid aside the



appearance of religion in their families, it abated in the rest of their conversation, and they grow entirely careless, living as it were without God in the world. The decay of family-worship, like a gangrene in the religious body, spread itself from one limb to another, till it affected the vitals, and proved mortal. In a word, it destroyed the sense of duty and religion in their whole lives.

Now, as sin entered in by this breach, so it made way for every other folly; it ruined their temper, made them apt to quarrel and snarl on the least occasion,—removed all that sweetness of conversation and harmony of affection that was between them before,—and, in short, the house became destitute, not of religion only, but of every pleasant thing.

It happened, after some time, this gentleman had an intimate friend, who lived in the country, and who had lately married a wife that unhappily brought him almost into the same difficulty, though from a different occasion; for she was a profane, irreligious person, from her original;—a mocker and despiser of all that was good, and who did her utmost to discourage her husband (who was a good man) in all his measures for the religious government of himself, or of his family.

He had had a great quarrel with his wife about her own conduct, and her reproaching him for his religion; and she had said some such shocking things to him, that almost conquered his resolutions in the matter of his duty, almost the same temptation offering to him as had been the case of the other person mentioned before. But his sense of duty returned upon him too strongly to be resisted, and he mastered all the difficulties that were before him; resolved, that let the devil and a perverse woman do their utmost, he would not live without the worship and service of God in his house: and so he went on with his duty in spite of all his wife's clamour, made his whole house submit to it, and condemn her for opposing it, as we shall hear more particularly presently.

THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR. [Part IV.]

man coming to town, and meeting with his friend, of whom we have been speaking, and both being intimate Christians as well as acquaintance, it was not long before they began to converse about religious affairs, both being also too full of their respective family grievances, to be long together before they unbosomed themselves to one another, which produced the following discourse.

Says the citizen to his friend, Well, old friend, I hear you have been married since we met last, and I must give you joy. I hope it is to your satisfaction.

Friend. Truly, my good friend, I am married, but I cannot say it is much to my satisfaction, for I am disappointed in the main happiness of a married state.

Citizen. I am very sorry to hear you have a bad wife.

Fr. Nay, I cannot say I have a bad wife neither, in the common acceptation of the word.

Cit. Well, I am very sorry then, be it how it will, that you are disappointed.

Fr. Truly, upon a farther reflection, I ought not to have said I am disappointed neither, for it needs explanation.

Cit. Pray explain it then, for you amuse me now ; it looks as if you had only a mind I should inquire farther into the particulars.

Fr. Truly, I ought to be ashamed of the particulars, and yet I cannot say but I have longed a great while to unbosom my sorrows to some body, and I know no friend I can trust better than yourself.

Cit. Be free with me then.

Fr. I know not where to begin, for my grief is very great.

Cit. You are willing to speak, and yet loth to begin, as if you would have me screw it out of you. Prithee what have you got for a wife? Is she a drunkard, a whore, a scold, or what is she?

Fr. None of them all.

Cit. Shall I be free with you then? Are not your wife's to be found on your side? Are you sure she would

not alter, if you could mend her husband? For I must own, many of us that find such fault with our wives, make sometimes a very unhappy mistake, viz. we forget that they have bad husbands.

Fr. I won't defend my part of the charge, and perhaps you know your own part to be just; if you do, pray reprove me when you have reformed yourself; but at present my case is too sad to be jested with.

Cit. You must describe it a little, or how can a friend give you comfort or counsel?

Fr. Why, in short, my wife is sober, virtuous, peaceable. You see I oppose the heads of her character to your suggestion of drunken, immodest, turbulent, &c. She is housewifely, frugal, quiet, mannerly, tender, kind, and has all the qualifications needful to make her a comfortable relation. But——

Cit. I can see but one thing you have left out, and that is, religious.

Fr. You have said it all in a word; she is perfectly void of any sense of, or concern about God, or her soul, or the souls of any that belong to her.

Cit. Nay, if she is unconcerned about herself, you can't expect she should be concerned for any one else.

Fr. No, indeed, she is so far from it, that my heart trembles to think what will become of my poor children when they grow up; for I have one already, and another coming.

Cit. It is a sad disappointment, indeed; but had you any apprehensions of it before you married?

Fr. There, indeed, you touch me to the soul; there's the blot with which I reproach myself, and which gives me no peace. I read my sin in my punishment. I looked another way,—I troubled not my thoughts about religion,—I looked at the money,—I went for it,—and I had it; and now I feel the curse that came with it.

Cit. Why, though you did look at the money, sure there are women of fortune that have the blessing of a reli-

THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR. [Part IV.]

Education: they are not all atheists that have money; nor are all the religious women beggars. Certainly you were in great haste, and looked little before you in your choice.

Fr. Indeed I ran into the devil's mouth; I singled out a family where nothing was to be expected; a house where, I may say, without breach of charity, God had not been within the doors for some ages. I tell you, I ought to say I am not disappointed.

Cit. You ought, indeed, to blame your own conduct; for know nothing more uncomfortable, than for a man, that knows any thing of religion, to be matched to a woman that has no notion of her duty.

Fr. Blame my conduct! Do you carry it no farther! Without doubt, I committed the greatest sin of its kind that I was capable of; and most justly provoked God to make that relation, which ought to have been my comfort and blessing, be my snare, my temptation, and, at best, my constant affliction.

Cit. It is, indeed, against the express rule which the apostle lays down—"Be not unequally yoked." I believe, for a man or woman that is religiously inclined, to marry a person of no religion, or to marry a person of different principles in religion from themselves, is positively forbidden in that text.

Fr. Alas! It is not only against the apostle's rule, but it is against all the rules of religion, of nature, and of common sense. What communication can there be between God and Belial?

Cit. It was the reason given in scripture why God commanded the Israelites not to give their daughters to the heathen, nor take their daughters to wife, lest "they should be drawn in to serve their gods, and to forsake the Lord their God." Judges i.

Fr. Nor has it failed to be a curse to all the families that ever I have heard of, that practised it; the scripture is of it, particularly in Solomon in Ahab; and once in a



whole nation, as in the case of the Midianitish woman. And all this I know.

Cit. Well, but I hope you have not married an idolater. Your wife is not an heathen, is she?

Fr. But I think she is worse; for she despises all worship, whether of the false gods, or of the true. She has no sense of any religion at all, other than to make a mock at it, to make all serious things her sport, and to banter those that dare not do so too.

Cit. That's a dreadful case, indeed! I beseech you, does she not go to church? Where was she bred? Is she a Protestant?

Fr. Yes, yes, she goes to church, and is a Protestant, such a kind of Protestant as this age is too full of. I think she had as good be a Papist, for then she would make some profession, and might, in time, be brought over to right principles; but as she is, I think there is more hopes of a heathen, for he worships something, but she neither fears God or devil.

Cit. But you say she goes to church; what does she do there?

Fr. Do there! why, stare about her, or sleep, or furnish herself to banter the infirmities of the minister. I never heard her talk a word of what she hears, except it be to ridicule and expose it. The unhappy wit she is mistress of, and which she might make a much better use of, exerts itself this way; and when she can no longer run down religion itself, revealed or natural, then the failings, slips, and mistakes of the professors of religion employ her tongue; which makes my house a temple of the devil to me, where I can hear nothing but abuses upon God, the worship and servants of God, and every thing that is good, till I am made to abhor the conversation of my own family.

Cit. And no question, it is a great obstruction to you in the way of your own duty, or a temptation to you wholly to neglect it.

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Fr. I came you to reach my case so effectually, and so very particularly?

Cit. Not that I know any thing of it, I assure you; but I am too much concerned; I know one too like it.

Fr. It is my case exactly, as I will tell you at large.

Cit. But before you come to that part, pray tell me how you came to link yourself to such a family of heathens. I know you had been otherwise taught.

Fr. I'll answer you in one word—money! money! This was the snare; the devil laid the hook, and I bit at the bait. It is true, I was better taught, and my father had proposed several tolerable matches for me; agreeable women, valuable for their virtue, of religious education, and with good portions too, with whom I might have been very happy; but I rejected them all.

Cit. You have been very ill advised.

Fr. No, indeed, I have not been advised at all; but I got the cant of your town-gentlemen at my tongue's end, and made it my catch-word for a long time, viz. that I cared not what religion my wife was of, or whether she had any religion or no, if she had but money; and now I am filled with my own desires. Nor were my measures for furnishing myself with a wife less extravagant than the humour I professed to act by; for as I cared not whom I took, so I cared not where I found her: and as he that abandons himself is justly abandoned by Providence, so, in pursuit of the idol I worshipped, I went to the temple of wickedness, the play-house, a thing I had not been bred to I assure you; and, when the devil had me in his bounds, he took care to hold me fast: there I chose me a wife.

Cit. I thought you said you chose for money?

Fr. Yes, yes, so I did too; I was showed her there for a fortune.

Cit. And perhaps missed your aim too.

Fr. No, no, I have the idol, and the idolatry too. I want the money and the woman, but not the wife. She is

to wife to me, nor does she concern herself about the duty of a wife to do it, or to know it.

Cit. Then I shall find she has very little love for you.

Fr. I cannot say, but that, if I would have conformed to her wicked abominable loose way of living, she would have loved me well enough; but, as soon as she found my way was different from what she expected, she became so uneasy and indifferent, that it grew up to a perfect contempt; and it often makes such breaches between us, as in time must certainly root out all manner of conjugal affection on either side.

Cit. It is no doubt very afflicting to you, especially if you have a real love for her.

Fr. I confess, I cannot say but it wears out what love I had for her, apace; it is impossible, while I abhor her conduct, and cannot reclaim her, that I can preserve my affection. Virtuous love is founded upon two things only, both which are wanting in her, merit and suitability. What merit can there be in one who appears to have a general contempt of all that is good? And what suitability can there be in tempers so extremely opposite?

Cit. Well, but it is afflicting to you too, I dare say.

Fr. Indeed it is so many ways.

Cit. And without doubt, as I observed before, it is a strange obstruction to you in the exercise of your duty in your family; for what performance of duty, what good government of servants or children, what religious order can there be in a family where constant breaches obstruct the charity and understanding between those upon whom the performance and support of those duties lie? I know it by myself, there can be no family-worship where there is no family love. Who can kneel down to pray with those that ridicule and condemn it? For my part, I do not think it a husband's duty in such a case; let the blame be on those who are the cause.

Fr. Though you say true in part, yet I cannot go your length neither. I acknowledge it is a sad obstruction to

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can go on a religious government in the family, and the first beginnings of this refractory carriage of my wife were a great snare to me that way; nay, I had almost thrown up all family religion, in compliment to her folly: and doubtless, if I had, all personal religion had gone after it; but, I bless God, I got the better of her in that point.

Cit. I wish you would give me some account of your management then, for a reason that I will tell you afterward.

Fr. Alas! it is a long melancholy story, and will be but of small use to you.

Cit. It will be of great use, I assure you, and may do more good than you imagine. There are other people in the world in your case, and example is often a caution and direction to others.

Fr. Nay, you will make sad work if you propose me for an example to any body. I am fit for nothing but a *memento mori*, a beacon, or buoy, to show where the rock lies that I have split upon.

Cit. Leave that part to farther discourse, and pray let me into the story, that I may know how you managed yourself in the matter of religious worship in your family. I assure you, there's a great deal depends upon the question, and more upon the answer.

Fr. Why, then, I'll tell you as distinctly as I can, not to make the story too long.—When first I married, I continued some time in the family of Sir Richard ———, whose sister my wife was, and with whom she lived, her father and mother being dead. The family, you know, had never been famous for any thing of religion. As for Sir Richard, he was no hypocrite; for, to give him his due, as he practised nothing, so he professed nothing. He really made no pretence to religion; nay, so far are they from any sense of religion in that family, that I never heard any one, till very lately, say grace at the table, or return thanks after meat, or ask any body else to do it; except in compli-



ment, when any clergyman happened to be there, or except as I shall have occasion to tell you in the consequence of this story.

Cit. That's a strange family, indeed.

Fr. It would be strange if they should be otherwise, in a house where you have nothing but luxury, rioting, gaming, swearing, and drinking, all day and all night; master, and mistress, and servants, all alike.

Cit. How could you think of tying yourself to such a family?

Fr. Nay, that's unkind, after what I have said already: the thing is done and over. I told you the wretched reason of it, the business now is to tell you the story.

Cit. I ask you pardon. Pray go on.

Fr. I lived there, as I tell you, near half a year, till some apartments which my wife desired to have added to my own house were finished.

Cit. And were you not heartily tired of such a heathenish ~~house~~?

Fr. Let me tell you, my friend, with sorrow, I really cannot say I was at first; and let all wise men beware how they make an irreligious way of living too familiar to them. I can assure them, by sad experience, it is very dangerous, and they will run great risk of their principles; for habits of levity grow insensibly natural, sapping the foundation of all religious inclination, and preparing the mind to approve the practice. I was new married; the circumstance joined with the usage of the family, and it seemed to be a time when mirth and diversion might be reasonably indulged.

Cit. That's true, but not so as to exclude religion.

Fr. I know that very well; but what could I do? I was not master of the house, it was none of my business to meddle with things there, and it was too soon to begin to dictate to my wife; and, besides, do I not confess to you, that my heart was devoured with pleasure, and engrossed with the mirth and usual jollity of the occasion, and that it

began to make all their levity natural to me? Do I not say, every man should take heed of the example? I am sure it was a dreadful one to me.

Cit. Well, but you were there but half a year.

Fr. Do you say, but half a year; is that but a little time to live without a sense of duty, without fear, as I may say, of God or devil? But, as if it were but a little time, I must tell you it did not end there, I have worse yet behind.

Cit. But pray let me interrupt you a little. Did you never discourse with your wife all that while about it, or inquire how she liked it.

Fr. Yes, yes, I did; but I received poor sorry empty answers, such as evidently showed she made no great matter of it, and would never complain if she lived so all her days.

Cit. Pray be particular in that part if you can.

Fr. Why, I will give you a passage or two. You must know, that for three or four days, while our wedding was upon the wheel, and a pretty many friends in the house, some of the neighbouring clergy were continually there; either the minister of the parish, or of the next parish, or a gentleman's chaplain that lived about a mile off; and once or twice a Presbyterian clergyman, who kept the meeting-house in the town, and to whom I found not Sir Richard ——— only, but even the minister of the parish, behaved very respectfully; and as he was a man of worth, and a very good scholar, they were very intimate together. While these were there, as I said, there was always some or other to say the grace, as they call it, at table. But as for prayers at night, that was never offered, or perhaps thought on.

But it happened once we all went to dinner without a chaplain, and as Sir Richard made no offer to stand up, so no sooner was the dinner served up, and the ladies placed, but my lady had her knife in a boiled turkey, and we all fell to work as decently, and with as little regard to

Him whose bounty filled and fed us, as any pack of hounds in the country.

Cit. I never heard the like. Pray was it so always?

Fr. Constantly; never otherwise, except as before.

Cit. I thought there had been no such people in the world, especially among Protestants; nay, not a Papist, as I ever met with, would fall to, without crossing the table, which is in them an acknowledgment to their Saviour for the mercy of their food.

Fr. Well, I assure you there was nothing like it here.

Cit. And did you take no notice of it?

Fr. Good manners forbade it me at table.

Cit. But methinks you should have spoken to your wife about it.

Fr. So I did, and you shall hear what return I met with. I was really surprised at the thing the first time, and spoke of it to my wife at night when we were alone, and which occasioned the following short discourse.

My dear, said I, was not something wanting among us at supper to-night?

Not as I know, said she; what was wanting?

Nay, my dear, said I, it is none of my business.

Wife. Well, but tell me what was wanting; for I cannot imagine what you mean.

Husb. Won't you take it ill, my dear, if I tell you?

Wife. No, not I; what can it be, that I should take it ill?

Husb. Why, did we not want a chaplain?

Phoo, says she, is that all?

Why, my dear, says I, does Sir Richard never thank God for his meat?

Wife. Nay, what do I know? We never trouble our heads about those things.

Husb. I confess, I never saw it so before, and I have been in very good families.

Wife. Then it may be they kept chaplains?

Husb. No, indeed, my dear.

No! says she, it is an odd thing for a gentleman to meddle with it.

Husb. What, my dear, to thank God for his daily bread?

Wife. Oh, it is perfectly ungentleel to do it publicly. Cannot they mutter it to themselves?

Husb. I am sorry to differ from you, my dear.

Wife. Well, I will speak to Sir Richard to-morrow, and you shall have the honour of being chaplain.

Husb. No, my dear, I hope you won't make what I said to you so public; it is no business of mine.

Well, I was so unable to persuade her to forbear making a jest of me, the next day at table, that I was obliged to make an excuse to be absent both at dinner and supper. And at night I owned the reason; and was forced to tell her plainly, I would dine there no more, unless she would promise me not to speak of it; which, with much difficulty, at last I prevailed with her to do.

Ch. I would even have let her said what she would, and would have owned I was surprised at the thing.

Fr. Well, you shall hear how she served me, and how handsomely she was served for it, by her own brother. She kept her word with me about a week; but one evening, as we were at supper, she made a motion to me, and seemed to smile. I kept my countenance as long as she kept it from being taken notice of; but she took care to let Sir Richard ——— see her; who, as he was a merry man, and full of good humour, would needs know what the matter was. She points to me. Let him tell you, says she, for he won't let me. Sir Richard pressed me, and I blushed as red as the colour of blood would allow. At length my wife said,

Nay, Mr. ———, it is not such a mighty thing, you may tell it.

No, my dear, said I, I am sure I shan't; and I am sure you won't.

This made the case worse for they were doubly importa-

nate then; and Sir Richard, who always thought it had been some little jest or other, lays hold of his sister, and swore she should tell him.

I interceded with him, and persuaded him; told him she engaged to me not to speak of it, and I hoped he would not make her break the first promise that ever I asked her to make, since she was my wife.

My wife turned upon me, and would have me relinquish her promise. I told her I could not. In a word, it began to warm us on all hands, and my wife in particular told me I used her ill.

My dear, said I, it is very hard you should say so, when you know you are only desired to conceal one of my faults.

I know no fault in it, says she; and if it be, I desire to conceal none of your faults.

But if you don't, my dear, said I, you will expose me very much; for you will find I have a great many faults worse than this, that I hope no body shall know but yourself.

She was afraid I had, she said; and this had given her such a surfeit of me, that if the rest were much worse, she was afraid they would give her a vomit, that would bring up all her love.

My dear, said I, I hope that lies too deep for such a slight operation. I was going to say more, but I saw she was in a rage, so I forbore.

She answered, I do not know whether it does or me; and with those words rose from the table and went up stairs.

Sir Richard ———, the best humoured man in the world, ran and took hold of her, swore she should not go, and dragged her back a good way; but she flung from him. I followed her; but she was too nimble for me, and got into her room, and, with flinging the door after her, and I too near her, struck me on the nose, and set me a bleeding most violently.

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— sent this carriage, and my bleeding, spoiled indeed our supper; nor could my Lady — or another sister prevail with her to come out of her — or let me in for some hours; indeed, when she — beding, and had opened the door after I was gone down, and seen how much I had bled upon the stair-head before a servant could be called with a basin and towel, she was much concerned, and — her maid down to see how I did.

In the interim of this, Sir Richard, who appeared very much concerned at what had happened, came to me, and — Brother, I am very sorry that I should be impatient my sister out of humour, especially with you. I must acknowledge, I never knew her so much out of her behaviour in my life.

Sir, said I, it would have been no trouble to me, if it had not been that the thing itself was from something I had foolishly let fall, which, if she had told in her way, would have made you think me wanting in my respect to you; which of all things in the world I would give no occasion for, having been treated so obligingly by you, ever since I had the honour to be related to you.

Come, brother, says Sir Richard, here is my hand and my word, it shall move no such imaginations in me; besides, I would not have pressed her, if I had thought in the least it had related to me.

Indeed, Sir Richard, said I, it had not the least disrespect in it to you; yet I freely own, I should not have said it, no not to my own wife.

And I freely own, says he, my sister is in the wrong, if it be so; for it is hard a man cannot speak a word in his bedchamber to his own wife, but she must betray him: Oh these wives, says he smiling, are such bosom friends! There is my wife, says he, pointing to his lady, is just such another privy-counsel keeper.

Well, Sir Richard —, said I, however, I heartily ask your pardon for what I said, whether she tells it or not;



and I acknowledge it was what did not become me to say, nor was it any of my business.

Says Sir Richard, let it be what it will, and whether I know it or no, I give you my promise, brother, I will not take any thing ill from you.

Come, says my lady, who sat by all this while, my brother makes more of it than he needs, and his modesty in it is too much his own disadvantage. I have the secret, and he shall give me leave to tell it. I assure you, Sir Richard, neither you nor I have any reason to take it ill, though I must blame my sister too.

Upon this she told the story, and told it like one that had more sense of the reproof than I expected.

And was this all, says Sir Richard. Come, brother, says he, I am far from taking it ill; your remark was very just; and I assure you, I am very sensible I ought not to do so. But we are a wicked crew, and have been so from father to son. I do not know when I shall mend: but this I will tell you, I will convince my sister to-morrow that she has been much in the wrong to you; and I promise you I will take your admonition too.

Sir, said I, all this is the consequence of Sir Richard's being a man of the best temper in the world, but still it was no business of mine.

Come, come, said Sir R. let us talk no more of it.

This passed on; we spent the evening well enough, but no wife appeared, neither was she to be spoke with till almost bed-time.

When I had admittance, she made me a bow, asked me how I did,—said she was very sorry the door struck me, and behaved mighty mannerly, but not at all kindly. She hardly knew how to differ with me. We had not been long enough married to know how to manage a broil, so we carried it awkwardly and shy. I went to her and kissed her; she made me a curtesy, as if I had been a stranger saluting her; and thus it passed off till the next day.

In the morning, she asked me if I intended to dine from

her again? I said, no, my dear, and smiled; at which she seemed very well pleased.

At dinner-time, being all come into the room, and just going to sit down, hold! says Sir Richard ———, turning to his sister, to let you see that I take very kindly from my brother what you took so ill, I assure you, we will dine no more without a chaplain; upon which, very gravely, and in very handsome, decent expressions, he asked God's blessing, not giving his sister leave to reply.

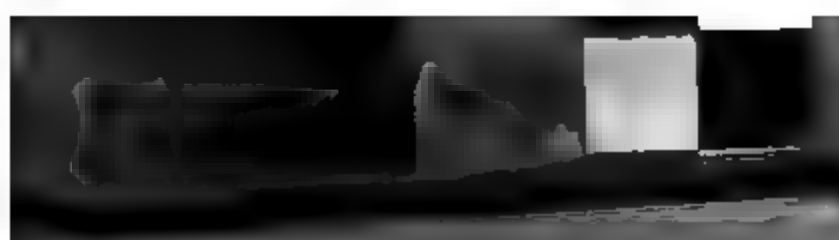
I could easily see my wife was surprised, but she could not imagine which way her secret came out.

After dinner Sir Richard ——— stood up, and returned thanks with the same gravity, and immediately my wife offered to withdraw.

Sir Richard, who happened to sit next her, caught hold of her. Sister, says he, I hope you are not angry still?

No, no, says she, Mr. ——— ought to have the telling of his secrets himself; though he need not have tied me up so closely in what he resolved to tell himself; but wives must be subject.

I was going to speak. Pray, brother, says Sir Richard, leave it to me. It is my quarrel, and I will have no seconds. Indeed, sister, says he, it is bad to be mistaken once, but you have the misfortune to be twice wrong; for there is the false sister that told your story, pointing to his lady; and whether she had it from my brother or you, none knows better than yourself. She was going to reply, when Sir Richard put in thus:—I have but one request to you, sister, says he, and that is, that you will never speak a word of the unkindness of it, as you call it, on either hand. I am so far from taking it ill, that I am more glad it happened, than if you had given me 500*l*. Why, sister, continued he, though I am loose enough, and wicked enough in other things, yet do we not all owe that God gives us our daily bread? And I think we should always ask him leave to eat it, and thank him when we have done; and you shall never find me omit it again.



My wife gave him no answer, but got away as soon as she could, went to her chamber, and sat and cried for two hours, and afterwards was well-humoured enough; and we never heard any more of that matter afterwards.

But now, as I told you, our house being finished, we prepared to remove, and here began my difficulty; the loose profane life we had led began to be too familiar to me; and this, joined with the discouragements of a wife that I knew had no taste of religious things, made me cold in the matter of my duty, and we began to live at home just as we had lived abroad.

It continued thus above four months; at last an odd accident, as my wife called it, but a wonderful good providence to me, as I called it, gave a turn to us, a way by which I had the least expectation of any such thing; for it made my wife, though without the least affection to the thing, be the first mover of it to me.

Cit. That was a happy turn, indeed.

Fr. My wife had an old uncle, her father's own brother, who was a minister, and who lived farther in the country, who about this time came to visit us. He had been a week or two at Sir Richard's, and then came to see his niece, my wife, and to stay three or four days, as was his custom. He was rich, and had no heirs but my wife and her sister; and, as she expects a good lift from him when he dies, she was mighty observant and respectful to him.

The old gentleman being come, and preparations being made for his lodging, my wife comes to me in the evening.

My dear, says she, we must be wonderful religious now, for two or three days, for this old gentleman will make us all come to prayers every night and morning. It may be you will not like it, but we must not disoblige him.

Disoblige him, says I, I do not understand you?

Why, says she, if we should not seem very well pleased, he will be uneasy, and think we are all heathens.

Will he so, my dear, said I, then he will have the same

thoughts of us that we ought to have of ourselves; for indeed we do live worse than heathens.

Wife. Well; it is no matter for that, we must not let him think so, and therefore I told you of it beforehand.

Husb. My dear, if he will call us all to family-prayer, I wish he would come and live with us all his days.

Wife. What, do you want a chaplain again? Why cannot you do it yourself?

Husb. I wish you would say so much in earnest, as I am satisfied you do in jest.

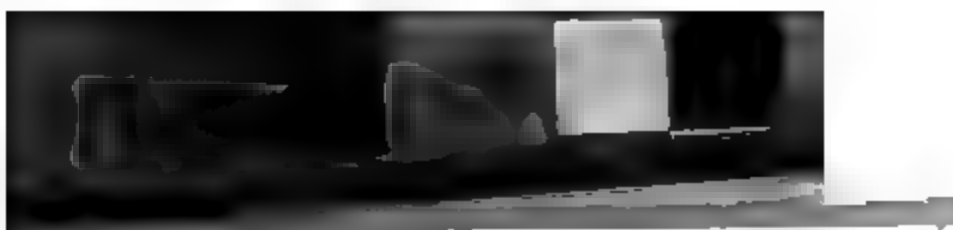
Wife. Why, let me be in earnest or in jest, I never hinder you: you may take orders, and turn parson, cannot you? and then saying your prayers will be but part of your trade, as it is my uncle's.

Husb. My dear, I doubt you are but ill prepared to be a minister's wife.

Wife. Not half so well as to be a minister's widow. I would answer for the second venture.

Well, I laid up her words in my heart, viz. I never hindered you; and it began to be a very weighty reflection upon me, that the neglect of my duty in my family had not been my wife's fault so much as my own. I knew she had no sense of religion upon her mind, and did not speak of her hindering me from any willingness to have it done; yet still it was true, she had not actually opposed me, for I had never offered it; and it had been my duty, first to have endeavoured to persuade her, and prevail with her to consent to it; and at last, if she had refused, to have put it out of her power to have hindered me, and to have performed it whether she would or no.

Upon a serious reflection in this manner on the neglect of my own duty, and how justly she had reproached me with her not having hindered me, I resolved, that as this good man was likely to begin setting up good order and the worship of God in my house, I would endeavour to keep it up when he was gone: and another circumstance happened to make this work easier to me than I expected.



It happened that our uncle, the minister, had not been two days in the house, but he was taken very lame of the gout; and, after that had locked him in for near two months, he fell into an ague, which held him almost two more; so that we had his company near four months, to my great satisfaction, and not less to the affliction of my wife.

The good old man being lame, as above, called me to him one morning, and told me he desired to speak with me; when he began very seriously to talk with me upon the subject of family-worship, and we talked of it in the following manner.

Cousin, said the old father, I seem to be cast upon you here by God's providence; and, being a minister, I have a little taken the work of family-prayer out of your hand; but I hope you will not take it ill, if I tell you that you must not look upon yourself as excused in that case, for as you are the master of the family, I ought to leave you a part of the day to perform the duty yourself; and so I would have you tell me which is the most convenient for you, morning or evening, and I will take which part of the day you please.

I was never so confounded in all my life, all my blood in my body seemed to fly up in my face, and I stood like one struck dumb. I could not speak a word to him for a long while: the old gentleman perceiving my disorder, but not guessing at the meaning or reason of it, went on thus:

Pray, cousin, said he, do not be uneasy that I take upon me to hint to you what I think is your duty. It is not that I believe you do not do it, but that perhaps you may think the charge devolved upon me while I am in your house.

I was still in confusion, and my own convictions crowding in upon me, I presently had a little battle in my thoughts, between the honest desire of confessing the truth to him, and the hypocritical pride of passing for a better Christian than I was. However, at length the better side prevailed, and I said to myself, who knows but this good man may

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to attempt to bring my wife to promote that good
which she so long desired, and which hitherto she has
shown a manifest aversion to? Upon this resolution I turned
pretty quick upon him.

Alas! Sir, said I, you are unhappily mistaken in us.

Min. Mistaken in you, cousin! how do you mean?

Mast. Why, Sir, as to the management of our family:

Min. Dear cousin, I do not meddle with your family af-
fairs. I only speak about praying to God, I hope every
good man does that in his family.

Mast. Indeed, Sir, I believe every man but I does; but
I am obliged to confess——

[Here I made some stop, for indeed I was ashamed to
go on.]

Min. Not pray, cousin! what, not pray with your family?
It cannot be!

Mast. I wish, Sir, said I, you would speak to your niece
about it.

Min. Nay, cousin, says the good man smiling, do not be
Adam, do not be Adam; your wife cannot bear the blame,
for it is your duty, and she cannot hinder it.

Here, however, I took occasion to lay before him the
truth of my case, the temper of my wife, how much it had
been my snare; and that though it was indeed my duty, yet
that being thus discouraged, I had yielded to the tempta-
tion; but told him also what an affliction it had been to me;
and though it was true that my wife's aversion ought not to
be any hindrance, yet I begged he would join his help, and
endeavour to bring my wife to encourage it, if possible.

He promised me he would; and the next day he was as
good as his word, as far as his skill could reach: but how
little success he had in the main, you shall hear. Their
dialogue, however, was of great use to me in what happened
afterwards.

Our good religious uncle had mused, as he afterwards
told me, almost all night, how he should begin with my wife
so nice an affair, and to bring her into the thing without

disgusting her; for he found she was none of those who had much of religion upon her mind; and, after he had resolved upon his method, he takes occasion in the morning, as she waited on him, to give him some chocolate, to enter into talk with her, and began thus:

Min. Niece, says he, why do you bring it up yourself, why don't you let a servant do it?

Niece. Sir, because I love to wait upon you. I think it is my duty.

Min. That's a rare principle in religion, cousin; if we could but love every thing that was our duty, we should be excellent Christians.

[Here the minister stops, and makes a silent ejaculatory prayer as a grace, &c. to his chocolate.

Niece. Dear Sir, says she, we never say grace to chocolate or tea.

Min. No, child! why, who gives you the chocolate and tea?

Niece. Nay, that is true, but we never mind it. Besides, it is not the fashion, nobody does it, as ever I heard of.

Min. It may be He that gives them their daily bread is not the same that gives them chocolate and tea; that is to say, they do not think so.

Niece. It would look very oddly in company

Min. I am no Pharisee, cousin, nor do I encourage any one to be singular; but if we are to acknowledge God's goodness in all his mercies, we have no rule to take more notice of one than another. But as to the looking oddly, I confess, in these odd times, it does so; and, therefore, where I think it will be censured as hypocritical, or making an outside show of religion, I do it silently and unperceived, as to give no man that advantage. But I must tell you, niece, that even in that, which some call modesty, I reproach myself with acting as if I was ashamed of worshipping God, which is my known duty.

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My, Sir, in this case, as it is not the fashion, it would be censured.

Mrs. I know it, niece, but I think it is a sad case, that what is our unquestioned duty should be so unfashionable. I think the office of a clergyman will soon be at an end in this nation, for religion grows out of fashion apace. It will be out of fashion, perhaps, quickly, to pray to God at all.

Niece. No, Sir, I hope we shall always go to church.

Mrs. Well, child, but must we pray to God no where but at church? Are not our families and closets to be places of prayer, as well as the church, and do not all good Christians pray to God there?

Niece. They should do so to be sure, Sir.

Mrs. Ay, ay, and it is there that I say religion grows unfashionable, and I am afraid will grow quite out of fashion in this nation; and if God should, according to the text, pour out his fury upon all the families in England that call not upon his name, I fear it would be as near to an universal judgment as any thing that was ever heard of in the world.

Niece. I do not know, indeed, how it is.

Mrs. Nay, cousin, I do not speak of your family; I hope your husband knows his duty better than not to pray to God in his family.

[Here she was hard put to it: she was loth to say yes, because it was not true, and loth to accuse her husband, and, which was worse to her, afraid to disoblige her uncle, for fear of the money; so she paused a good while, and did not say a word.]

Mrs. I am very sorry, niece, says the minister, observing her silence, that I seem to examine into a thing perhaps you are not willing to be free in; but my end is only, as it always is, to do you good.

Niece. Sir, we are but young house-keepers yet, and Mr. ——— is not thoroughly settled; but you see, I be



lieve he is very glad of the occasion of your performing it for him.

Min. Well, but niece, shall I speak freely to you? I may not, perhaps, be so free with him. I hope you will think it your duty to persuade him to it? He seems to be of a sober religious disposition, and a word from you may do more good than you are aware of.

Niece. I don't hinder him.

Min. But, child, that is not enough, your duty is to urge and press him to it.

Niece. Sir, I am not to set up for my husband's director.

Min. Do not think to excuse yourself upon that nicety; you are mutually to provoke one another to love and to good works; you are to use the power of persuasion, entreaty, and all agreeable importunities, to bring him if you can to do his duty; if you prevail, he will thank you for it afterwards.

Niece. He won't mind what I say.

Min. You do not know that. Come, niece, you must not put it off slightly; I am serious, it is your duty to persuade him, if you can do it.

Niece. I can do but little to persuade him. If it is his duty, why does he not do it? I don't hinder him.

Min. How are you sure of that, child? I know, since my sister, your mother, died, and you have been in Sir Richard's family, you have not had much good example; but I can assure you, your mother lived after another manner; and though she had not the success which her endeavours deserved, and could never bring old Sir Richard, your father, to any sense of his duty, yet she never failed to persuade him to it: and when she could get no more of him, she prevailed on him to keep a chaplain; and so the worship of God was set up in the family by proxy, which I think to be the worst way, though he would not do it himself.

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108 *Niece.* I am so young, then, I don't remember it.

Mrs. Now, my dear, you say you do not hinder your husband. You know my nephew (excuse me, cousin) minds nothing of religion; and this gentleman taking you out of such a heathenish family, may think you like your brother, which I should be very sorry for; and he may think, that praying to God, and family-worship, may be things as little agreeable to you as to your brother: and if you have not told him otherwise, this may be the reason why it is not done; and thus it is plain, you may have hindered him.

Niece. Nay, we never had any talk about it.

Mrs. The case is much the same: you know Sir Richard and I never agreed. He hated I should be in the house, because I always called to prayers; and I hated to be in his house, because I saw he had no taste of religion; and yet Sir Richard may say as you say of your husband, that he never hindered me; but it is really a mistake, he did hinder me. Now, my dear child, if you have hindered your husband, the sin is at your door. I intreat you, do not hinder him any more.

Niece. No, indeed, Sir, I won't hinder him.

Mrs. Well, but that is not enough, child; will you persuade him?

Niece. I cannot talk to him of such things.

Mrs. Well, child, I'll take that part off of your mind. Are you willing I should talk to him? For I have a great mind to do it for all your sakes.

Niece. What you please, Sir.

Mrs. And shall I tell him, that you are very willing that he should set up the worship of God in his house?

Niece. Yes, Sir, if you please.

Mrs. Methinks, niece, you speak coldly of it, as if it was an indifferent thing to you, or a thing you had rather should be let alone; speak plain to me, my dear, or I shall take it for dissembling.

Niece. No, Sir, I do not discernible.

Mis. Well, shall I tell him you are sensible it is his duty, and that you are very desirous of it?

Niece. Yes, Sir.

Here the minister broke off. He saw her dull, ignorant, and without any relish of what he had said; that the answers she had made were, as it were, extorted from her, not at all natural, or spoken with freedom; and so he told me when we talked. However, cousin, says he, I have cleared the way for you to begin to work (which is your duty), and I hope you will have no obstruction from your wife.

This good man staid, as I told you, about four months, and, when he began to be well again, he prepared to go home; but the evening before he went away, he called me to him, and as my wife was sitting by him before, he directed his speech to us both. He made a short, but a very significant discourse, of the necessity and advantage of a religious family-government, and orderly household, showing just examples to our servants and children; and the duty upon masters of families to worship God in a public manner, for the advantage, example, and encouragement of all under their roof: after this he turned to me, and, with a kind of an air of reproof, but very respectful, he put me in mind how the weight of all his discourse was upon me; that I was the head of the family, and answerable for the government of it, as well civil as religious. I know, cousin, says he, you are but new married, and perhaps your wife and you may not yet have enquired of one another, what is or is not your duty. But as I have taken upon me to tell you this is your duty, so I take upon me to answer for your wife, that she will not be any hindrance to you; nay, she has owned to me that she is desirous of it, and will do all that lies in her to encourage it.

I made him a bow, and told him I was very glad of it; that indeed I had been always educated in a religious family, and that I had never omitted my duty in that matter

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tho' I was married; but, however, that I did not in the charge the least neglect upon my wife. I told him it was true that I never had proposed it to her, and so I did not know her sentiments of those things; but I acknowledged that was my fault, and that I was exceeding glad that he had so happily prevented me; and that since she desired it of me, I was sure I never willingly denied her any thing she desired; much less should I do it in a thing that was as much my inclination as my duty.

I assure you, cousin, said he, your wife desires it, and gave me leave to tell you so. I hope she will confirm what I say. Do you not, niece? says he, turning to her; at which she made a bow to him, as her consent; but I thought, even then, I saw a kind of contempt in her countenance of the whole discourse, and particularly as to her being desirous of it, at which I saw she plainly smiled. However, in a word, the good man made us both promise, that as he had been our chaplain now for four months, and brought the servants to a course of good order and family worship, that now it should be constantly kept up.

For, my part, I never made a promise with greater satisfaction in my life, and thought myself gotten over the greatest difficulty that ever was upon me, viz. of bringing my wife to consent. But I little thought how much I was mistaken. -

When my wife was gone, I thanked the good gentleman, and told him how glad I was of the step he had taken; yet I owned to him, that I thought my wife had come into it rather to oblige him, than from any sincere regard to the duty itself.

I see that plainly, cousin, said he, but do you go on; it is your part to do your duty, whether she likes it, or consents to it, or not. And besides, said he, you do not know, but in time she may be convinced, as I hope she will. At which he repeated these words, "How knowest thou, O man, but thou mayest gain thy wife?" and thus we ended our discourse.



The next day our good chaplain being gone, as my wife and I were sitting together after dinner, I said to her—Well, my dear, do you remember what we promised to do at night, are you of the same mind?

What mind? said she.

Why, that we should keep up the order of the house, and go to prayer every night and morning.

Aye, aye, says she, I am just in the same mind now as I was then.

Well, says I, then I will perform my promise, as well as I can; it shall not be wanting on my part; and the more willingly, because, as you said you were desirous of it, I hope you will bear with the meanness of the performance.

I desirous of it! said she, and laughed aloud.

Yes, said I, did not you say you were?

Wife. Not I; it is true I made a bow, and said nothing, because I would not anger the old parson; but I never said I was desirous of it, I could not tell such a lie.

Husb. I am very sorry you should strive to come off of a thing which it was so much your honour that you consented to it, and my double satisfaction, that I thought you had desired it.

Wife. I wonder you should make such ado about these things, I never trouble my head about them; but since the old man would have it so, you know I must not disoblige him.

Husb. I am sorry you have no other motive. However, I hope you have nothing to say against praying to God; and you know it is not only my duty, but my promise.

Wife. Well, then, you may do your duty, and keep your promise, I do not hinder it, as I know of.

This was but a cold way of beginning. However, as I had promised, I called up my people together in the evening, and, as well as I could, did my duty.

Ch. That was right, and I hope your wife came into it with more willingness in some time after.

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Fr. Quite the contrary; and this is the grievance I wanted to tell you of: for my wife and I, that lived the most pleasant and agreeable life in the world before, have hardly enjoyed an hour of peaceful conversation since. She is the uneasiest creature living; this religious way of life is quite different from her temper; she tells me, she is brought quite out of her element; her delight is in company, cards, the play, and all the gay things of the times; she wants to come to London all the winter season, and go back into the country only for a little shade in the heat of summer; she treats religion with the utmost contempt; she hates the melancholy life we lead; she tells me, if I resolve to live thus, she will go to London with Sir Richard, when he goes up to the parliament, and I may stay at home and pray for them.

Cit. Well, but how does she behave as to the duty itself? I hope she complies with the form of it, and is decent in the time of worship.

Fr. Truly, hardly; she is silent, indeed, and that is all. But she will sit when we kneel, read while we sing, nay, and sometimes continue reading while we are praying. And it is a favour if she only sleeps, and gives me no uneasiness but her snoring.

Cit. How can you have patience with her?

Fr. When I have performed the duty, she will banter it in a most profane manner: ask me, why I did not pray for a better wife; tell me, I forgot to pray for such a thing; and, in short, she lets the whole house see that she hates the duty, and undervalues the performance.

I told her, if she did not like my performance, I would keep her a chaplain. No, no, says she, then we shall have no sport. I take it to be an excellent opera; all the grievance to me is, that it is a little too often. Besides such as this, she will frequently mix such profane stuff with her banter, that sometimes she talks words I dare not repeat, and downright blasphemy.

Cit. And could you go on with the performance under all this?

Fr. Indeed I have been often at the point of giving it quite over; I have thought that charity is so absolutely necessary to every Christian duty, that I neither could perform with profit to myself, or profit to those that heard me without it.

Cit. I cannot say as to profit, but I think it is impossible to perform it with composure, when we know they that hear us are not equally affected with it.

Fr. Much more when we know they despise and make a jest of it.

Cit. Very true, it is my own case exactly; and as this was what I meant when I told you I knew one whose case was like your's, so I must acknowledge it has made your story exceeding pleasant to me.

Fr. I am very sorry that what is my affliction should be your diversion; I am sure it has been a very unpleasant circumstance to me.

Cit. You mistake me very much, it has not been pleasant to hear that you have been under such a severe affliction; but it was a great pleasure to me to find a dear friend in a case from which I was so likely to receive instruction, comfort, and advice in my own, which is almost the same in every circumstance, and in which I have been so much at a loss how to behave, that I have neither known what to do, or whom to go to for advice.

Fr. I am sure, if your case is like mine, you need no other affliction.

Cit. Mine differs in nothing but such particulars in which it is much worse.

Fr. That can hardly be, for mine has broke the peace of my mind, and the peace of my family too. I confess I have a little recovered the first, but the last, I believe, will never be recovered.

Cit. My mind and family too are in the utmost distraction, and I see no way of restoring either of them.

Fr. Well, but despair of nothing. God can restore both.

Cit. That is true; but there is a circumstance or two in mine, that, as I said, makes it worse than your's, and that is in this particular, viz. that there is less hope of recovering mine than there is of your's.

Fr. It will be very difficult to make me sensible of that. Can any thing be harder to reclaim than an original atheist, one bred without the knowledge of God, and resolving never to learn it?

Cit. Yes, yes, a great deal, viz. a hardened hypocrite, who is past the power of conviction, and arrived to such a pitch in her pretences to religion, as to make it a cloak of maliciousness.

Fr. That is bad, indeed, but I know not which is the worst. What can be worse than a despiser, a scoffer of every thing that is serious; that neither looks up, nor looks in; that mocks her Maker, and all those that serve him; that says to the Almighty, "Depart from us, we desire not the knowledge of thy ways."

Cit. Yes, those who are Pharisaically religious, and say to every one, stand off, I am holier than thou; that can say of a husband or relation, with the pride of their own performances, "God, I thank thee I am not as this publican;" that trample upon every one's sincerity and humility as an imperfection, and think no pattern imitable but their own. These are they of whom our Blessed Lord said, they were like painted sepulchres, full of rottenness within. And this is the case in my house exactly, and therefore it is worse than your's.

Fr. You surprise me very much; I think it is your turn now, pray let me hear the particulars of your case.

Cit. You shall, but it is a very melancholy story.

[Here he repeats to him all the particulars relating to himself and his wife, as they stand in the beginning of this
logue.

∴ Indeed your's is a melancholy case, and in one par-



ticular goes beyond mine for the present; but mine is coming fairly up after it.

Cit. In one particular, do you say? I think it is worse in many particulars. It is worse in what I said above, that I think my wife will be harder to reclaim than your's, because she pretends at least to think herself already in the right; and that I am the profligate, and the enemy to religion. Your wife cannot think she is right, only carries it on upon the foot of an entire neglect of right or wrong; not being touched with any conviction, but being just in the original state we should all have been in, but for the advantages of a better education: there is all the room for the grace of God to work in, that can be expected; nay, such are the proper field in which God is often pleased to display the glory of redeeming mercy, and the sovereignty of his grace, "When thou wert cast out to the lothing of thy person, when thou wert in thy blood, I said unto thee, live." But Pharisaical hypocrites seem to be the abhorrence even of the Spirit of God, and it is very rarely that such are brought back.

Fr. You go very far in the case of your wife.

Cit. I assure you I do her no wrong; I rather conceal and cover her behaviour, than make it worse. But then I have two circumstances more, which make my case worse than your's. 1. My children are grown up, so far at least as to distinguish themselves in the debate; and three of them, out of five take part with their mother; prepossessed by her deluding tongue, and by the advantage she has of being always with them, wheedling and crying to them; so that they carry it almost as insolently to me as my wife, and especially in this part, of despising and scorning the needful union which the duty of our family calls for.

Fr. Well, and what is the other?

Cit. Why, the other is the greatest affliction to me of all the rest, viz. that by this abusive brutish behaviour of my wife and children, my family is quite unhinged; all appearance of order and duty is lost; the servants and my other



Fr. Hark ye, my friend, this is a sad case, it is true; but give me leave to tell you, that this is not really so much matter for your affliction, as of your repentance; for I see little or nothing in all this but what lies at your own door, and is in your power to rectify, and which you must set to work immediately to rectify, or your family will be ruined and undone, and yourself too.

Cit. What can I do? Can I reform a perverse woman? Can I reduce an obstinate temper? Am I in God's stead? Can I convince an hypocrite, whose pride fortifies her against reason or scripture, and whose vanity makes her despise reproof? How can you have so little charity as to say, it all lies at my door?

Fr. But, my friend, do not be so full of your own case. I do not say you can work upon your wife; and I acknowledge what you said, that such a temper is very hard to be touched; spiritual pride is the strongest hold the devil has in our hearts, and which he is hardest to be beaten out of; but this is not what I spoke of; what is this to your doing your own duty?

Cit. How can I do my duty in such a circumstance? And what is my duty? I told you the argument I used at first. I cannot think it is my duty to throw pearls before swine, who will turn again and rend me.

Fr. Come, my dear friend, let me tell you this was my temptation, as it has been your's, but I bless God I got over it. Your great mistake has been, that you went out into the fields, as you said, and consulted with your enemy. You looked into your own conscience, or into the words



of God, the faithful counsellors of all that sincerely consult with them, you would have found the difference; you consulted your passions, your resentment, and the just cause you had to be angry; and the devil, who watches all advantages, took you by the right handle; so you argued yourself out of your duty, instead of arguing yourself into it.

Cit. Why, what could I do? Was it not enough to provoke the calmest man alive to a passion?

Fr. I will allow that too; but remember this, whoever he is, that when (though by the most injurious treatment) provoked, shall consult with his own passions only, he is sure to be wrong. You should have summoned your reason; you should have consulted your conscience: in a word, you should have looked up to God for direction what to do.

Cit. That is true, I confess it; but I do not now see, after all my passion is over, what I could do.

Fr. I know, if I should tell you the course I took, you will answer, that my case is not like your's; and perhaps it is not; but you do not know but the same method pursued in your case, might have brought with it secret instruction, equal to your difficulty, as it did to mine.

Cit. I shall be willing to take any advice, for my case is indeed deplorable; I have no peace night or day, to see the ruin of my family, and to live in a constant breach of known duty.

Fr. Why, as I told you, my temptation was the same with your's; and perhaps the arguments against my duty were stronger, for I had no family, no children but one half a year old; so it naturally offered to me thus:—why, let her alone, if she will be a heathen, and die like a heathen, what can I do? I must retire myself, seeing she will not let me pray with her; I must pray by myself, and pray for her, and wait the time when it may please God to reclaim her, and then I may set up family-worship again.

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that way with me, and I argued just as you
not my duty to offer the worship of God
contempt of a scoffer; that there could be no com-
posure, no engagement of the affections, no energy in
prayer, where I knew I was ridiculed and laughed at by her
that should join with me; and, in a word, that it was im-
possible I should pray to my own edification, or to the profit
of others, in such a circumstance, and therefore I would
not pray at all.

In this strait I continued some time, especially on the
occasion of one particular breach between us, in which my
wife had thrown out all that bitterness and banter which
her unhappy wit furnishes her too much with, about my
praying in my family.

But after my passion was abated, I considered calmly,
that for me to omit my duty, because my wife would not do
her's, had no manner of coherence with itself, any more than
that I should not eat my meat if my wife would not eat
her's. I looked upon praying to God as not my indis-
pensable duty only, but 'as an inestimable privilege, and
that to abate it for the mistake of a weak or wicked wo-
man, was to punish myself, not to punish her. I remem-
bered an unhappy accident which happened in the town
where I live: that a poor man, a shoemaker, who had a
very turbulent provoking wife, and being driven into pas-
sions and desperation by her wicked usage of him, stabbed
himself with his knife. It came fresh into my mind how
universally all the neighbours condemned him as guilty of
self-murder; and how, in particular, I was one of the for-
wardest to censure him on that very account, and to say,
that to kill himself because his wife was unkind, was making
one affliction two; and, which was worse, made her sin
against him be an occasion of his sin against God and
himself, which was a horrible wickedness: then I argued
with myself thus; by this woman's unkindness, I am
of the comfort of my family, and of the expecta-



tion I had from her as a relation; but if I omit my duty, I then rob myself of my peace, sin against God and my family, and open a door to all manner of sin and distraction.

Upon these considerations, I immediately lifted up my heart for direction to him who has said, "If any man want wisdom, let him ask it of God:" immediately came to my mind the words of Joshua to the people of Israel, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord;" the story of Daniel, who would not, no not to avoid the being devoured by lions, omit his public, and perhaps family-worship. It presently offered then, that Daniel might have satisfied himself with his retirement, and made his prayer in his closet with safety; but then he had seemed to yield up the point to his enemies, and granted that his life was of more concern to him than his duty to God, which he abhorred the thought of, and therefore continued his duty at the utmost hazard.

Cit. Indeed you took a different course from mine, and you met with assistance from it, which I wanted.

Fr. Immediately upon this I resolved to do my duty, whatever opposition I met with; and withal, that if my wife continued to be obstinate, I would take upon me to let her know, that if she would not submit to attend the worship of God decently, and with that reverence as she ought to do in the family, she should submit to be absent, and should see herself thrust out, as not fit to be admitted to the worship of her Maker in company with her family, till she thought fit to behave as became her.

Cit. That was a noble resolution, but looked a little rigid to your wife. Pray how did she take it?

Fr. Truly, I cannot say much of that part yet; for my business calling me to London soon after, I was obliged to leave her before her temper had brought her so much as to think it any affront, for at first she seemed very well pleased with it.

Cit. It would be very obliging, if you would let me hear

not such a servant but I may have liberty to laugh a little at my master, when I think proper.

Husb. My dear, I never made a servant of you in my life, nor offered to abridge you of any liberty you desired; but I would fain persuade you to treat me with the common respect such things require; your uncle was the man that put me upon it; you did not laugh at him, why should you make your husband only the subject of your jest?

Wife. O, my uncle, he's a parson; 'tis his business.

Husb. Well, and I hope I am a Christian, and so it is my duty, and I dare not omit it. Methinks common civility might prevail on you to behave decently to me.

Wife. I am sorry my behaviour does not please you; and more that I have you for my teacher.

Husb. My dear, I do not go about to teach you, but to persuade you to be civil to me. If you have dropped your affections, yet certainly good manners require something.

Wife. Yea, yea, I'll be as mannerly as you please.

Husb. All I ask is, that you will banter any thing else, rather than my serving God, which I tell you plainly I cannot omit; neither can I bear to hear your reproaches about it, or see your behaviour at it.

Wife. Then you must exercise your authority to stop my mouth, which perhaps you may not find so easy as you imagine; for I will have my liberty when you have done all.

Husb. Well, then, I hope you will give me my liberty too. I have as good a title to it as you.

Wife. You put the case wrong, it is not in my power to give, it is your's to take; your liberty is absolutely your own, and I find you claim some authority over mine; but pray what liberty do you speak of?

Husb. Why, to be plain, if you resolve to behave indecently, during the worship of God, and treat me with jeer and ridicule for doing my duty. I desire this favour, that

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now when we go to prayer, and leave us to
an without discomposure, by the favour of your

B.

B. Ay, with all my heart, you shall be obeyed.

A. Well, then, since I can obtain no more from you,
that; and desire you will not take it ill that I shut
from that duty which you render yourself unworthy
the privilege of being present at; for I will not purchase
your favour at the price of disobeying my Maker, and I
hope in time your eyes may be opened.

Wife. They are already, to see what an obliging husband
I have.

Husb. I doubt they are not, said I; and with that I left
her, being unwilling to have more words with her; for I
found nothing made the least impression upon her;
and to have told her what an affliction it had been to me,
would have been nothing. She would have but banter'd i
the more.

Cit. Well, and did you begin with her that evening?

Fr. Yes, but being as cautious as I could of exposing
her, I staid out a little later than usual, so that she was
gone to bed when I came home, and we had the family-
worship without her of course.

Cit. Well, but in the morning?

Fr. In the morning we were in her dressing-room, and
as I had ordered my man to call to prayers, her maid came
up, and said the servants were ready; so I rose up, and as
I went, my dear, said I, we won't give you the trouble of
going down. She made no answer, but sat still: and this
is the length we are gone, for in the afternoon I came away
to London.

Cit. You have been both a wiser man and a better Chris-
tian than I; for like a fool I gave way to my passions,
without making use of my reason; and, like a man void of
religion, I gave up my duty a sacrifice to the wickedness
and pride of a woman; and now she glories in my shame,
for she upbraids me with living void of religion, without

the sense of it upon my mind, or the face of it upon my behaviour; and she has so much truth on her side, as to fact, though she herself has been the unhappy occasion, that her words are, as Solomon says, like the piercing of a sword, I cannot answer her, for I am convinced, that however wicked she had been,—however sharp her taunts and reproaches,—however contemptibly she might speak or think of my performance, I ought to have done my duty.

THE SECOND DIALOGUE.

The conference between the two friends, in the last dialogue, left them almost in the same condition; both of them being opposed in the performance of their family duty by their wives, and both of them resolved to go on in the way of their duty, and to keep the worship of God in their families, whether their wives would or not.

The discourse of the country gentleman had opened the eyes of the citizen, and he resolved to follow his example; though, as he had most easily given up his duty at first, so he had far the greater difficulty in bringing his family to a compliance afterwards, as will presently appear.

When he came home, he sat pensive and melancholy a good while, musing with himself what course he should take with his wife: his resolution to take upon himself the government of his family had not failed him; but he was so ruffled by his wife before in the case of his performance, that he hardly knew in what manner to go about it, nor how to manage it. He was loth to shut his wife out of the room, and yet was afraid of her going away, and taking away those three children with her, who, as was said, had sided with her against him, and who he was resolved should attend him at his public worship; however it so happened, to his great mortification, that going but out of the room

upon some particular occasion, his wife in the interval goes away with her youngest son and her two eldest daughters, and retiring to her own apartment, stayed there near an hour.

This so surprised, and which was worse, so discomposed him, that, together with some unkind words which passed afterwards between him and his wife, and which put him into a violent passion, he was quite unfitted for his duty for that night; and, as he said afterwards, it had discouraged him, that he was almost at the point of giving it all over again, as he had before; however, it quite broke off his thoughts of it, as I said, for that night.

In the morning he composed his mind as well as he could, and resolved to enter upon his work, whether his wife consented or not; and yet being willing to have it all managed, if possible, in a loving and Christian manner, he resolved to discourse with his wife first, and try to bring her to a sense of her duty both to God and her husband; and I think the following discourse was before they were up, or at least before they were come out of their chamber.

My dear, says the husband, you and I have had a sad breach about our family-worship, and it has been attended with a great deal of sin on both sides; is there no hopes of putting an end to it? 'tis a sad thing, that seeing we both acknowledge it to be our duty, we should fall out about the manner of doing it!

Wife. All such breaches are best ended by them who began them.

Husb. I am loth to enter into a new strife about who began the old. I had rather enter into measures of peace for putting an end to it on both sides.

Wife. I have no hand in it; don't think to excuse your own sin by loading your wife; as I told you before, that won't take the charge off from yourself.

Husb. My dear; I am not excusing myself, I have been of a great sin, in suffering your bad usage of me to



be my share;—neglecting my duty for your contempt of it. But have you been to blame in nothing? Have you done all your part right? Are you sure that all the fault is mine?

Wife. I know nothing I have been to blame in, but in telling you what is true enough, that your praying in your family is, to me, a piece of cold insignificant stuff; I look upon you as one of them whose prayer is an abomination.

Husb. That is calling me a wicked man in the first place; and yet even such are commanded to repent, to pray, to turn to God, and to call upon him. You do not argue, I hope, that, because you esteem me so much worse than yourself, that therefore I must not pray to God, nor take care to have religious worship kept up in my family; to do that, is the way to have our children worse than any of us.

Wife. I'll take care of my children; they shan't be the worse for your example, if I can help it.

Husb. I question whether that would be in your power, if my example were really bad, as I hope it is not; however, I hope, in praying for them, and with them, I can do them no harm, there is no bad example in that.

Wife. You may do as you please; your prayers are of no use to me.

Husb. Have a care, my dear, lest some time or other you come into a condition to desire, nay perhaps to want the prayers of every one, that will but pity you enough to pray for you.

Wife. That's none of your business, you see I don't ask your prayers now; you may stay till I do.

Husb. I'll pray that God will be pleased to give you a better mind.

Wife. You may as well let it alone.

Husb. Your temper is perfectly void of charity, and you act as if you would have the worship of God wholly neglected, or dropt out of the family.

Wife. I look upon that, and your performing

Husb. No, nor is it just; but, however, since you are so rude to me, and in a thing so necessary, and which I cannot, I dare not any longer omit, I tell you I am resolved to do my duty, do what you will.

Wife. Then what need was there of this discourse?

Husb. Because I would fain have had your concurrence and your countenance in it, which it is your duty to give among your children and servants.

Wife. I don't think any of the children like it, any more than I do.

Husb. To you, my dear, I'll offer no force of any kind; as for them, I shall expect their attendance. I will take care of that part myself: whether they like it or not, that's another question.

Wife. I believe they will all be Dissenters. I hope you will give them liberty of conscience.

Husb. Liberty of conscience relates to different ways of worship, but is not concerned in the dispute between worship in general and no worship at all; there's no toleration to be an atheist, to deny God, or abandon religion.

Wife. But they may pray by themselves.

Husb. I'll oblige them to give their attendance to family-orders; I am sure it is their duty; they may pray by themselves too, and I hope they will.

Wife. If they don't think it their duty, it is persecution and tyranny.

Husb. Family-worship is an undoubted duty: If they think not, 'tis time they were taught better.

Wife. Perhaps they do worship in the family without you, and more to their satisfaction.

Husb. Let them worship God as often as they will, I hinder none; but at my stated times I shall expect them; their worshipping in the family without me, is not family-worship.

Wife. They will let you see plainly enough then, that it is a force upon their inclinations, and perhaps sometimes in a manner which you will not like.

Fa. No! what made you then and your sister go away last night?

Da. My mother called us.

Fa. Well, I hope your mother called you into her closet, to reading and private prayer.

Da. Yes, Sir.

Fa. But that must not interrupt public worship, my dear.

Da. But if my mother calls us——

Fa. Why, that's true, my dear; but I'll speak to your mother not to call you at that time when we should all meet for family-worship.

Da. But my mother will, it may be.

Fa. Then, my dear, you must answer that your father has called to prayers.

Da. But my mother will be angry.

Fa. No, child; I hope such an answer will satisfy her; if not, you must answer her as you do me, and tell her your father will be angry.

Da. Yes, Sir.

Fa. But hark ye, my dear, do you love praying to God, or is it a burden and tiresome to you?

Da. No, Sir, I am not tired with it, I hope; my mother has always told us it is our duty, and showed us God's command for it in scripture.

Fa. Well, my dear, then if your father prays with you in the family, and your mother also in her closet, I hope you won't think it too much?

Da. No, indeed, Sir.

Fa. I hope you know the nature and meaning of praying to God; you have learnt your catechism, my dear.

Da. Yes, Sir.

Fa. And you too, child? turning to the other.

Child. Yes, Sir.

Fa. Well, my dear, come, be plain with me then; have you any scruple in your thoughts against joining with your father, when he prays in the family?

2d *Da.* Nor I neither, Sir. I wonder who should say so of us.

Fa. Well, my dear, I am satisfied, I hope you understand the nature of prayer to be such, that as we have a heavenly pattern set up in scripture, to direct our form, so we have a merciful heavenly father to pray to, who is pleased to pass over our imperfections, and to accept us for the sincerity of our hearts, not the aptness or excellence of our expressions.

Da. If it was not so, Sir, very few ought to say their own words when they pray.

Fa. It is true, my dear, and though forms of prayer may be useful to help the tongue, especially with respect to the edification of those that hear; yet, blessed be God, that he hears the thoughts of the heart, when the tongue has no words to express itself by, or forms to assist it in speaking.

Da. Sir, you always told us, that whatever form we prayed by, God would hear us if we prayed with sincerity and faith in the name of Jesus Christ.

Fa. I did so, and I have the scriptures to support it—
“Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, believing that you shall receive it, you shall receive it.”

Da. I don't remember, Sir, that in all my Bible I am forbid to join in prayer with any, on account of their words, or for any personal defect or infirmity; my business is to see that I am sincere myself.

Fa. Very true, child; if they that pray are not sincere in what they say, it is their fault: those that join may be accepted, when he whose words they join with may be rejected; else we should have a dreadful task in prayer, and such confusion of thoughts must follow, as would destroy the nature of the duty; for we should never know when we were to be accepted and when not.

Da. I am sure I need not pretend to make difficulties, any body may do it better than I.

Fa. Well, my dear, the Spirit of God will help your in-

Husb. Whether you like what I said to them or not, you have reason to blush at what they said to me.

Wife. Learn to blush for your sins, and trouble not yourself with me.

Husb. Indeed, my dear, I wish I could do both perfectly.

Wife. You are not fit to talk to children of religious things.

Husb. That's your opinion, the other is my duty; fit or not fit is not the question, I must do it as well as I can; God make both you and I better instructors, and teach us to give them better examples.

Wife. You understand nothing of religion; what example can you show them?

Husb. Not as I ought, my dear, that I acknowledge.

Wife. Pray let my daughters alone.

Husb. No, my dear, I can't promise you that, unless you'll promise to answer at last for my neglect of my duty, in failing to instruct my children.

Wife. I tell you you don't understand it.

Husb. And I tell you, that for all that I am bound to do it.

Wife. Well, I think your discourse to your children was very impertinent silly stuff.

Husb. But I assure you their discourse to me has been much to the purpose; and if I have not instructed them, I assure you they have instructed and informed me, and that of something their mother ought to be ashamed of.

Wife. I ashamed! you cannot make out that.

Husb. I wish, for your sake, it were not so. Did you not say my children cared not to join with me in my family-worship, that they would be Dissenters, and that if I obliged them to attend, it would be a force upon their inclinations?

Wife. Well, and so I believe it is.

Husb. Have I forced their attendance?



Him, though it seems I can't please my wife; I do not ask your attendance, till you please to join in a Christian manner, with a spirit of charity and devotion; the last towards God, and the first towards your husband.

Wife. I don't purpose to trouble you.

Husb. Then you save me the trouble of forbidding you, and shutting you out: neither do I ask your leave for your children to attend; for they have declared themselves willing and desirous of it, and professed solemnly, that they never had the least thought to the contrary in their lives. So in that you are a slanderer of your own children.

Wife. Your new way of commanding may well bring children to it.

Husb. You mistake again; nay, if it be true, as you said, that you heard my discourse to them, then you know that you mistake; which deserves a word less soft than that of being mistaken.

Wife. You are disposed to treat your wife very magisterially.

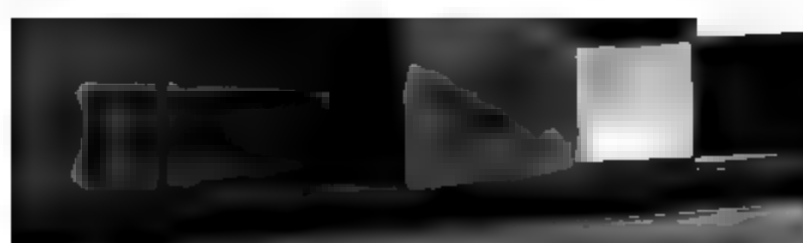
Husb. You have driven me to the necessity of exercising so much authority in my family, as is necessary to support the service and worship of God; and more than that I do not seek.

Wife. Well, you may go on.

Husb. Since then you have obliged me to it, the question I desire your answer to is this, that as you take upon you to call your children up to you at what time you please, and keep them with you as long as you please, I hope it is for no ill purpose; I desire you will appoint the hour when you think proper to call them, that I may not interfere and call them to family-worship at the same time.

Wife. I cannot appoint a certain hour, it must be when my leisure allows.

Husb. Well, for once then you must give me leave to tell you, that an hour must be set, or else I shall set an hour for their attendance on family-worship; in which, if you



ity, and then you will know, that the scripture is not of private interpretation, but was given for general instruction; but they are always hardest to learn who think themselves qualified to teach. I intreat you, let us have no more of this disorderly unkind discourse; I have no more to say, but that I expect my children should not be hindered from attending upon the worship of God.

Wife. If I thought it worship, I should be as forward as you to have them attend.

Husb. My dear, I hope for your being in a better mind in God's due time; in the mean time, it is not fit that your error should interrupt their duty; neither can I satisfy myself to suffer it.

His wife went away in a great passion, and said some things to him at parting which I care not to mention, and which grieved the good man extremely. But he made her no reply.

In the mean time, the man went on with his family order, and had the worship of God, as reading the scriptures, singing psalms, and prayer, regularly and constantly performed; his children attending constantly and cheerfully, but not his wife.

It had indeed been some trouble to his mind, that for some time after the breach above-mentioned, he had shut the door of his parlour when he went to prayers; which he had not only done to keep his wife out, but had told her too, as before; and she had twice or three times come down to the door, and finding it locked, went back again.

He had found her so passionate, and so filled with contempt of his performance, that it was his real belief, her design was at first to give him some disturbance, to behave with some indecency, or at least to take hold of some expression of his, more unguarded perhaps than ordinary, to upbraid him with, and perhaps to make a mock of among the children, as she had done once or twice before, and therefore thought it better to have her absent, at least till she was

This afflicted the husband's mind to the last degree; and not the wife only, but all the family perceived it. As to his wife, she kept it more to herself, and continued to carry it with an unsociable haughtiness of temper. If he offered to speak of it, she would always put a short end to the discourse; tell him, she had nothing to say to him; or flying away from him, or perhaps say some very passionate thing that put an end to it: so that she would never enter into any discourse with him; she seemed to live altogether in her chamber, retired from company, and came down into her family, as if it were with reluctance, and more by the necessity of ordering her servants and household affairs, than by choice, or from any pleasure she took among them; and as this had not only continued a long time, but seemed to have no prospect of any alteration, it gave her husband a most unsufferable affliction.

But, alas! the good man's affliction was far from ending there, and the tragical part of the family is yet behind.

I could have been very glad to have brought this poor, weak, but proud woman upon the stage, as a penitent, acknowledging her mistake in duty for misusing her husband; and her mistake in religion, for despising the sincere humble performance of her husband in matters of religion; and for obstructing that, for want of charity, which every sober Christian would rejoice in, viz. to see God served, honoured, and worshipped in their family, and their children brought up in the constant exercise of those duties, which their natural homage to their Maker calls for: but the truth of this history forbids, and I must be forced to record this unhappy wife as a sad memento against spiritual or religious pride, and to be an evidence of the exceeding difficulty of restoring a Pharisaical hypocrite to repentance.

The man's affliction, as I have said, was visible, but yet he had some comfort within himself, particularly that he was in the way of his duty; and the satisfaction he had in his recovering from that wicked step he had at first taken, of neglecting his family, and throwing up the

thoughts, to think she should die without being reconciled to him. Her distemper at first appeared a kind of lethargic fever, which, as it preyed upon her spirits one way, and brought her very low, so it kept her dozing, and incapable to be talked with, another way.

He often attempted to speak to her, but found she would not answer a word; or, if she did, it was either to desire him not to trouble her, or something remote from what he said; for she was too much stupified by the distemper to talk, and unwilling to discourse when she was otherwise.

The distemper, however, in about three weeks time abated, and she began to get strength, but no life came into her temper, no cheerfulness into her spirits; but a deep melancholy seemed to succeed the fever; and one morning the physician that attended her came to her husband, and asked him if he knew any extraordinary trouble she had upon her spirits? Her husband said no, no extraordinary one: but why do you ask me that question? says he, with great concern. Why, says the doctor, because I fear she has a little spice of disorder in her head; and if we do not prevent it, she will be in danger of a confirmed melancholy.

It is impossible to express the concern this gave him, and he began to enter into a serious consultation with the doctor, who had spoken cautiously, because he would not surprise him; but the apothecary came down immediately after, and with less prudence said aloud to the doctor, who asked how she did—Do, says he, why she is mad, quite distracted, we must get some help immediately to tie her in the bed.

Her husband, who had by the prudence of the doctor entertained only an apprehension of the danger of such a thing as remote, and possible to be prevented, when he heard what the apothecary said, spoke not a word, but sunk down on the floor.

The physician being at hand, they were not much at a loss for applying proper remedies; but it was so long ere



per, and often subject to little returns of melancholy; but in her family she lived orderly, and kept in a very good disposition as to the religious part. If she had any remembrances of the former breach, she kept it to herself; for she never discovered that she retained any notion of it in her thoughts. She attended duly on the orders of the family, appeared very serious at the times of worship, and never offered to dislike or reflect upon, much less to mock or scoff at, her husband about it in the least.

Her children were warned by their father never to endeavour to put her in mind of former differences; no, not so much as in curiosity to try whether she really remembered any thing or not; which orders they very punctually observed.

It was not long after this, when the country gentleman, whose story makes a part in the former dialogue, came to town; and as their cases were so exactly alike when they had last discoursed upon the subjects of their family circumstances, so they had kept up a constant correspondence by letters; but now at their meeting they enter into particulars more at large, which, as near as possible, is contained in the following discourse.

The citizen began with him thus :

Cit. Well, my friend, I took your advice, but I have had a dreadful task of it.

Fr. What advice?

Cit. Why about taking a resolution to set up, or rather restore, family-worship in my house, in spite of all the scoffs and jeers, flouts and taunts, of an unkind wife; but it has cost me very dear.

Fr. I hope the purchase is worth the price. I dare say, let it have cost you what it will, 'twill pay you all again; it will yield a plentiful rent or interest, if you maintain it; for, as the northern proverb says, "God comes into no man's house to bilk the landlord:" you will find a blessing in it, no doubt.



and I'll tell you to what issue I have brought it. I assure you the result is no abatement of my trouble in the case of my wife ; no, not in the least, but rather an increase of it.

Fr. Pray let me hear your opinion. I cannot think God will charge us with sins committed in a state of distraction, when the person is demented, and has not the use of reason ; when conscience is put out of its office, and can neither accuse or excuse ; when the soul is no more a free agent, and the creature is reduced to the mere sensitive life.

Cit. You mistake me quite, I am not arguing on that part ; and perhaps I may incline to think as you do, as to what is done during the power of lunacy ; but what will you say to the sins committed before that distraction, and which, the distemper coming hastily on, she had no time to repent of ? Pray, what is the difference between such a condition, and one dying without repentance ? I look upon my wife as one dead ; while the soul is disabled in its operations, she is dead to all those things which are necessary to a true penitent ; such as sorrow for the sin, abhorrence of the evil of it, asking pardon of God, acting faith on the blood of Christ for remission, resolutions to reform, and the like ; these it is impossible she should have any part in, and therefore she seems to me to be just in the same state as one dying impenitent.

Fr. You have a little surprised me, indeed, in giving that turn to it, which I did not think of before. I must acknowledge I am of your opinion in the thing itself, only that, in the case of your wife, there is room for hope to you in two particulars :—1. That, as before, you are not sure that she had no intervals, in which God might speak to her soul, and her soul fly to and embrace her Saviour with effectual relentings, and a saving dependance on him for salvation ; all which might be acted in a moment, as I doubt not it often is in the very article of death, witness the thief upon the cross ; and this might much better be in the time of her sickness, though the distraction of her state (since that) may have given her no room to discover it. 2 And

Cit. 'Tis often so I believe, but it may be otherwise sometimes.

Fr. 'Tis very seldom, then ; for my part, I never saw it otherwise, but that if one is to blame for beginning it, the other is to blame for carrying it on ; if one raises the storm, the other increases it ; if one is passionate, the other is provoking ; one wants temper, the other wants patience ; one kindles the fire, and the other heaps on fuel : both sides are to blame.

Cit. I find, that while you are accusing your wife, you are not excusing yourself.

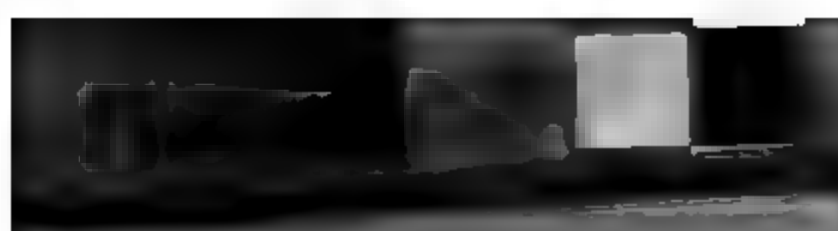
Fr. Indeed I am far from excusing myself in the particular of our last breach ; but in the general, that is, in her aversion to my doing my duty, and indeed to every thing that had but the face of religion on it, in that I cannot excuse her, the fault was all her own ; and I have reason to be thankful that God has not suffered her importunity to prevail upon me any longer to omit my duty in my family.

Cit. Well, do not be discouraged neither, with respect to your wife, God's grace can reduce even more obstinate tempers than her's. I think there is much room to hope in a case like your's, than in such an one as mine.

Fr. My wife is a dreadful instance of a temper hardened against all sense of duty to God, or obligation to man.

Cit. She is so far completely qualified to be a most glorious instance of the invincible power of God's grace. Pray let me hear the particulars of her story, for I find there is a great deal in it.

Fr. They will be worth your hearing, I assure you, though it may be tedious. I told you I had been obliged to some struggle with my wife to get leave to carry on our family-service ; and that after our good old uncle was gone, she was mighty uneasy at my setting up, or rather keeping up the good man's custom of morning and evening sacrifice : but that I had so far conquered myself in that particular, as to resolve not only to perform my duty in the house, but to do it so without her, as that she should think herself



Wife. What business?

Husb. Why, my dear, should you ask? You know it is business you don't like; and which, till you do like, I cannot desire you to trouble yourself about.

Wife. Good luck, your prayers! come, come, let them alone for one night, to-morrow will do as well, I desire your company now. All this she said smiling, and in a mere thoughtless kind of good humour.

Husb. My dear, you cannot promise me I shall be alive to-morrow; and, besides, praying to God to-morrow makes up for no part of the sin of omitting it to-day.

Wife. Well, well, stay with me to night.

Husb. Pray, my dear, do not desire it of me, because you know I cannot comply.

Wife. Must I not desire it?

Husb. My dear, I'll be back again presently. At which words I broke from her, and came down stairs. I overheard her as I was going, say aloud, I'll promise you I'll desire you less than I have done, and flung her chamber door after me in a rage. I came back in about a quarter of an hour, but found her gone to bed, and I got not a word of her that night: the next day she was likewise unconversable; and though her passion wore off in two or three days, yet she never showed the usual pleasantness of her temper as long as she staid with me.

Cit. It was very strange she should be provoked on such an account.

Fr. But that was not all; for, which was still worse, this disorder affected our general conversation, for we grew waspish and petulant, every thing almost gave ground of quarrel, and every little quarrel was carried to that height for want of temper, that it ran up to the maddest extremes, even to be downright abusive; and in the highest manner disobliging to one another; and this even on my side as on her's, for I do not excuse myself.

Cit. Indeed it was just so with me too, as I told you.

Fr. I believe it is so every where; where the first con-



In short, one word brought on another, till the first shower increased to a flood; the first angry word grew to a storm, and my wife told me, in so many words, I used her at such a rate she would live no longer with me. I was a little too warm, being provoked by such usage, and told her plainly, that unless she resolved to use me better, not living with me, would be a greater favour. She told me she would try me, and away she flung out of the garden; and that very evening, to be as good as her word with me, in spite of all the arguments I could use with her, she went away to her brother, Sir Richard's, and came no more to live with me for a long time, as you shall hear.

Cit. She was of a very rash temper certainly.

Fr. Aye, or else she had been a very desirable person. But we were now parted.

Cit. But did she not let you know where she was?

Fr. No, not at all, till by the necessity of sending for clothes, linen, and other things that she wanted, I came to know it.

Cit. I should have been apt to have let her alone.

Fr. I would have done so, and for some time I did so; but my case was, that I loved her to an extreme. However, an opportunity offered, which gave me almost a necessity of letting her alone some time; for, as I was riding out one day very melancholy and pensive, upon this account, I met Sir Richard, who was going a hunting. He would have had me with him; but I was not disposed for sport, and excused myself. Well, says he, brother, where shall I see you after we have done? For I want a little talk with you, and laughed; which was as much as to tell me, I knew what he meant.

Where you please, Sir Richard, said I. So he made an appointment at a public-house in our town, and we met accordingly. When we were set, he took me by the hand very kindly, and told me he was very glad to see me; and before we entered into any discourse, said he, brother, do not think that I design to affront you, or to take any part

rel was about, you would say we were both mad; she to go away, and I to let her.

Sir R. You let her go! How could you hinder her? If a woman will run away, who can stop her? If she had been mine, she should have gone, I assure you; and, as she had gone when she pleased, she should not have come again till I pleased.

Husb. But I would have yielded to any thing, rather than she should have gone away.

Sir R. What do you mean? Would you have yielded up your religion and conscience, and turned atheist like your wife. If you could have laid down all that, why did you begin it? Sure you would not have done that for a wife? You would have paid dear enough for her, I assure you, and more a great deal than she was worth. If I had half your religion and honesty, brother, I would not break into it one inch for the best wife in the world.

Husb. You appear by that, Sir Richard, to have more religion and honesty than too many that pretend to the highest degree of sanctity in the world.

Sir R. No, no, you don't know me. I am a wicked dog, a fellow that has never been taught any thing, and never learned any thing, and God knows whether ever I shall be better or no.

Husb. That is only what you say of yourself, Sir Richard; I think you have a greater sense of those things, and more knowledge of what religion is, than many that seem to talk very religiously.

Sir R. No, I am the very same drunken, loose, profane devil my father was before me, and my grandfather before him. We are a hellish family, brother, that is the truth en't. It is a pity a good man should have the misfortune to come among us.

Husb. Pray don't talk so, Sir; you have yet one thing that leaves your friends great hopes of you.

Sir R. I wish you could tell me what it is then, for I see



they run me into strange convulsions of mind ; and so I fly away to company, and drink off the chagrin of it ; and when I am once drunk, the next morning it is all over, and I am well enough.

Husb. That is a sad remedy against serious thoughts, Sir Richard, I hope you may find a better in time.

Sir R. Well, however, I will have some serious talk of those things with you one time or other. I will make you my father-confessor ; but let us go on now where we left off, about my sister.

Husb. With all my heart.

Sir R. You said that you would have yielded to any thing rather than have parted with your wife ; and then I spoke of your yielding up the point about religion, which you differed about ; and that I supposed you could not yield those things up upon any account whatever.

Husb. No, Sir, I did not mean that ; I hope we did not differ so much about that, as to make those things the ground of our separation ; if so, I am a martyr in a better cause than I expected.

Sir R. Then I do not understand you, and believe your wife does not understand you neither ; for I assure you, that is all the reason she pretends to give, viz. that you are too religious for her.

Husb. Indeed I could not have imagined that was the reason of it, much less that she would give that reason for it ; you might well say, she told the story to her own disadvantage.

Sir R. Indeed that is all the reason she gives ; but since you say there is more in it, I wish you would let me into the story, if it may be convenient, or into as much of it as you think fit.

Husb. With all my heart, Sir Richard.

[Here he gives Sir Richard a full account of all that had passed, from the coming of the country minister to their house, to the breach about the two doors in the garden : at which Sir Richard falls a swearing, and flies into a terrible

Husb. I think she should much rather be ashamed of that, than have told it.

Sir R. I think so too; but she is of another opinion, it seems.

Husb. I am sorry for her, and sorry for the breach between us; and, as I said before, I would do any thing in the world to put an end to it; that is, any thing that I could do with satisfaction to my conscience, and a reserve to my known duty.

Sir R. Pray what do you resolve to do? was you in my method about it?

Husb. None at all, I did not so much as know where she was, till she sent one of your servants and my Lady ——'s woman to fetch her linen and clothes.

Sir R. And did she send no message to you, nor bid them take any notice of her being at my house?

Husb. Not the least word, I assure you, any more than if she had not known me.

Sir R. She is in a strange fury, sure: but what did you resolve on before I saw you in the morning?

Husb. I resolved to go and see her, and try, if by any method in the world, I could prevail on her to come home again.

Sir R. You don't know my sister, I find! I can assure you, that is not the way to deal with her; she would but have despised all your submissions. If you will let me manage her, I have known her longer than you, I'll bring her to a better temper, I'll engage.

Husb. I wish you could, Sir Richard, any reasonable and mild way.

Sir R. If you will but keep away from her, and not follow her, to solicit her return, I'll engage I bring her to solicit you.

Husb. I am obliged to go to London, Sir Richard, for a month, but I am very lothe to go before I am reconciled to her.



Fr. What's that?

Cit. Do not fail to talk with him; you know how he has bespoken you, and desires it.

Fr. I do often think of it.

Cit. But can you not contrive to give him an opportunity?

Fr. There is no difficulty in it.

Cit. Then I would do it. How do you know how far you may be made an instrument to do him good?

Fr. That is true; and I promise you I will.

Cit. I have one thing more to ask, and that is, that you will be so kind to write me a line or two by the post of your success in it; for I have a strong persuasion it will have unexpected success.

Fr. Well, I promise you I will not fail. But there is an odd circumstance in my affair, which I have not given you an account of yet, which has happened since my coming away, and which indeed I have but an imperfect account of myself, and at a distance; but it makes me very desirous to go home.

Cit. Pray let's hear what it is?

Fr. Why, my man writes me word, that he understands there has been a great quarrel at Sir Richard's, between Sir Richard himself, and his sister my wife.

Cit. That is about you, to be sure.

Fr. I suppose so; for he sends me word, that Sir Richard came to my house the very day I came away, in hopes to have found me before I was gone; that he would not believe a good while that I was gone; but that, after my man had convinced him of it, he said, he could find in his heart to take horse, and see if he could not overtake me; but that my man telling him I used to ride pretty hard, that it was not probable he should overtake me, he went away, but seemed very uneasy to speak with me.

Cit. It is a great pity he does not write to you.

Fr. So it is; but these gentlemen of pleasure don't care to take the pains to write letters.



Dial. II.] THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR.

435

Sir R. Aye, aye, nurse, I know it, and she is never the better for that neither.

[Here he fetched a deep sigh, and said, aside, we are a cursed hellish breed.]

Nurse. But I have brought the two children, and please your worship; it may be, when my mistress sees them again, she will be persuaded.

Sir R. Her children! She values her children no more than if they were a couple of calves from one of her milch cows. She is without natural affection, woman, do not you see it? If she had had any love for her own children, could she have left them as she has done.

Nurse. And please your worship, I hope she loves them though, for all that; what have the poor babes done? The eldest is not two years old; to be sure my mistress loves them dearly, and please your worship.

Sir R. Yes, to be sure; pray, has she sent any body to see how they did since she came away?

Nurse. Why, indeed, no, and please your worship, and we all wonder. Bless us all! and please your worship, it is a sad thing.

Sir R. I tell you, she neither regards God or the devil; she neither has natural religion or natural affection; she does not value both her children so much as I do that bound.

Nurse. Oh, and please your worship, do not say so; I'll go and see my mistress, an' your worship pleases to give me leave.

[Nurse offers to go into the house.]

Sir R. Why, you old fool, where are you going? your mistress is not here.

Nurse. Not here, Sir! for the Lord's sake, an' please your worship, not here! my mistress not here! an' please your worship, where is my mistress? She was here; I hope your worship is but in jest.

Sir R. No, indeed, nurse, I am not in jest, she is gone; I have ridded my house of her, and never desire



Dial. II.] THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR: 437

her wherever she is; and if all the entreaties in the world will move her, I'll never leave her till I get her home.

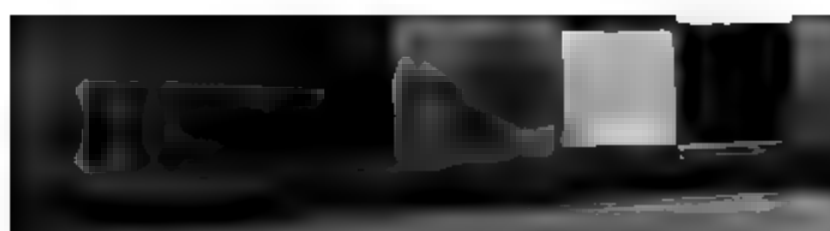
Cit. You are only the best husband in England.

Fr. And she will be the best wife in England, if it pleases God to restore her from this unhappy condition; if she continues thus, she is ruined soul and body, and I cannot bear to let her perish, and not use all possible endeavours to reclaim her. I cannot believe but her passion is cooled and abated before this; perhaps Sir Richard has been too hot with her, and put her into a fret; I will take the contrary course: it is my duty to bear with her passions and mistakes, her brother is not under the same obligation; my affections lead me to all the tender methods I can take, he is not under the same influence; my concern is for her soul, and for her children, he is not touched that way yet: in a word, he is her brother, but I am her husband; he is a relation to her, but I am part of her; he is of her family, but I am herself. And though I do not reflect on him for want of success, for I dare say he wishes well to us both; yet I cannot doubt of success myself. Therefore I am resolved to go and find her out, and never leave her till I have made her my own again; she shall have a heart of stone if she refuses me.

[They part, and his friend took horse the next day, and went home; what followed will be told in the next dialogue.]

THE THIRD DIALOGUE.

When Sir Richard ——— and his brother-in-law parted, neither of them had entertained any notion of what might be, much less of what was, the consequence of the discourse which the knight afterwards had with his sister; the gentleman went away for London, as is expressed in the former



at home in a month or two, and he could not leave the rooms open.

Mist. A journey to London, and for two months! that is odd; what, and say nothing to me! it is very odd.

Mist. Hark ye, Susan, did Mr. ——— look pleased, or did he seem uneasy?

Maid. He was mighty merry, for he was playing with one of the children, Madam.

[This still made it worse to her.]

This discourse happening just as Sir Richard was come home, he ove heard it: oh, says he to himself, now I see I am right, the foolish creature relents already,—she knows not what she has been doing either to God or her husband.

As soon as she was gone, Sir Richard called the maid into his room. Hark ye, Susan, said Sir Richard, what made you tease my sister so about her husband?

Maid. Tease her, Sir, indeed I did not.

Sir R. Why, you may easily see what she meant, and I see what you meant; you are very right, Susan.

Maid. Oh, dear Sir, I knew not what to do or say; it is a pity a young lady should punish herself so; it is plain she wishes she had never come away.

Sir R. Then why does not the fool go home again as she ought, Susan?

Maid. Sir, it is plain on the other hand, she wants nothing but to have him creep after her and fetch her; I wish he would.

Sir R. And so you made as if he showed no concern about her?

Maid. Indeed, Sir, I see it is the only way to bring her to herself; it is a great pity she should use an honest gentleman so, all the house cries shame on it.

Sir R. Well, Susan, thou hast done right, and carry it on as far as you can; I have taken care he shall not come after her; I will see if I cannot bring her to her senses,



Dial. III.] THE FAMILY INSTRUCTION.

443

Sist. No, indeed, he don't think it worth his while.

Sir R. Well, but did you tell him you were here?

Sist. No, not I.

Sir R. Very well, then how should you hear from him, when you did not let him know where you were? That is clever enough.

Sist. He never troubled his head to inquire.

Sir R. That is to say, sister, he did not send the bellman up the town and cry you; what would you have the man do? I remember you told me you came away in a huff, and never bid him God be with you.

Sist. Well, what if I did? Is there an end of it? Is there no concern due to a wife when she is provoked to do herself justice?

Sir R. But, sister, if I remember right, you told me too that he used all the persuasions he could to have you stay at home; and, that when he saw you resolute to go, he asked you if you would not let him know whither you went? You told him no, you would not; and asked what he had to do with that?

Sist. Well, I did so, what then?

Sir R. And that then he asked you very kindly, if you would not let him come and see you? And you said, no, no, don't trouble yourself to come after me, I desire none of your company.

Sist. Well, I did say so; what do you infer from all that? I was in a passion, perhaps, what then?

Sir R. Why, either you were in jest, sister, or you were in earnest.

Sist. Well, whether I was in jest or earnest, I see he takes it in earnest.

Sir R. Why truly, sister, when a woman goes away from her husband, most folks will be apt to think she is in earnest, for it is an ugly ill-natured jest.

Sist. Truly I was in very good earnest.

Sir R. And he has been very obedient, it seems; for you say he has not come nor sent after you.

Sist. I told you nothing but what was true.

Sir R. I confess I doubted it.

Sist. Why should you do so, do I use to speak untrue?

Sir R. No, sister, but really I fancied you said more against yourself than was your due; for I could not think it was possible you could part with your husband upon such trifles, as you say you did, and from such a husband too as I think he is.

Sist. Well, you must believe what you please, but I did for all that.

Sir R. Why then you acted about two degrees worse than a madwoman.

Sist. Why so? I am not in a condition to go to Bedlam, at least I do not see it.

Sir R. Why truly, sister, if such a cause should come before us at the quarter sessions, I must own, that as there is no law to punish bad wives, and, as such a case as your's was scarce ever heard of, I should certainly move my brother justices to vote it lunacy, and commit the woman to Bedlam.

Sist. You would be very unjust then.

Sir R. Indeed I think not, sister; I hope you don't take my plainness amiss?

Sist. No, not I; but I think you are a little partial.

Sir R. Nay, there you wrong me too; how can I be partial? I take the story only as you tell it.

Sist. Because you censure me, as if I was in the fault.

Sir R. That is because I am impartial; nay, it is a proof of my being so; it cannot be supposed I would give my opinion against my own sister, if I was not impartial; it is a strong argument that the reason and nature of the thing is against you, when I am convinced of the fault's being in you, by the very things you say in your own vindication.

Sist. But there may be faults on both sides, brother

Sir R. Let whose will be the fault, your's is the folly, for as a man cannot put away his wife, but for the capital

Sir R. Who will know the particulars, compared to the number that will know the general; every body knows in general that they are parted, but not one in fifty will inquire into, or hear of the merits of the cause between the woman and her husband; or ask whether she went away, or he sent her away.

Sist. It is true, the disadvantage is of our side; but what is this to my case?

Sir R. Truly, sister, it applies very aptly thus; viz. that then a wise woman should never part from her husband, but upon the greatest necessity, and with the most justifiable reasons in the world.

Sist. I don't know but you may be in the right in that; but I don't know that it touches my case, for I do not know that this will be called a parting from my husband for good and all.

Sir R. It is not the time will alter the crime; no; nor will it remove the scandal, sister; it is that I am arguing upon.

Sist. Nay, I don't know for what time it may be neither, if he carries it thus.

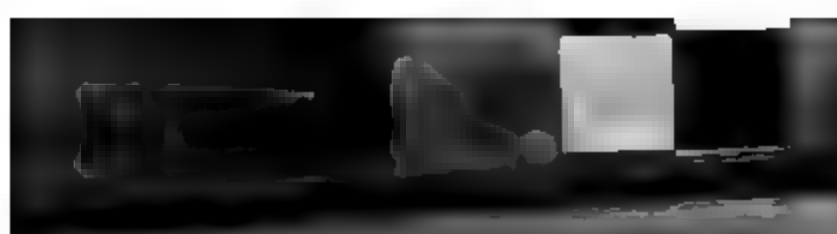
Sir R. Why, how does he carry it? I don't see he minds you; he leaves you to your own course.

Sist. That is true, I am come away, and he troubles not his head about it, as I see, nor intends to trouble himself; so we are not likely to come together again in haste.

Sir R. Trouble himself! no, indeed; and, as I hear, he resolves never to trouble his head about you again, unless you come home as you ought to do, and as it is your known duty to do; nor can you blame him, for you acknowledge that you gave him the occasion; and I must own, sister, that in all such cases, they who gave the first provocation, ought to make the first submission.

Sist. So you would have me make my submission, would you?

Sir R. Nay, sister, it is nothing to me, I won't take upon me to say what I would have you do.



Sir R. Nay, sister, it is you that go on your own way the man is at home.

Sist. What do you infer from that ?

Sir R. I infer, that he is where he ought to be; and you are where you ought not to be.

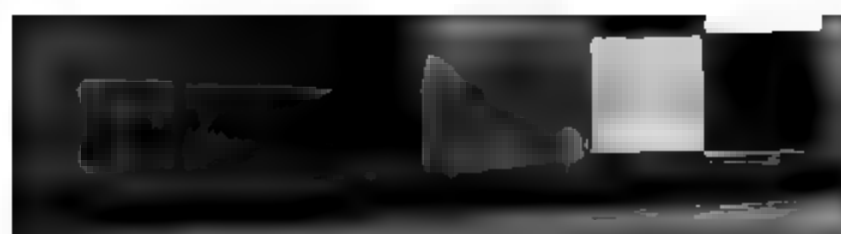
Sist. Dear brother, be plain with me; are you talking from him, and for him, or is it only an accidental discourse, as I thought it was ?

Sir R. Truly, sister, I will be plain; I have seen your husband, and he has so convinced me of your being in the wrong, that I resolved for your sake to persuade you, if possible, to act with more prudence; you know these are things quite out of my way, but I profess I think talking with you, and hearing of your conduct, has done more to make me serious than all the teaching I had in my life.

Sist. I make you serious! you make me smile to hear you talk of being serious, and especially at my making you so.

Sir R. In truth, sister, your extreme of atheism is enough to make an infidel religious; why, you act as if you believed there was neither God or devil, hell or heaven, and that we were to reckon for nothing in the next world that we do in this; and though, sister, I am a poor, wicked, profligate, unthinking wretch myself, yet I know I am so, and that I ought to be otherwise. But you are worse than an heathen in this, that you despise being religious, as a thing quite below you; for God's sake, sister, let you and I both think a little what will become of us.

Sist. Bless me, that ever my eldest brother, the well known Sir Richard ———, should turn parson! Why, I never heard such a sermon in the house in my life; you need not have told me you had seen my husband; why, if I had heard you talk thus before, I would have sworn you had been talking to my husband, and he had been preaching repentance to you; come, come, brother, tell me what he says.



I had been nothing wickeder than I in the world; you need not talk of your husband's exposing you.

Sist. But I do talk of it for all that.

Sir R. But I will do him so much justice, that he conceals your folly as much as possible; nor would he own the reason of your leaving him, till I extorted it from him, by telling him that you told me yourself that you left him for nothing, but because you could not bear his going to prayers; though indeed, sister, I always thought you had jested.

Sist. Not I, why should you think so? Did you think I would come away from my husband in jest?

Sir R. Why, I thought it was impossible any woman in earnest could leave a husband, upon such an occasion, much less own it when she had done; and when I mentioned it to your husband, he would have persuaded me that it was some other thing you had taken ill from him, and that he hoped some time or other you would forget it.

Sist. Well, and did he preach a long sermon to you? Come, tell me what he said.

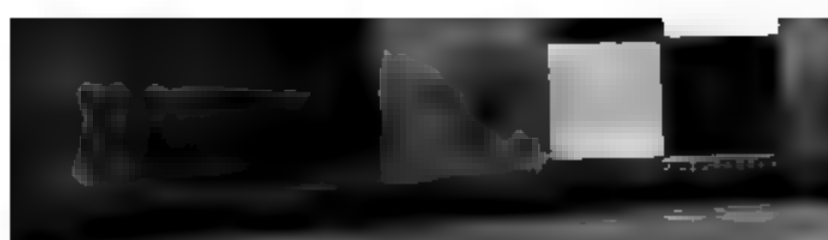
Sir R. No; but you have preached a sermon to me, that I believe will stick to me as long as I live.

Sist. I preach! What have I said to you? I hate preaching, you know it.

Sir R. Truly, sister, I cannot repeat what you have said; but you have exposed the folly and brutality of an irreligious conversation so much by your discourse, that I resolve from this time to amend my life, and change my whole practice and conversation. God forgive me what is past; and if he will give me grace to follow my resolutions, I will be quite another man than ever you knew me.

Sist. A fine new-fashioned cant indeed! By all means, Sir Richard, go on with your show; but depend upon it, we shall all laugh at you most heartily.

Sir R. With all my heart, and see who will have the worst of it.



Sist. And does he think then that it is not his duty to come after me?

Sir R. Why, sister, I'll tell you so far what he says; though I assure you I am not commissioned from him to tell it you, or meddle with it: he says you are gone from him, he has not put you from him; that he is at home in his family, which is his place, and his duty; that he gave you no provocation to go away, and that his business is not to force you back; that his doors and his arms are always open to receive you, if you please to return to your family, and to your habitation; that if not, he submits to it as an affliction, but he can do no more, or concern himself farther in it; and indeed, sister, what can he do more? I am amazed at you!

Sist. I believe he will do something more before I go home to him.

Sir R. He says he will do any thing in the world that he can do, which is not inconsistent with his conscience and his duty, in order to engage your affection to him; but upon my word, sister, if you insist upon his breaking off his religious government in his family, you cannot expect it of him: why, it would be persecution, and he ought to die a martyr; rather than to comply with it.

Sist. And I am his persecutor then, am I?

Sir R. Why truly sister, so far you are,—for there are many kinds of persecution, besides that of fire and faggot.

Sist. Well, I have done persecuting him then, I do not meddle with him now, do I?

Sir R. I cannot say you have done, while you continue in a separate condition from him, and that on account of his family orders; is not that pressing him in the most forcible manner that you are able to do, to lay them down? And if he has any affection to you, and any desire to have your company, as no doubt he has, is it not laying a strong temptation before him to throw off those things to oblige you? I believe you cannot say, but he has been a very tender obliging husband.

must do by you, as I have done by my husband, be gone out of the hearing of it; I hate such stuff.

Sir R. As you will for that, sister, I only make one prayer for you before you go.

Sist. Don't pray for me, *the prayers of the wicked are an abomination*, you know.

[She laughs at him.]

Sir R. That's a dreadful text, sister, for me; I confess, it is hard, the first word of scripture ever I heard from you in my life should touch me so close.

[Sir Richard started at that scripture, and paused here a while, as if he had been struck with a bullet.]

Sist. Dear Sir Richard, what's the matter with you? Will you have any thing? Are you not well?

[She saw him turn pale, and ran to him, fearing he was fainting.]

[He comes to himself again, and goes on.]

Sir R. Sister, sister, you are doing a work that you know little of.

Sist. I do not understand you.

Sir R. I know you don't; but if God makes you the instrument of awakening a stupid, hardened wretch as I have been, and turning me from darkness to light, I hope he will not let the preacher be a cast-away.

Sist. I have no notion of what you talk of; brother; I don't understand these things. I see you are under a strange operation of something or other. Come, let us talk of something else; I hate to see you disordered thus.

Sir R. Well, sister, I hope you will better understand these things some time or other: in the mean time, it is wonderful to me, that an instrument of the devil should be made a preacher of repentance. But all serves to magnify the riches and power of invisible grace; it is all wonderful! all wonderful!

Sist. I find you are in some raptures, brother; you talked of praying for me just now, did not you? Are you about

passed for a modest woman, and a woman of sense, could act such a wild distracted part, as to come away for such a thing as that, from the best husband in the world.

Sist. Indeed I have done it; I have had no other reason, and don't pretend to have any other.

Sir R. I am amazed then, sister, at what you mean, by saying I lay all the fault on one side.

Sist. Why, so you do.

Sir R. Well, sister, if I do, it is from your own mouth; but pray tell me any thing then that you have to charge upon your husband as a fault.

Sist. Why did he let me come away? Why did he not oblige me so much, as to stay with me that night when I desired him?

Sir R. Sister, if I may take this story from your own mouth, you acknowledged to me that he broke from you but for a quarter of an hour, to go down to pray with his family, the servants being called together, and staying for him: now this is the main point again; he believes it is his duty, you would have him omit it; his conscience tells him he must not omit it, his wife says he must omit it to oblige her. In this case, I think I must quote some scripture too, "Whether it is meet for a man to obey God rather than his wife, judge you."

Sist. He might have obliged me for once, it had not been such a matter.

Sir R. Sister, you and I have made a small matter of conscience; but, with men of principles and religion, it is quite otherwise. I frankly acknowledge to you, they are in the right, and we are dreadfully mistaken. I see it plainly now, sister, very plainly; a man once touched with a sense of his duty to his Maker, will, like Daniel, die rather than omit it: but you could not see into the reason of those things, and therefore took it unkindly; another wife would have embraced and loved him for it.

Sist. I see into the reason of it! No, not I, nor don't



mean. Do you remember what sad consequences it had upon the family ?

Sist. I have forgot a great deal of it ; I know they were a very unhappy house.

Sir R. I will put you in mind of it then, sister ; the poor old lady was a good quiet minded creature, and repented heartily of her passion, though she was not the cause of the quarrel : however, she came to him and acknowledged her fault, and begged his pardon, and told him, she was ready to do it on her knees ; that she would come and live with him whenever he desired it, but was afraid to press him to it, because of the imprecations he had made upon himself. At last she died, and made a very penitent Christian end ; warning all that should hear of her, to beware of raising feuds in their families upon slight occasions. The old man had stood it out against God and man till then ; but hearing of his wife's death, and the manner of it, went mad, and in one of his fits destroyed himself.

Sist. What is all this to me ?

Sir R. I'll tell you what it is to you ; 'tis a fair warning, and indeed an exhortation to you, not to lay a foundation of ruining your family, for such little quarrels, such unjustifiable things. I was but a little boy when old Justice Bar——t hanged himself, but I remember the people used to say, it was a just judgment of God upon him, for the treating his wife in such a barbarous manner, for such a foolish thing, that had nothing of provocation in it ; and I think your's is really worse. Here you have parted with your husband, and have left your family (and in confusion enough to be sure), and all because he staid a quarter of an hour away from you, when you desired his company ; and this without allowing for the necessity he was under, in point of conscience, without allowing for its being his duty to go ; and, which is more, without considering that it was your duty to have gone with him.

Sist. All you say signifies nothing, he might have gone

gone but a little way in my reflections, I hope they shall increase: yet it is the anguish of my very soul, that I have sold myself, as it were, to the devil, for the most empty unsatisfying things called pleasures, that can be imagined, and that in themselves cannot bear the name of pleasures: that to gratify the madness of youth, I have given a full swing to every appetite, an unrestrained liberty to every passion, and a loose to the wicked gust of an unbridled perverse inclination: if you were able to know how loathsome these things look now, when I hope my judgment is a little at liberty to discern better, you would see nothing in all the pleasures of life, but madness, folly, and a making sad work for repentance: and let me add, sister, that it is my opinion, that this is a great part of the insufferable torments of hell, (viz.) that they see with dreadful self-reproaches, for what sordid trifles, what empty, abhorred, ridiculous things they have forfeited the highest felicity, and lost themselves, soul and body, for ever. I am but a mean teacher, sister; you have been a good instructor to me, though you have no sense of it yourself; I pray God open your eyes.

The sister was partly provoked and partly affected with this surprising discourse of her brother; and falling out into tears, their discourse ended, and Sir Richard went away; going soon after to find her husband, with whom he hoped to have had a long discourse, relating both to his sister and to himself.

But he was disappointed; for when he came to her husband's house, he was just gone away for London. Sir Richard was so disturbed at his being gone, that he could hardly be persuaded from riding after him; but the servant assured him it would be impossible to overtake him, so he gave it over.

The servant wrote an account of it to his master, as is related above; and that circumstance added to his eager desire of coming home, not doubting but something extraordinary had happened about his wife; and it was very happy that

his mind, and being by the natural consequence of the facts, and of his reason, led to take the part of her husband ; that consequence came back upon himself, and brought the conviction home to his own case.

Immediately after he came out of his sister's chamber, he went into his own parlour, where musing a while upon what they had been talking of, Well, says he, it is plain my brother is right, he is a good man, and my sister is a brute to use him thus, for doing what every body must own is his duty to do. While he revolved the case thus in his mind, the word duty seemed to bear a kind of emphasis in it, more than ordinary, and hung upon his lips. She is a brute, says he to himself, for it was his duty ; he ought not to omit it to gratify her, for it was his duty ; he must have acted against his conscience if he had done otherwise, for he knew it was his duty. This followed him so much, and the word duty lay upon his thoughts so much, that he could think of nothing else ; and some time after, taking a walk in his garden, he began to talk to himself thus.

Let me see, I justify this man upon the foot of this word *duty*,—what is duty ? And what sense are we to take the word in, as it is used in this case ? Do I understand it myself ? Then he revolved it in his thoughts farther, thus :

Duty is a debt, not of money to be paid, but of service to be done.

Duty is a homage ; it is due from a vassal to its lord ; a subject to its sovereign ; a creature to its Maker ; and indeed from all creatures to their Maker.

He halted there ; and with a kind of smile, but with just reflection, added, Now I shall book myself in ; I need not inquire much about it ; I am sure I have done none of my duty.

I have paid no homage to him that made me ; I am an ungrateful, unthankful dog, to him that has given me life estate, and every thing I have in the world.

I have lived as if there was nothing due from me because I am a gentleman. Well, says he, I love my bro-

discourse, I am telling her of duty, what is her duty,—and of her husband doing his duty; but what is my duty? And why do I not inquire a little about that? This reflection brought that expression again from him; mentioned a little before, p. 88, when he told her she had been preaching to him, and her words were as good as a sermon; for, says he, you have exposed the folly and brutality of an irreligious conversation so much, by your way of practising it, that I resolve from this time to amend my life, &c. And this he repeated often to himself.

This I may venture to call a full conviction, and she gave him abundance of other occasions to increase it several times after the first; for she talked so profanely, and had such horrid expressions, that I have not thought it proper to acquaint the months, especially of young readers, with the very sound of the words; it is enough to tell you, that she struck him with a kind of terror, to hear her blaspheme and insult her Maker; and he was carried to that length by it afterward, as to desire her, as civilly as his passion would allow him, to leave his house, telling her very plainly, that he could not suffer his Maker to be used at that rate in his hearing, or under his roof.

But the good knight, for such I may now begin to call him, received a wound from her in the beginning of his convictions that had like to have proved mortal to his reformation, and to have driven him back to his former loose course of life, merely by despair.

This was when she told him, upon his saying he would pray for her, that he might as well let it alone, intimating that his prayers would not be heard; for, says she, “the prayer of the wicked is an abomination,” &c. See p. 88. This expression, as it is observed there, was a stab to his heart, and he stopped in his discourse, looked pale, and his sister was frightened, thinking he would have fainted. He recovered, indeed, and talked a great while with her. But the arrow was shot into his vitals, and the poison drank up his spirits; he hastened the discourse with his sister, and

spoke to them, and begged their pardon to retire : he went out no where, kept no company ; in a word, he was given up to melancholy and despair.

It continued thus with him several days ; during which time he had no assistance but from his own thoughts ; however he oftentimes argued strongly with himself, that certainly it did not consist with the merciful nature of God to forbid sinners to repent, and to forbid them, when they were penitent, to pray for forgiveness. But still as these were but reasonings within himself, and here was a positive scripture against him, it overwhelmed all his arguments, and left him always in the utmost discouragement.

Poor gentleman ! He had no religious education ; no instructions of ancient parents, which lie as a fund or magazine of directions ; and though they sleep for many years, yet often revive to the consolation and direction of the returning prodigal : his parents had been all like himself, who had bred him up as they had been bred themselves, more to good manners than to good principles, more to letters than to religion. Nay, so ignorant and so remote had he been led on from any sacred knowledge, that the scripture, which is the treasure of wisdom and knowledge to the ignorant, the fountain of comfort, and the restorer of life to the oppressed mind, had little effect here ; he had but little of it in his head, and consequently little of it could occur to him on a such a needful occasion.

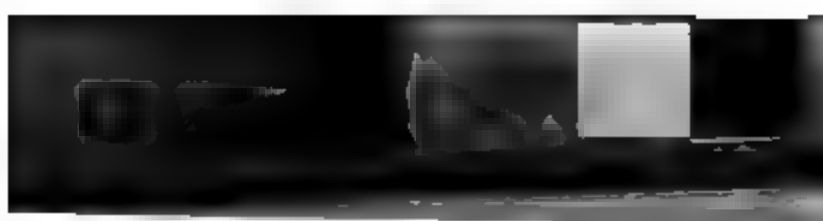
However, as when God will speak to the heart, by his Spirit, he never wants a minister, so it happened here ; this gentleman had some books, but not many, and fewer still of such books as were suitable to his present purpose : but ruminating upon these things one day in his closet, he found an old, torn, dirty, imperfect book, written by he knew not who, and perhaps scarce ever looked upon in that place for many years, entitled, " The Excellency and Usefulness of Reading the Scriptures."

The author, in pursuing his discourse, tells a story of a man who was made to despair even to rage, and almost to



Where were the words? says the minister. The man repeats the words: very well, says the minister, come, let me see the Bible; nay, says the man, I have not the Bible, it is burnt; I immediately threw it into the fire, for I could not bear to read any farther. The minister pulls a Bible out of his pocket, and gives him; come, says he, let me see what were the words you are so terrified with? Look there, says the poor despairing creature, and turns him to the five sequent verses of the 1st of Isaiah, beginning at the 10th. The minister, knowing the place, stands up and gives God thanks for vindicating the honour of the Gospel, in directing this man to quote a place so qualified to make good what he affirmed in defence of the gospel of peace: and prayed aloud that God would open the poor man's eyes to see and receive the comfort from the promises, as well as to fear and be dismayed at the threatenings of the scripture; when he had said this, come hither, friend, said he, look you here; why had you not patience to read on the three next verses, stay now, and read them for thy comfort, ver. 16, 18, 19—"Wash ye; make ye clean, put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil, learn to do well. Come now, let us reason together, said the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be like wool; if ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land;" having read the words to him, he added, here is comfort, if you can say you repent of your sins, and reform; "Cease to do evil and learn to do well;" the promises of God are pledged to you, and you shall be forgiven; and that "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be whiter than snow."

The story goes on through many particulars, but the sum of it is, that the man was comforted, the word of God and the mercy of God vindicated, and a clear view given to every penitent sinner of the way to life and salvation.



best; and then it is so unfashionable, nothing of a gentleman ever meddles with such things.

Lady. Indeed, sister, you mistake, I have known very good gentlemen to be religious, and talk religiously too; and think it becomes them very well; and if Sir Richard would be so, I should be very glad.

Sist. O madam, Sir Richard fits you to a tittle, he has had such a fit of religion to-day, no mountebank ever was a better mimic.

[This she said with a great deal of banter and raillery.]

Lady. Upon what subject, pray?

Sist. O upon this sister of his, you may be sure; about doing my duty, and observing my marriage contract, talking profanely, and a hundred such things, I scarce know what, without either head or tail, but all upon me.

Lady. About your parting from your husband, I suppose.

Sist. Yes, madam.

Lady. Truly sister, he had field enough there, for every body that I hear speak of it blames you; but I don't care to meddle.

Sist. If every body blames me, then I will blame every body; for what have they to do with it?

Lady. Why, that is true,—but they that have a respect for you, cannot but be troubled for you.

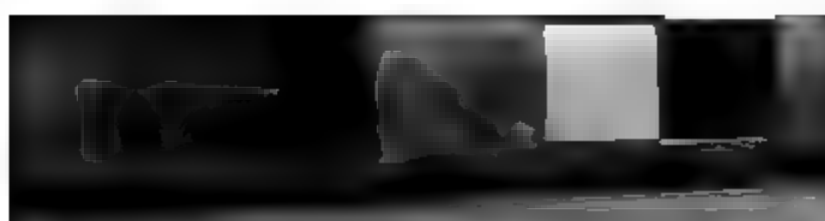
Sist. Troubled for me, for what?

Lady. Why, madam, they say, you parted from your husband, for no reason but because he was too religious for you.

Sist. And reason enough, I think,—what had he to do to impose his religious doings upon me? He knew I hated every thing about it.

Lady. You do not hate religion I hope, sister?

Sist. I hate all things that I do not understand,—I have not thought it much worth my while to enquire about reli-



Sist. Well, well, if this be the treatment I must have in your house, brother, I'll take sanctuary somewhere else, and so good bye to ye.

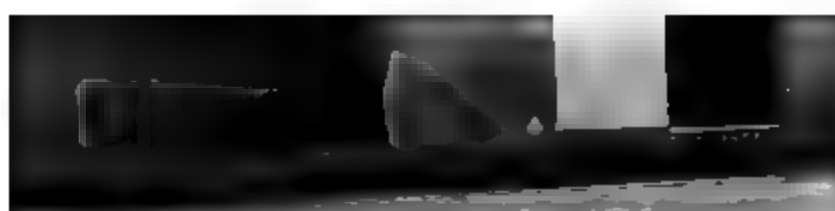
Sir R. Indeed, sister, you have but saved me the labour of desiring that favour of you, for I desire none of God's enemies in my house; you had been welcome upon any other occasion: I wish you repentance, and that you may know your own interest both as to God and man.

They had but few words about it,—for taking her brother at his word, she went away the same day in disgust,—and not resolving presently whither to go, she stayed at a neighbour's house two or three days; and once she went down to her own house, knowing her husband was not at home; but she had a mind to see the children, and talk with old nurse, who she heard had been at Sir Richard's.

The old nurse was overjoyed to see her, and treated her with abundance of God bless you's, madam, as was the poor woman's way,—and it was believed, if her husband had been at home, she might have been prevailed with to have stayed; but she broke away again, though the poor old nurse fell down on her knees to her, to entreat her to stay.

Being gone thus in a wild humour, enraged that her brother had, as it were, turned her out of doors; she passes by a good sober house in the town, where she might have been welcome, and would have had good advice, and went to the house of one of her old companions, about two miles off; who was indeed ten times more the child of hell than herself.

Here she told her tale, and had a she-devil at her elbow to say yes to all she affirmed, and amen to all she resolved; that prompted her to be worse than ever the devil (for want of an agent perhaps) had an opportunity to desire her to be,—till at last, she made her so wicked, that she was frightened with her own picture, and was brought to reflect upon herself, and repent, by those very steps the devil took to ruin her.



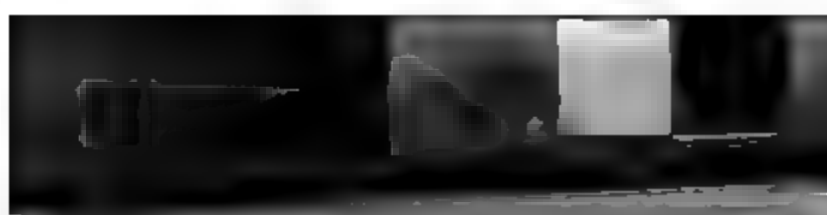
familiar to her tongue, that it became the very catch-word of all her discourse; nothing came without it, though in itself an unmusical, coarse, and odd saying, scarce ever used by any before her: if her coffee or tea was too hot, or too cold, it was always the same.—O poison it, it is nasty stuff. If she talked to her servants, it was poison them, at every word, if she did not like any thing: so that, in short, it ran through all her discourse, and yet the foolish creature had no thoughts of ill, when she said it; meant nothing, would not have hurt any body, much less poison them; but the word had gained upon her fancy, she liked it for a word to be tossed upon her tongue; she thought it sat well upon her speech; and in a word, she had let it grow upon her to a habit, so that it was merely natural to her. Our unhappy lady being now in the family, they grew intimate to be sure, and in their conversation she failed not to tell this new confident all her grievances; first about her uncle, the good old minister, and his calling all the house to prayers. And you know, madam, says she, how I hate their priestcraft, and the wheedling ways that these parsons take to make themselves the heads of people's families, and to make us think them all saints; yet as I expect to be the old man's heiress, and he has a good estate, what could I do? You know, madam, a body would not differ with an old fool, and so disoblige him.

No, poison him, says she, one would bear any thing on that account.

But then madam, says the lady, he carried it on so long, that my poor fool of a husband pretends to like it; and when the parson is gone, he pretends to be chaplain himself.

O poison the old fellow, says she, what did he stay so long for?

Why, madam, says the other, he was lame of the gout, and we could not be rid of him sooner: nor did that trouble me so much, but to see my husband turned parson, and whine out the prayers morning and night, that was such



Dial. III.] THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR. 475

The story of the honest gentleman's being come from London, his resolution to find out his wife, and to use all possible means to persuade her to return to him, is reserved to another place; only it is proper to observe, that he came prepared with all the calmness and affection that he was capable of, to invite her home, and that all things might be forgotten between them; and, in a word, to do even more than became him, to win and engage her to him again.

She was surprised very much when she heard he was below stairs; and had she not had an evil spirit at her elbow in her wicked adviser, she had certainly gone down to him, and home with him,—nay, had she done the first, she could not have resisted the last,—he resolved to treat her with so much affection, and such passionate persuasions, that she must have been a tyrant to herself, and a very monster of her sex, if she had refused him.

But in the very juncture this creature comes into her chamber: Oh! madam, says she to her new companion, who do you think is below?

Comp. I can't imagine; but you look surprised, I warrant it is Sir Richard ———, if it be, you shall not see him; let me go down to him.

Wife. No, no, it is not Sir Richard, I assure you.

Comp. Who is it then, I beseech you?

Wife. Nobody but my husband.

Comp. Your husband! poison him, that is impossible. Why he is at London, madam.

Wife. Why I thought so too; but it seems he is come back, and has sent for me; what shall I do, madam? I intreat you advise me.

Comp. Do! poison him, you shall not see him.

Wife. I think had I not best see him? what would you advise me to?

Comp. By no means; he wants to have you go home, he should be poisoned first: no, no, madam, if you let him have you too cheap, he will make you pay for it.

■ a dish of tea. You know, Madam, it is all true; what could I say else?

Comp. Poison you, for a dull jade, could not you have run at first, and have asked your mistress what you should have said.

Susan. I might have done so indeed, Madam; but my master came in before I was aware: but what could my mistress have bid me say to such questions as those?

Comp. Why, you fool you, poison you, you might have said, your mistress was not at home, could not ye? You know she did not desire to see him.

Susan. Madam, I will serve my mistress as faithfully as any body; but I cannot lie for my mistress.

Comp. Cannot you, hussy, then poison me, if I would give six-pence a year for such a servant.

Susan. Others will, Madam; nay, some ladies will give six-pence a year the more for a servant on that very account, than they will for another.

Comp. They are fit for nothing, that cannot speak their mistress's mind.

Susan. Madam, you will be pleased to remember that those servants who will tell a lie for you will tell a lie to you.

Comp. It is no matter for that.

Susan. Well, Madam, it is my misfortune, perhaps, but I cannot do it; and if I am not fit for your service, I am for the place I am in, I hope, and I am very easy; I desire no better a mistress.

Wife. Well, what must we do? She has said I am well, I am up, I am dressed, I am at leisure; what can I say next.

Comp. Say! poison him, send him word plainly you have no business with him, and you will not be spoke with.

Wife. Well, let it be so then; go, Susan.

[Susan falls a crying.]

Comp. What ails the fool?

already ; and will you provoke your husband without the least occasion, by setting a mad creature to insult him ? I beseech you, Madam, consider.

Wife. All this is no business of your's, Mistress.

Susan. It is true, Madam, it is none of my business ; but as I am come from your house with you, the world will suppose I have had some hand in the breach, which God knows I abhor ; and if I beg my bread, I won't live with any mistress upon such terms. I wish, Madam, you may see your mistake before you are quite ruined ; if you please to give me the small matter that is due to me, I'll withdraw, and I hope you won't take it ill.

Wife. Well, well, I'll give you your wages by and by.

During this little dialogue, the raving creature, her companion, goes down stairs, and enters into the following discourse with her friend's husband.

Comp. Who would you speak with, Sir ?

Husb. My wife, Madam.

Comp. Your wife, Sir, who is that, pray ?

Husb. Mrs. ———, Sir Richard ———'s sister ; I suppose she is here.

Comp. Yes, Sir, she is here, but she is not to be spoken with.

Husb. No, Madam, that is very odd ; does she know I am here ?

Comp. I suppose she does.

Husb. Is she not to be spoken with by any body, or not by me only ?

Comp. I suppose the latter, Sir.

Husb. Pray, Madam, let me ask you one question more Do you deliver her words or your own ?

Comp. Her words, I assure you, Sir.

Husb. Can I speak with Susan, her maid ?

Comp. I believe not, Sir, I do not know where she is.

Husb. But, Madam, you can cause her to be called.

Comp. It is true, Sir, but I see no occasion for it ; I can deliver any message to your lady.

Husb. Well, Susan, I'll deal with her well enough; but in the mean time do you go up to your mistress, desire her not to be frightened, I shall give her no disturbance; if she would have been pleased to let me speak with her, I should have treated her very kindly: but since she is prevailed upon to be so unkind, I will offer her no violence, though I have power to do it, as you see; nor would I have meddled with this firebrand, if she had not been saucy.

Susan went up, but before she came, her mistress had heard what had passed, and was in a terrible fright; there was a pair of back-stairs, and a door at the stair-head, at which she might have got away: but the door was locked, and the servants were all so enraged at her, that though she inquired of them for the key, nobody would give it her; so finding no way to escape, she sat trembling and expecting every minute her husband, or the constable, should come up, and take her away by force.

But he had no mind to expose her so much, much less disorder her; his design being to use all the persuasions and entreaties he could, if possible to bring her to a kind and willing compliance; so he went away, and bid Susan tell her, he would come again another day, when her surprise was over.

Susan delivered her message with all the comfortable expressions to her mistress that she was able. But she had thrown herself on the bed, and would not speak a word. So the cavalcade ended; her husband went away, and the constable carried the lady's companion with him in custody.

She was now left alone, her spirits were in a flame, and she seemed to talk wildly and extravagantly, like one discomposed in the highest degree. Poor Susan, though she was dismissed, would not leave her in that condition, but sat by her all the afternoon, and watched her all night; for Susan was afraid she might do herself some mischief.

But, alas, her head run upon worse things; the devil

variety of practicable schemes; so that finding no great difficulty in the thing, and that it would, as she supposed, answer her end, she came to a point, and, in a word, she took up the horrid resolution to poison her husband.

It was not long after she had resolved upon this horrid fact, but she prepared for the execution: and one morning she calls her maid Susan, and, with a most complete face of hypocrisy, tells her, she had considered her circumstances, and found things were run to such a height, that truly she was loath all the fault of ruining the family should lie upon her; and she could find in her heart, if her husband and she could come to any reasonable conditions, that she might be satisfied she should not be ill used after it, she would go and live at home again.

O, Madam, says Susan, if God would put it into your heart, I dare say my master would do any thing you should desire of him.

And will you go to him, Susan, and tell him I desire to speak with him?

Yes, Madam, with all my heart; I am sure he will come.

Well, Susan, to-morrow morning you shall go.

Susan rejoices, and was so elevated with the thoughts of it, that she did nothing but cry for joy all the afternoon; but little did the poor wench imagine that she was to be the instrument of the devil, to betray an innocent gentleman to be murdered.

At this meeting, and under the colour of this treaty, did this enraged woman wickedly resolve to give her husband poison in a dish of chocolate; and it seems had furnished herself with the material for that purpose.

It is hardly possible for any one that has not been engaged in such dreadful work as this, to express, or indeed to conceive, the horror and confusion of her spirits all that day, and all that night; neither her reason or affection, not the natural pity of a mother for her children, or the tenderness of her sex as a woman, took any place with her. but

they came in she was sitting upright in her bed, but trembling and staring in a dreadful manner: however, it being some time after her crying out before they could get out of their beds to come to her, she was thoroughly awake, and had recovered herself so far as to know that it was but a dream, before they asked her what was the matter.

This gave her some immediate relief, and particularly it brought her to so much presence of mind as to conceal the thing; and, when they asked her what it was she dreamed, she said, she dreamed her two children were murdered;—which was true.

Though she recovered from her first surprise, yet she remained very ill all the night, and all the next day; and particularly was overwhelmed with melancholy, speaking very little, and receiving no manner of sustenance. Susan staid with her, and endeavoured to divert her; but she was capable of receiving no comfort from her, and often bid her withdraw, and sit in the next room within call.

In those intervals when Susan had left her, she began to reflect upon herself, and would fly out with such words as these; what a monster am I! what a length has the devil gone with me! murder my husband! what, my own flesh and blood! nay, and murder my little dear innocent children! horrid wretch! It is true, I had not intended to murder them: but would it not have been murdering them, to kill their father? It is true, also, I have not murdered him; but I had fully resolved it, my soul had consented to it, and I am as guilty as if I had done it. Nay, I have been murdering him these three weeks past; I have murdered that peace and satisfaction which it was my part to preserve and increase to him; I have tormented and grieved his very soul; I have killed all his joy, all his comfort that he was to have had in a wife; I am a murderer every way, a vile abominable monster and murderer.

Then she gave some vent to her passion by crying; after which, throwing herself on the bed, and her fright and disorder having kept her waking most part of the night, she

fool had I been also to have thought to conceal it, when a voice from heaven should proclaim it in thunder and lightning, to my certain destruction. She paused, and then breaks out again, thus :

Well, there is certainly some Mighty Power above; something that knows and sees all we think or act. I have been a dreadful creature; for there is certainly a God that knows all things, and can discover the most secret designs that we form but in our thoughts, and I never acknowledged him.

And what if he should, by such a voice, discover now that I intended this bloody thing ; then I am undone, and should be the very abhorrence and loathing of all mankind.

She went on a while in private reflections; at length she broke out again, and is there a God! said she, how can that be, and I yet alive! why did not that clap of thunder strike me dead! sure if he is a just God, he could not suffer me to live; I ought to be brought out and burnt, as the voice said of me, for I am a murderer, a blasphemer, a despiser of God, an enemy both to God and man, a monster, not a rational creature.

She lived in these agonies two or three days, when calling Susan to her one morning before she was up; dear Susan, says she, carry me out of this dreadful place.

Susan. Carry you out, Madam! with all my heart.

Mist. But whither shall I go?

Susan. Go, Madam! to your own house, and to your own family, Madam, where you will be welcome, I am sure, and where my master longs to have you come.

Mist. Home, Susan! how can I go home? If your master did me justice, he would never let me come within his doors again.

Susan. Dear Madam, do not afflict yourself and your family any more; will you give me leave to let my master know you intend to come home?

Mist. Do what you will, Susan. But if I stay another night in this wicked place, I shall be frightened to death.

It was not done till she was touched from heaven with a sense of her crime, so it was evident in her, that the first effect of a real conviction is an immediate return to a sense of duty : she had broke over all the obligations and bounds of her conjugal relation, as a consequence of her rebellion against God ; and as soon as ever she was struck with a sense of her sin against God, it carried her immediately back into the course of her relative duty.

We must now leave her for a while, and go back to Sir Richard, who was now as wonderful an instance of the grace of God as his sister ; and both of them first touched with a sense of their wickedness, by the deformity and odious appearance of others worse than themselves ; that is to say, he from his sister, and his sister from her abominable companion.

Sir Richard, as I observed, had been in a very uncomfortable condition upon the occasion of his sister's casting out a text of scripture in her discourse, which, though she designed in a banter, was made a terrible text to him, viz. that *the prayer of the wicked is an abomination* : from whence he fell, first, to examining his own condition, and with too much reason, to be sure, concluded himself a wicked, abominable person ; and from thence he inferred that he was forbid to pray to God, that his prayer would but provoke God the more, and be an abomination.

I have given an account by what accident he received some comfort. But still he was in great pain of mind, and most impatient till his brother-in-law came home, who, as before, was then gone to London : as soon as he came, they met, and he unbosomed himself to him, as in the following dialogue.

Sir R. Dear brother, I am glad you are come ; no man ever longed so earnestly for a friend, as I have done for you ; I have had no rest night or day, for want of you.

Bro. What's the matter, Sir Richard ? I suppose I guess the business.

Sir R. I do not think you do.

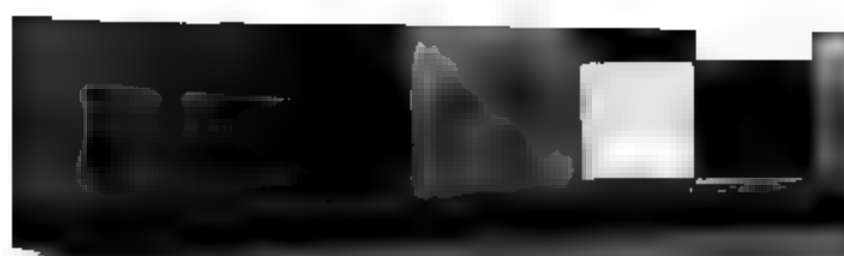
Bro. I resolve to offer her no violence, but that of entreaties and earnest persuasions: if she refuses me, she must be harder hearted than I can believe she ever was. I'll ask her pardon, even for those errors which are of her own committing; I'll give up every dispute, and every quarrel; I'll beg her on my knees to come away, to return to her family, and be reconciled. Alas, Sir Richard, if she stays there, she is ruined body and soul; her family is ruined, and I am ruined. I am resolved to get her home, whatever low steps I take, or whatever family prerogatives I give up. I value not those things, in comparison of the souls of my wife and children.

Sir R. I hope you will not give up the main point; I mean your family devotion, and your duty to God, as the head of your family?

Bro. That, Sir, is not mine to give,—that is a debt, and must be paid; we are obliged to it as creatures, as rational creatures, and as Christians; we must reserve that as the great quit-rent of nature, to be paid to the supreme lord of the manor, by all the tenants; she can't insist upon it; it is not to be desired without injustice to him that gave us all we enjoy, and can give us all we hope for; I persuade myself she will quit that demand; and, except that, I'll give up every thing else to her.

Sir R. Well, brother, you deserve a better wife, I pray God give her repentance, and you the comfort of her; for you really merit all she can ever be able to do for you.

Bro. If I can recover her from this cursed house, and get her home, I am not afraid but she will be a comfortable wife still; she is in herself the most excellent person, and if God shall ever please to reclaim her, she will be an excellent Christian; she has a most endearing obliging behaviour, a bright genius, a vast extent of knowledge, a world of wit, perfectly mistress of good breeding, every way agreeable in person, and of an untainted virtue; what room can we have to fear, that God shall deny his grace, where



Bro. was the man that said a word to us about religion, or any thing serious in his life,—he perfectly abandoned us to nurses and servants, tutors, and chaplains; who rather gratified our vices, to engage our affections to them, than instructed or reproved us, when they found us do ill. We had, in a word, no manner of education but that of going to school at first, to do little more than play and learn bad words.

Bro. Well, Sir Richard, grace was promised, and is given to rectify nature.

Sir R. Aye, come brother, this is what I want to talk with you about,—I have been educated as ill as my sister, and have gone as great a length as she can have done,—what may I take my case to be? You have hopes of her, but I have had sad thoughts about myself.

Bro. Sad and serious reflections are some of the first discoveries of grace working in the heart.

Sir R. I wish you would explain yourself, what you mean by grace, and by its working in the heart; I have had something working in my heart, but I cannot think it to be God's grace.

Bro. Why so, Sir?

Sir R. Because it was raised there by a wicked instrument; does the devil, think you, work for God?

Bro. God can make use of what instrument he pleases, and can make even the devil himself instrumental to his work,—but pray what mean you by the devil being an instrument?

Sir R. Why I have told you what I mean,—how my sister's atheistical carriage, and blasphemous horrid expressions, made my blood run chill in my veins, and my very heart tremble within me, in seeing her dreadful condition, my own was represented to me, and it made this reflection in my thoughts; Lord! what a wretch am I! This creature and I are of one education and grown in wickedness, she one way, and I another,—it is evident, she is set on fire of hell, and I am the same in kind, only in another

are the work of the Spirit, the same that you call the grace of God.

Bro. It is true, I did so, and yet I distinguish.

Sir R. Let me hear how you distinguish them, so as I may reach it.

Bro. The divines may make many more distinctions, but I'll only state it, as it relates to your case: by grace, I understand the love and favour of God to us, with all its effects and blessed consequences in the hearts of men: the original love of God to us, in making us vessels of mercy and not of wrath,—in shewing pity and compassion to us while we were yet in our blood, and making us heirs of salvation: and then the love of God in us, working our souls up even involuntarily and without our own agency, at least without any that we can account for, to love him, drawing out and engaging our affections. These seem to be distinguished by the grace and the Spirit. Love of God to us, must be from his own infinite grace,—the love of God in us, is the operation of that grace by the Spirit.

Sir R. I can make little of all this.

Bro. Sir, this is indeed a mystery; and a mystery hid from ages, but it is revealed to us by the Spirit of God: and this I shall prove to you very plainly by the word of God, where the mystery of the gospel is called a dispensation of grace! Ephes. iii. 2. "If ye have heard of the dispensation of the grace of God." ver 3. "How that by revelation he made known to me the mystery." ver 5. "Which in other ages was not made known to the sons of men, as it is now revealed by the Spirit." Here it is evident, the mystery of God's goodness and love to a lost world, is called the grace of God; the revealing it is called a dispensation of grace; and the Revealer, the blessed Agent, is the Spirit of God.

Sir R. But what is the mystery? You read there that he made known a mystery, and this mystery is revealed by the Spirit: pray what mystery is that?

Bro. Be pleased to read on, sir, ver 5, "That the Gen-

least our concurring with this work; certainly we are bid to work, to give diligent heed; we are called upon to turn to God, and to pray; and it is our duty: let the operations of invisible grace be what they will, and direct how they will, we must be labouring and working, that this grace of God may not be in vain. Nay, this very grace of God prompts us to do thus, as is expressly said, Tit. ii. 11, 12. "The grace of God that bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto all men, teaching us, that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." So that we are not allowed, on pretence of the Spirit working all in us, to sit still and do nothing; this would be to sin, because grace abounds.

Sir R. I begin to understand you; and what you say affects my mind wonderfully; especially when you put me in hopes, that these secret struggles I feel, are from an operation of the Spirit of God. But is that possible? Will the Spirit of God work such things in the mind of one so hardened, so abandoned to all that is so wicked, as I have been?

Bro. He not only will, but often does; nay, often chooses to do it,—and that for many reasons, I mean reasons that we can account for, besides such as are alone known to himself; such as the glorifying the power of his grace, in conquering his enemies; and magnifying the sovereignty of his grace, in taking, and choosing how, whom, and where he pleases.

Sir R. But was there ever such a creature wrought on before as I am, one chosen out from so many, of whom none half so scandalous? It can never be.

Bro. Not you, sir? why Mary Magdalen! why the Publican! why the crucified malefactor! why many glorious examples of sovereign grace! for this reason it is called free grace; and we find the scripture full of reasons for this method of laying hold of the worst and greatest sinners; the whole need not a physician: it is true, this is meant of

and to speak of those things you used to call pleasures, with the greatest contempt; and of your delight in them with the greatest detestation: I doubt not you were sincere in it, you had no occasion to be otherwise with me.

Sir R. My sincerity to you, I hope, admits no question, whether my heart may not be insincere and deceive me, that I cannot answer for.

Bro. That is what I am upon,—I say, try the spirits, whither do all these motions tend? Do they carry you on to humble repentings for sins past, and holy resolutions for time to come? If this work puts you forward to a change of life, to a love of the name and ways of God, and of the people of God,—in a word, if it apparently directs to holiness, it is the work of the Spirit of holiness, there is no doubt of it,—it is a dispensation of the grace of God to you, by the operation of the Spirit: it must be so, there is no other influence either able, or by the nature of things inclined to work in such a manner; and you have great reason to rejoice in it.

Sir R. Alas, I rejoice! is it impossible for me to hope? And without hope is there any rejoicing?

Bro. The lower you are in the esteem of your penitent thoughts, the nearer you are to the gate of hope: remember the Publican, he durst not go forward to the temple to pray.

Sir R. There you touch my very soul again: why that wicked creature wounded me so deep, that it entirely robbed me of all my hope,—she was a true instrument of the devil in that; for as he is in the worse kind of despair himself, he labours to push others into the same condition; that in their reflections upon sin, they may commit the more; for I am very sensible it is a great sin to despair, it is a dishonour to the power and omnipotency of Divine mercy.

Bro. I suppose that was when she bantered profanely about your praying to God for her, and told you it would signify nothing.

Bro. Very well; and was it not the powerful grace of God, think you, that preserved those aversions in you against your former delights; that took away your taste of those things, and the gust of your appetite from your pleasures; that seasoned your soul with godly sorrow, that by the sadness of the countenance the heart might be made better? Dare you say that it was by the same strength, that those things which were doubtless laid in your own way as snares, proved no temptation to you?

Sir R. My strength! How is it possible that I should have the least strength to any thing that was good, who have given up myself to all that is wicked, through the whole course of my life!

Bro. Very well. Then the powerful grace of God must have supplied you: give him the honour of his own work, let him have all the praise.

Sir R. How can I praise him, that cannot pray to him,—that am not admitted to take his name into my mouth? whose prayer is an abomination; why he may strike me dead, if I should offer to look up to him. How can I praise him?

Bro. That is all a delusion of the devil; and I must say, it is one of the most old fashioned temptations. You said it came out of the mouth of one his agents; did you not? Why should you then suffer it to take any hold of you?

Sir R. It is the word of God for all that.

Bro. Yes, so it was the word of God with which the devil tempted the Son of God; his second temptation was supported in that manner, *For it is written, or, Thus saith the Lord*: which is the same thing: but you must explain one scripture by another, and take the word of God in the general meaning, as well as in the literal expression.

Sir R. These are things I understand not. Is not the thing plain? Are not the words express? If they have any other signification, let me hear it.

Bro. It is true, a wicked man, while resolving to continue in his sins, his prayer is an abomination: the reason is

2 that I am permitted to pray to God ; to ask pardon, bles-
4 sing, assistance, support, and every thing that I want.

1 *Bro.* You have stated it right, and I am sure I have the authority of God's word to confirm it: I'll give you the same text which was mentioned in our former discourse, which you said you found in the book about reading the scriptures, Isa. i. 15. There are five verses, from 11 to 16. full of God's abhorrence of, and abominating the sacrifices, that is, the prayers of men who continued in their sins ; the last runs thus, " When you spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you ; yea, when you make many prayers, I will not hear." This is a dreadful scripture, what can be the reason of it ? The next words explain it, *Your hands are full of blood.* This is plain, full of sin unrepented of, and sins to come resolved on ; to what purpose can such creatures pray ?

But read the next verse, and there you see the terms on which God is always ready to hear the worst of sinners ; ver. 16, 17. " Wash ye, make you clean, put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes ; cease to do evil, learn to do well : Come, now, let us reason together." The meaning of this is as clear as the light ; come repenting, resolving to break off from your sins, and God will then accept your offering : and then follows the gracious promise ; " Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be whiter than snow."

Sir R. Dear brother ; blessed be God for these scriptures, and God's blessing be upon you for your clear and comforting exposition. Now I see my way clear, I see the gate of heaven opened, it must be my own fault, if I do not fly thither for help and comfort : I am sure I am a penitent for my soul abhors the sins of my past life ; and if he that has wrought this part in me will support my mind in the pursuit of it, I hope I shall continue to abhor it. And this is what I shall pray for with as earnest a desire, even as for pardon itself.

[Sir Richard discovered all the while he was speaking,

Bro. My wife told me so indeed once, in our disputes, that gentlemen never meddle with such things; that it was inconsistent with good breeding; that it was fit for parsons indeed; and that if I would set up to be chaplain, and say prayers in the family, I should put on the chaplain's gown too, and take orders. But I minded none of these things.

Sir R. No, neither will I mind them; but this I tell you, I must be a recluse, and keep no company; I must leave off visiting Sir Harry C——, and Col. Bra——, I must go no more a hunting, nor meet the club at——; I am no company for these people now; and I am sure they will be none for me.

Bro. I hope you will not find so much loss in that as you may imagine.

Sir R. It is no grievance to me at all; there is nothing in all the mirth that I have been given up to, but what is now as nauseous to me as ever it was pleasant. The wit, the gaiety, and the revelling which they use still, and which was my whole employ, is to me so disagreeable, and has been so for many days, that I cannot bear the thoughts of it.

Bro. I hope, sir, you will find better entertainment in things of another nature.

Sir R. I know not what I may attain to, as to the comfort of a religious life, brother, that is a very remote thing to me yet; but I am sure I have work of another kind before me, I have business enough to employ me more years than I can live, to mourn for the vanity and abhorred practices I have lived in for thirty years past.

Bro. But that affliction will have more joy in it than all the pleasures of sin, which are indeed pleasures of but a short continuance. There is a pleasure in repentance, which none can describe, but they who have had the experience of it, and which none can give, but he alone that gives repentance.

Sir R. I know nothing of that yet, but this I know, I have more secret joy in my mind from this reflection, viz.

■: horrid spirit she is possessed with, and give her as much
 a cause to rejoice in you as a husband, as I have to rejoice in
 a you as a brother.

■ *Bro.* Do not lay any part of it upon my agency, it is all
 a sovereign grace : there pay your praises, and rejoice in him
 b evermore.

■ *Sir R.* Blessed be the day you ever came into our
 wretched family : it was a bold venture, brother, and I have
 often wondered how you, that were a good man, and had
 been quite otherwise educated, could think of marrying
 into such a brood of hell-hounds as we were.

Bro. Do not call yourself and your sister such names :
 I acknowledge it was what I cannot advise any body to
 venture upon.—I mean to match without any regard to re-
 ligious qualifications ; and I have had my affliction too by
 it, that you know,—though I cannot but hope still it will
 end well : as for yourself, you know I had always other
 thoughts of you than you had of yourself,—and you know,
 sir, I told you so, and Providence has made it good.

Sir R. I wish we may make it all up to you ; I assure
 you, nothing shall be wanting on my part :

It pleased God this gentleman did not live many years,—
 but while he did live, he increased in wisdom and know-
 ledge, and the fear of God ; he reformed his house, brought
 up his children in a most excellent and Christian manner,
 and made a most exact regulation in his family,—and he
 did this with so much conduct, and behaved to all men so
 much like himself, and so far from any thing melancholy,
 phlegmatical or sullen, which are the extremes which some
 in such cases run into, that he recommended a Christian
 life to all around him,—his companions honoured his refor-
 mation, though they had not the grace to imitate it : all
 good men valued him,—and even those that had no reli-
 gion themselves, spoke well of him, he made a happy and
 a comfortable end ; and his eldest son, who enjoys his es-
 tate, is a sober, well-inclined gentleman that promises to be

particularly fatal they are to all family-religion,—how destructive to that most essential part of it, I mean family-worship,—and how ruinous in the example to children, servants, and all that are any way acquainted with, or concerned in the family. These things being not only the chief, but indeed the true and only design of these dialogues, I cannot but hope that all impartial readers will keep their eyes principally upon that part; and then they will not inquire which side the story bears hardest upon, the man, or the woman. I hope both may see their duty here,—and yet before they come to the end of the book, I believe the woman will find the history will do justice to their sex too, and that it will appear, as I believe (without flattery) is true in general, that there are more religious wives than religious husbands. I wish and pray, that what is related here may increase the number of both.

Another instruction I cannot omit to repeat here, and to press husbands again to observe it,—and this I profess to be the true reason of bringing the story of two deficient wives upon the stage, viz. that as it is true, that husbands and masters of families too often make use of trifles as occasions to them to omit their duty, so they too often throw the blame of it upon their wives. Here now they will be moved to see, —1. That in the case of real provocation and opposition, and that of the worst kinds, even of wives despising and mocking at it, they are yet by no means justified in laying down and omitting their duty. 2. How much less then should they seek occasions and pretences to argue themselves out of their duty, and load their wives with the blame, when indeed the occasion is in themselves.

But the most useful and most significant thing to be learned out of this part of the work, and which equally concerns both husbands and wives, is studiously to avoid sudden cavils and disputes between themselves about trifles in which often the devil blowing the coals, the passions take fire, and it increases to a terrible flame; when perhaps



PART V.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE lived in the city of London, a family circumstanced in the following manner : the master of the family was a substantial trading man, above the world, as we say ; a man in very flourishing circumstances, that got money apace, and had the prospect of raising a good estate for his children, by his trade ; he had a very small beginning, what he had was raised from little or nothing, by God's blessing, and a great deal of industry, with about thirty years application.

He had been married to a very good wife ; but she died too early to have any great share in the education of her children, the eldest being not above seven years old when they lost their mother.

The man was a sober, honest man, made an appearance of being very religious ; by his general conduct had obtained a very good character, and was well respected among his neighbours : but in his family he could by no means pass for a man of the best temper in the world ; he was froward and waspish, very positive and hasty, and soon put into a passion, and very unhappily rash and violent in his passion ; and, as to such tempers it often happens, he failed not oftentimes both to do and say things in his passion, which he would be very sorry for, when his temper cooled : when he came to himself, he was convinced, as we shall see in

which are natural to the conduct of a mother ; and besides, she was as passionate as the father.

However, while they were little, things went pretty well in the family ; she took a housewifely care of them as to food, clothing, physic, and the like,—But alas ! when we come to talk of the duty of a mother in the more serious part of children's education, such as instilling betimes religious principles,—forming early ideas of the nature of God, and of our homage and duty to him ; prevailing calmly on the minds of children by arguments, suitable to their capacities, and suited to their temper,—watching over them with an affectionate care, lest they received evil impressions from the company and example of others,—warning, reproving, and restraining them gently, and engaging them by all the arts, and honest subtleties of an affectionate mother, to what was their duty ; these, in which consists very much of the advantages of education, were all wanting.

I will not say it was wanting from the negligence of the person, so much as from a kind of natural impossibility : perhaps these things cannot be found in any one but a parent, as being built upon the affections and tenderness of a mother only ; and capable of being formed upon no other foundation.

On the contrary to this, the children were brought up in a general way, without much judgment, and with no great assistance from affection. The father, a man of business, left it wholly to his governess, and found himself little concerned, but upon any of her complaints, to correct them ; which he did in a manner that seemed rather to be the effect of his passion, than of a meek and calm affection for their good ; which is the main, and perhaps the only just end of correction.

This intemperate conduct of the father had a double effect upon the children : 1. That it caused them to hate the government, and even the person of their house-tyrant, whom they looked upon as the malicious cause of their

pany their aversion, and they were always mute when he came into the room to them.

By this he lost all the power of instruction, made no impression upon their reason; his persuasions were of no force to bias their inclinations,—nay, it rather obstructed their compliance, and created an aversion to his precepts, from the dislike they had to his passionate usage. As he had made his passion the medium of his government, so their fear was the medium of their obedience,—and this was so far from winning upon the judgment of the children, that it rather stupified their understandings, and made them incapable of getting good by instruction.

It happened one time that a good grave christian, a neighbour of this man's coming by his house, heard a terrible noise of blows, and the cries of a boy mingled with the voice of a man, threatening, calling names, and laying on blows in an unusual manner,—and guessing what it was, for he knew the person, he knocks hard at the door.

Knocking at the door gave the poor boy some relief, for the father leaves off-beating his son, and comes with a little cane in his hand to open the door, but so out of breath that he could scarce speak: the good neighbour made the discourse of some other business serve for the reason of his knocking at the door: but after other accidental discourse, the father presented him an opportunity; for when he began to speak of other business, he began to talk of his wicked son, as he called him, and of his own heat, thus:

Fath. Sit down, neighbour, says the father, for I am out of breath with the young villain, that I can hardly talk to you;—Let me blow a little: and thus the dialogue came in.

Neigh. I think you are out of breath indeed! What, have you been fighting?

Fath. Yes I have been fighting as you may call it,—a young rouge! I think I have dressed him! He has not been cudgelled so this fortnight.

to carry a letter to a neighbour, two or three doors off here, at the upper end of the street,—and here he pretends to me, Mr. ——— was not at home; and that he went to a tavern, I know not where, almost as far as the bridge; but I am as sure it is a lie, as if I had been with him.

Boy. I am sure it is not a lie, for I did go there.

Fath. Sirrah, do you prate? I will be with you again presently.

[He holds up his cane again at the boy.]

Neigh. Well, come, neighbour, lay aside your passion for the present, and let us go take a pint of wine somewhere, for I have a mind to talk a little with you.

[The neighbour was willing to put a casual stop to his passion, and to discourse a little with him about it.]

Fath. Well, I will go with you; but I will give you your hire before I sleep yet, sirrah, I will so.

[Turning to the boy, and shaking his cane at him again.]

All this while his family governess was standing at the stair-head, and finding he had left off, cries out, why do not you pay him? You have not given him half enough; he will never be good for any thing, if you do not pay him soundly: and the like, to inflame him.

However, the father being a little cooled did not strike the boy any more at that time, but went out with his neighbour,—and when they were together by themselves, after some talk of business for a time, the good neighbour renews the dialogue about his correcting his son, asking him pardon for meddling; says he, I do not care to be officious, but if you would give me leave, I would gladly speak to you a little about this affair of you and your little son.

Fath. Says the father, no, no, I won't take it ill, my passion is over now, you are very welcome to say your mind about him,—he is a wicked young rogue.

Neigh. Why I must say then, if you can bear so much freedom that you are greatly to blame.

Fath. To blame! what to correct a young lying r

thing,—passion is but a kind of short madness, and has no relation to the duty of correcting our children,—it is a frenzy.

Anger is madness, and as strong
In force, though not in course, so long.

Fath. And do you think I can beat a child, and not be in a passion?

Neigh. I know not what you can do, but I know what you ought to do.

Fath. Well, pray tell me your way.

Neigh. Why, sir, the end of correction is to amend the child, not giving vent to a provocation: if you correct your child otherwise, you only gratify your passion,—you cannot be said to correct.

Fath. Pray, what do you call correction, then?

Neigh. I am glad you put that question, for I think you do not know in the least what it is. Correction is showing the child our displeasure at his offence: and this is done, by reproof, instruction, and punishment: for I take them to be all but part of correction. The reproof is performed generally in words of displeasure, at which we are particularly to take care to be angry and sin not: that is to say, shew your displeasure at the crime, be angry; but let not that displeasure run you out into a passion, into indecency and disorder, into violent and furious words, which are sinful,—be angry, but sin not.

Fath. You make strange distinctions, I do not see the necessity of them.

Neigh. Instruction is the next duty of a parent,—which is no more or less than an exhortation, which the parent should always give the child to reform.

Fath. And do you think I can stand and make a long story to him, to instruct and exhort, as you call it, when I am to correct him? Why first of all, he is such a hardened young rogue; he would laugh at it all; he would not mind a word of it, no, nor remember a word of it half an

that he may avoid it: and the ill timing of blows by the heat of a passion, even to a horse, makes him worse, not better; and has cost many a man his life. For example: A horse stumbles perhaps on plain ground: the foolish rider flies into a passion; a dog! a toad! says he, What, stumble upon smooth ground! and then lays on upon the horse. The next time the horse stumbles, he starts for fear of more blows, and perhaps falls and throws his rider: pray who is to blame, the man or the horse? nay, this usage teaches a horse to do it: so that some horses when they happen to stumble, they will run forward let the ground be proper or improper for it: and I tell you, many a man has had his bones broke by that very thing: I appeal to your own knowledge.

Fath. That is very true, I confess,—I have observed it in a horse, but never with such a reflection as you make of it; but I own, it requires judgment and skill in breaking a horse, and to dispose the blows so as to bring the creature to our hand.

Neigh. And much more surely in the case of a child than of a horse: blows are to instruct, and calm words with them help that instruction, and sometimes abate, if not totally prevent the blows.

Fath. Alas! neighbour, I can't talk to them; If I should stand over them and preach, as you propose, I should forget all my anger: the passion would be over, and I could not strike them one blow.

Neigh. This is still a demonstration that your beating your boy has nothing at all of correction in it, but a mere excursion of your own passion.

Fath. I understand no other correction.

Neigh. Why then you understand nothing at all of the duty of correcting a child: blows have no voice that a child can understand, without having them explained: whenever you correct your child, you should first explain to him the nature of the offence, lay before him his sin against God, and his duty to his parents: the sin of the

done; and never talk of its being impossible; there is no such thing in religion, as an impossible duty.

Fath. I do not so much argue against the thing; I think you are in the right, that it would be best, and that it is the properest way; but I say again, it is impossible for me.

Neigh. What makes it impossible to you?

Fath. Why, my temper is hasty when provoked, and tender when it is over, and both to an extreme.

Neigh. Then that temper is your infirmity, and if not struggled with, and restrained, is your sin, and must be repented of; perhaps if you did so, you should find, that he, to whom nothing is impossible, might teach you, that it would not be impossible.

Fath. But it is an infirmity perhaps of my very constitution; and what can I help it?

Neigh. If so, you must then correct your constitution, before you are fit to correct the child.

Fath. How can I alter my natural temper?

Neigh. If your natural temper lead you to do unnatural things, you may, and you must oppose the crime; you must endeavour to restrain and govern your passions, it is your unquestioned duty; for else all the wickedness we can commit in the world, may have the natural temper and constitution of the man to plead in its excuse. The murderer will excuse himself by his being of a passionate temper, just as you do: the drunkard will plead the heat of his constitution: the thief, an avaricious temper: the debauched rake, the acrimony of his blood, and the like. Nature is vitiated and tainted with a variety of infirmities; whether originally, and by descent from the first man, is not our present subject, but so it is; there are powerful inclinations to do evil in every one: and where these are not governed by the power of our reason or sense of religion, they become our governors, and push us upon unavoidable folly: so far these natural inclinations are sinful, and we must oppose, restrain, watch against, and struggle with them,—and the omission of that opposition is a great sin.

Fath. But what is this to my correcting my son ;

Neigh. I shall bring it home directly to you : if any of these predominate inclinations govern you,—pray how can you, under their evil influence, pretend to be a good governor of your children ? Is it possible, that which is evil in itself can direct you to that which is good ? Can you gather grapes of these thorns,—or figs of these thistles ? Can these corrupt trees bring forth good fruit ? Can you, under the influence of a demented rage, give a child a paternal, a conscientious correction ? Is it a temper fit to go about that work in ? Can you think to bring your child to himself, when you are not master of your own self ? Can you reason with the youth, when you are out of your reason yourself ? Passion diverts the soul of the use of its reason for the time : and is a man that cannot act his own reason, a proper person to reduce a rebellious child to reason ? Nature forbids it, as well as religion,—it cannot be.

Fath. But I am not so out of myself in my passion, as you may imagine.

Neigh. I'll suppose you are not, first for argument sake ; and then prove you are afterwards, for your conviction. I. Suppose you are not,—that is, you are not so much out of yourself as I have mentioned ; if so, it is because you are not in so great a passion, or so much moved as those that are so. But as every such passion, is a degree of that madness, you are more or less unfit to correct your children while it lasts, as that passion is more or less hot,—but still absolutely unfit, while one grain of passion remains ; and you ought by no means so much as speak to, much less strike your child.

Fath. What, must I neglect correcting him then when he is faulty ?

Neigh. No, no, by no means.

Fath. What then ? Your rules are very obscure,—I must correct him, and I must not correct him ; perhaps I am in a passion, his wickedness has provoked me ; I am justly angry with him,—nor is it in the power of flesh and

blood to avoid being angry at such obstinate, rebellious, insolent carriage: it is my duty to resent it, and it is my duty to correct him, and you say, I must not correct him, because I am angry, though it is my duty to be angry too at such crimes; this does not hang together at all.

Neigh. You crowded it too fast together,—distinguish fairly, and you will see your duty clearly: you are allowed to abhor the crime which your son may have committed; a just detestation of sin is no part of your passion; that is, as before, to be angry and sin not. But you must distinguish between abhorring the sin, and being in a rage at the child; all your anger against the child, that is not founded upon a paternal pity, and a zeal for his amendment, is sinful,—It is a degree of rage; and so far as you suffer that rage to influence you in his correction, so far you sin. Pity, not passion, should influence you in the conduct of your child,—and a sincere zeal for his soul's good, should be the only motive of correction; all the warmth that is not founded upon this principle is sinful, and is a mere gratification of your own rage,—nor does it deserve the name of correction; it is a quarrel with your child, not a paternal action: it is a tyrannical usurpation, not a patriarchal or paternal exercise of legal authority.

Fath. Well then, I must not meddle with him in my passion, must I?

Neigh. No, not touch him.

Fath. And I am sure I can't when I am out of my passion; so the boy must be ruined.

Neigh. No, the boy must not be ruined neither,—and let such parents remember, that if they neglect the due government of their families, there is a hand that can remove them from the seat of that government, and provide better and more faithful overseers in their room, that the children may be taken care of,—and I question not, but many fathers are removed from their families, either by death or disaster, by the direction of providence, that their children may fall into better hands.

Fath. I do confess I see some weight in the direction, but no capacity, of taking the counsel,—what must I do when I am provoked beyond the power of all the patience I am trusted with?

Neigh. Do! why forbear till your passion is over: retire yourself from the provocation, or lift up your heart to God, to grant you power to restrain your own passions, that you may not do an unseemly improper thing in your rage,—and when you are perfectly calm, when your blood flows coolly, and your pulse beats true, then take your son to task, reason with him, argue with him, persuade, exhort, threaten, and punish, as your cool thoughts think proper, and not the last otherwise than as necessity and duty oblige.

Fath. You are right indeed, but who can practise this rule? No flesh and blood can pretend to it.

Neigh. Whoever it pleases God to influence with a sense of its being a duty, will practise it; and I need not put you in mind that every christian ought to study his duty, and conscientiously endeavour to perform it: nor need I tell you, that we ought to pray daily to God to teach us our duty, and for his assistance to enable us to do it: in such a method you cannot doubt but you shall be assisted; nay, you may venture to say, you will practise it, God assisting, according to that text, *Teach me thy way O Lord, I will walk in thy truth, Psalm 119.*

Fath. But do you not carry it too far? Sure I may be a little angry, a little in a passion, and not be so unfit to correct as I should be, if it came on to what you call rage: I may talk to the boy, and correct him too without sin, though I am a little moved.

Neigh. I affirm the contrary, it is against the nature of the thing: correction, I tell you, is an act of love, pity, duty; duty to God, duty as a parent, as a christian; love to the child, to his soul, to his body,—it is the greatest instance of paternal affection; it is the highest token of a sincere concern for his prosperity here, and his salvation

hereafter,—it is an instance of zeal for the honour of God and of religion; for the preservation of virtue and humanity; what concern can the passion of a man have in these things? *We know, says the scripture, that the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.* The rage and fury with which men correct slaves, is acted upon another principle: it aims at breaking the spirit, subduing the will, and obtaining an absolute entire subjection in the poor bond's-man, to the tyrannical authority of his patron: there is neither concern for soul or body expected in the muster; no love to his slave's person, or concern for his future state; nothing is in view but to have his work done, and his commands be without reserve obeyed: to treat a child with passion and rage, is the same thing as other men treat slaves. But the nature of correction, as it respect a father to a child, or a christian master to a servant, is quite different,—passion can bear no share in it. Nor ought you to touch the child, while one spark of the flame is left unextinguished.

Fath. What rule have you for this strict injunction? I see nothing of it in the scripture.

Neigh. I readily acknowledge that the scripture seems to be more silent in this case than any other of like consequence,—and yet the scripture is not altogether empty of directions: but it is true, that children are so apt to lay hold of every thing that abates the subjection they are commanded to be in to their parents, that the wisdom of the apostles was not a little seen, in touching so lightly the danger of parent's mistakes, in the manner of exercising their authority. But the nature of the thing directs it so evidently, that there seems to be the less occasion,—the natural affection to, and the concern and care of all fathers for the welfare of their children, makes it rational, that correction must consist with those tendernesses; and what share have our passions in those paternal principles? How does the rage of the man, as a man, consist with his bowels, as a father?

trifling matter gave his father very saucy and undutiful language. The father with a smile of compassion upon his folly, returned thus: Son, if I was not very angry with you, I would teach you better manners this minute; but I will give myself time till to-morrow. Before to-morrow, the son relented, humbled himself, and prevented the correction he would certainly have had.

Fath. I can hardly think what you propose is possible to human nature.

Neigh. There is no question to be made of the possibility, if men would set seriously to work to govern their passions, reduce themselves to temper, and not be too hasty to act, even where they may think they have just occasion. Simeon and Levi had unquestionably a very just occasion to be angry, and they give the greatness of the provocation as an excuse for their unbounded rage, *Should he deal with our sister as with an harlot!* Yet good Jacob, who knew that all excursions of human passions tended to sin, censured it as abominable; *Cursed be their anger, for it was fierce, and their wrath, for it was cruel.* And to this he added a terrible sentence, *I will divide them in Jacob, and scatter them in Israel.*

Fath. I have heard much of men's governing their passions, but I see little of it in practice,—for my own part, I confess I have not the government of myself in a passion, any more than a drunken man has in his wine; but it is a trouble to me afterwards on many accounts,—particularly, I am fain to break all the hasty vows and rash resolutions I make in my passion, because if I do not I should ruin myself and all my family sometimes,—and that has often troubled me very much: but as to this of not correcting my children in a passion, I never considered it at all before. I begin to believe I have been in the wrong very much,—and I think verily it is one reason why my children are so little the better for all the blows; and yet what with one or other of them, I think my hand or my tongue is seldom off them.

Fath. No, no, you mistake me quite, I had not beaten him so violently ; did not you hear my kinswoman, that keeps my house, call to me, and tell me, that I had not beaten him enough ?

Neigh. Yes, I did hear a voice of one just doing the devil's work for him, throwing oil instead of water upon the fire,—any one might have known it was not the mother of the child, nor the wife of the husband ; I have scarce ever heard the like.

Fath. It is true, she is not their mother, but she loves the children very well.

Neigh. Aye, perhaps very well, for a stranger.

Fath. Nay, she is no stranger, she is nearly related.

Neigh. It is no matter for that, she has no principle from nature to dictate to her the affection of a mother, or a wife ; had she been the mother, compassion to the child would have moved her,—had she been a wife, compassion to you would have moved her.

Fath. She is a good Christian.

Neigh. If you had not said so, I should have believed quite otherwise of her.

Fath. Indeed I hope so, and I am sure she wishes the children very well.

Neigh. Then she must be a fool, for to be sure she knows nothing what belongs to education, much less to correction : for as every father need be very careful not to mix his own passion and folly with his duty in correction, so every by-stander in the family, that has either affection to the duty, or to the party, will act the part of a mediator rather than an inflamer ; and they that prompt the passions of the parent, are incendiaries in the family.

Fath. She is rather a good woman than a wise woman.

Neigh. But can you say it was a right part for her to act, as the relation to the child, or as a relation to you ; and did it please you to hear her ?

Fath. I must own, I thought she might as well have held

THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR. [Part V.

am apt enough to overdo the work, do prompt me.

And I perceived you did not give the boy the more for her.

have given them all many a blow by her prompt me. I have had reason little enough, and she me afterwards very much.

So is of your aling spirit I find,—she her own resentments too, and only lays the drudgery on you,—is that her being a mediator?

an office very few understand, nor is to be expected, me-keepers.

it make nty of a father the more where he is left de us of the assistance of a mother to his children,—and for that reason fathers ought to be very cautious of setting governesses over their children, and much more cautious of what authority they put into their hands: it is a dangerous thing to trust the correction of children to those who want the bonds of nature to tie their hands, however otherwise intrusted in the family: children shall be often abused, but seldom corrected by such: nor will the children ever fail, as they grow up, to remember the usage of that kind as injuries, not as acts of faithfulness to their trust. But that by the by. What I am now upon, is the duty of such family tyrants, in cooling the passions of a parent,—a true father is always glad of a mediator, to take off the edge of his passion.

Fath. That is true, and indeed I want that help as much as any man living,—but my house-keeper, though otherwise well enough, has not much of the tender part, she seldom takes a blow off from a child, but rather calls for laying more on, as you heard her.

Neigh. Then, as before, she is a firebrand in your family, and wants either to be taught the duty of her place, or be dismissed from it: her duty would be, when the child committed a fault, to represent it as favourably and as

affectionately to you as possible,—to persuade you first of all not to resent it too much; if there was a necessity of correction, she should stand by in cool blood, and prevail with you to hold your hand, when perhaps you might not so well govern your warmth,—and sometimes you should permit her to rescue the child from you, you would thank God and her too for it afterwards.

Fath. That is in short, you would have her be a mother, which she is not, nor can be.

Neigh. Well, though she cannot have the natural ties, yet prudence will teach her thus much, that by this she will gain deep root in the affections of the children, and that affection would give her words a double influence, which she might improve for their good; for when she has either concealed part of their guilt, or saved them from part of their punishment, she has room to persuade and argue with them to amend, and deserve no more what she delivered them from; and thus she would win upon their dispositions, and obtain an authority over them that you are not able to give her, I mean an influence on their affections; she would have a vast advantage to do them good.

Fath. Aye, but you do not know my children,—they all hate her.

Neigh. And why is that? but because she has not practised this method with them. I know nothing of your family affairs, but the nature of the thing dictates it. Go home, and ask any of your children the question, why do you not love your aunt?—I dare undertake, if the children dare be so free with you, they would answer because, sir, we know she sets you against us; and makes you angry with us when she need not, and when with a good word she might mend it,—and when we have done a fault, and you are justly angry, she always makes you more angry than you would be. Tell me now honestly, if you do not think this will be the case?

Fath. I confess you have hit very exactly the thing, and

I have often said to her, when I have been too furious in beating my boys, Cousin, why would you let me beat him so much? Why did not you come and take him away? And she would always say, I take him away! not I truly, I think you don't correct him enough,—the boy will be good for nothing, and the like; and it has made me answer, if you were a mother you would be of another mind.

Neigh. But if you, or she : ar, had begun with them when they were very wrong, and had joined together, the one to have acted like a christian father, and the other to have taken the mother's part so much upon her, as I hinted just now, your children would have been quite another sort of creatures, and you would have had little or none of the work to do now,—they would have loved you, as well as feared you, and they would have had, not a value for her only, but for what she said too,—whereas now all she can say, by way of instruction, stands for nothing; for where they hate the person, they will very rarely love the counsel.

Fath. Nay, that is the truth of it, there is not one of them loves her; and now they begin to grow up, they don't fail to let her know it.

Neigh. It is a wonder they love you any more than they do her: for where the passions of a father run your length, they rather whip their children's affections away, than increase them; and when your children once cease to love you, what good do you think your instruction will do them? They will only get from under your government as soon as they can, and then you will have the charge of them indeed, but very little of the delight that you would have had in or from them,—for you are now laying in a store of unkindness between you and them, and robbing them of the blessing [of a father, and yourself the comfort] of your children: whereas correction given in a fatherly and christian manner, will make your children love you the more; and the impression of it leaves not only an immediate in-

fluence upon their manners, but the more they grow up, the more they will be sensible of the justice and kindness of their father in their former discipline, and will love and value him the more for it; the scripture is plain in this, *We have had fathers of the flesh who corrected us, and we gave them reverence*; that is, he gave them reverence for that very correction.

Fath. You are right indeed, for I see very little affection in my children to me, especially my sons; but they shun and run away from me, and care not to converse with me now they begin to grow up: I think verily it is from my being so furious to them all along; I see my mistake, but it is too late.

Neigh. You should strive to alter your conduct, and especially with those who are still young.

Fath. Nay, I do not know how to be familiar with them myself; I have been so used to beat them, and give them hard words, that I hardly know how to give them any other usage now they grow bigger.

Neigh. I confess there is a danger in the familiarity with children too; it requires a great deal of prudence to treat our children with a decent familiarity, and yet preserve the majesty and authority of a parent; and much of the prudence of this part lies on the children's part, in not assuming an indecent equality; and therefore though I do not wholly agree to the proverb, that father and son are good friends, but bad company; yet in many cases, and especially where the children want manners, and the father wants gravity, it will be true; a levity of behaviour in a father, dishonours the parent in the eye of his children, and will soon bring him into contempt with them; and a forwardness to an equality in a son disgusts the father, and is not at all grateful to a man of any sense; but there is a modest medium, which makes the father the most agreeable company to his children in the world.

Fath. But this is as difficult a part, as any a father has to act in his whole paternal office.

THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR. [Part V.

...n, but the foundation of it is all laid in the
...the parents to their children, and this brings
...to the article of correction, in which I have one
...more to say, which perhaps more nearly concerns
yo " I that I have said yet.

...ay what is it, you a little surprise me.

Why, as we ought not to mix our passions with
...tment in the offences of our children, nor correct
...ification of our anger; so we ought to be very
...do them injustice, and inflict a punishment

...you mean by i justice?

A ... V ... I mean, we ought to give them a fair hear-
...nd ... a calm examination patiently inquire first
...fact, and be very sure that they are guilty; other-
wise it must kindle in the mind of the child an inexpress-
sible contempt of their father's justice, and consequently
leave for hereafter a deep impression of anger and resent-
ment.

Fath. Well, but what does this relate to me? I am sure
I have just cause enough to correct mine, for he is one of
the most refractory young creatures that ever a father had
to do with.

Neigh. If you will not take it ill, I will convince you
that it relates to you.

Fath. I will take nothing ill; pray speak freely.

Neigh. First of all answer me this question, did you
correct your son for the fault you mentioned, viz. his stay-
ing of the errand you sent him, or did you clear an old
score with him?

Fath. No, no, I am not so patient neither; I never run
in debt to my sons, I assure you, I always make punctual
payment.

Neigh. And perhaps sometimes make your payment
when there is no debt.

Fath. They take pretty good care of that, they make a
stant claim.

Neigh. Well, but now you say, you had but one particular thing that you punished him for; pray let me hear what it was over again, for I doubt I have you fast in a noose.

Fath. I corrected him for staying on that errand, and for nothing else; and considering how often he had been corrected for the same fault, I think he deserved it very well.

Neigh. But had you first calmly inquired into the fact? Are you sure he was guilty?

Fath. Aye, aye, guilty, I am sure he was guilty,—he had been gone above an hour, and the distance was next to nothing.

Neigh. But had he nothing to say for himself?

Fath. Yes, yes, he never wants something to say,—he made a formal story of his going to the Hoop Tavern by London-bridge, to find the man, and of staying there I know not how long for an answer; but I knew his rogue's tricks, I knew it was all a lie, he has been at play all the while, to be sure.

Neigh. And so you corrected him at a venture?

Fath. Aye, and no great venture neither, for I did not believe a word he said.

Neigh. But suppose now the boy was innocent, and really had been so far, and had staid there so long, what then! Would you not think you had done him wrong?

Fath. Why truly yes, I should own I had been wrong; but he is such an old offender, that if it had been so, it had only been an advance of payment, and he would soon have balanced accounts with me; if he did not deserve it to-day, he would be sure to deserve it to-morrow.

Neigh. Well, but I am arguing seriously, that the injury is to ourselves to fall upon our children unjustly,—observing how it lessens us in their affection, weakens our authority, enervates just correction itself, and plants an early contempt of the parent in the minds of the children.

Fath. I know you are serious, on what you are saying; only I think of the charge.

Neigh. Perhaps not so much out you are.

Fath. I am very easy about it.

Neigh. Well, but do you acknowledge, that a parent who corrects his children into the fact, and calmness the child should be really innocent, great sin.

Fath. Yes, I readily acknowledge there is justice due to our children, and Solomon says, *He that judges a it, it is folly and shame unto him.*

Neigh. Why then in the words, O to king David, *Thou art the man*; I a witness at this time for the poor nothing of this part, that he is whole.

Fath. You surprise me; it is impossible.

Neigh. You shall see that immediately sent him to Mr. ——— at the upper

Fath. Yes, and he said he was a London-bridge, and that he went to took for a sham.

Neigh. Well, and did he not bring Mr. ———

Fath. Yes, indeed he did bring me

Neigh. And why then did you question such a person?

Fath. I did not question that, you I could not because I saw his hand; him to London-bridge, that I knew Mr. ——— was at home but a few minutes.

Neigh. All rash still, unjustly rash at the Hoop Tavern by London-bridge with him upon a special affair, and

“Come in with a note to him ; nor was the hour’s time, which you say the child stayed, any fault, for I think verily Mr. ——— made him stay half an hour for his writing the answer.

Fath. Is this possible ! then indeed I have been too rash with my boy.

Neigh. And have done him a great deal of wrong. I assure you.

Fath. Indeed I did not give the boy time to answer me, for I was in a passion at his staying.

Neigh. You see then that passion is the foundation of injustice, even to our own children.

Fath. Well, it shall be a warning to me.

Neigh. I hope you are convinced then, that passion is of no use then in the correction of children.

Fath. I am indeed, neither is it of any use in any part of our family conduct as I see ; for I assure you, my foolish hasty temper has run me into such rash things with my children and my family, that I have cause to repent of them as long as I live.

Neigh. I doubt not but a passionate man must do so ; and though I know not the particulars, yet I can easily judge it is so ; for a man very seldom does any thing in a passion, but he finds reason to repent of it ; for as the passion itself is wicked, and must be repented of, so the production of it is the same,—the fruit can never be good, if the tree be evil.

Fath. I have mentioned one ill effect it has had upon me, viz. that when I am heated, or moved, I am apt to make rash vows or resolutions, such as if I durst keep them would ruin my family ; and yet my breaking them is a continual breach of peace to me.

Neigh. I know it is usual for passionate men to do all manner of rash actions ; the world is full of dreadful examples, of which I could tell you some if I had time.

Fath. Pray spare a little time ; for I wish you could counsel me as effectually in that case, as you have in this :

for I think what you have said in this case is so clear and so convincing, that if it pleases God to help me to keep my resolution, I will never strike a child again, let the provocation be as great as it will till my passion is quite gone, and till I have inquired fully into the fault, and fully heard what defence he can make,—and even then will, as if you were him, talk as calmly and movingly to him as I am able, in order to reform him.

Neigh. I am glad to hear you say so, and I thank God for the occasion of a discourse that has been so effected; but pray take one thing with you—you must not always after this calming discourse omit the correction of your children, especially where the crime requires it; only take care never to give your passion any share in it.

Fath. I will endeavour that too, but I scarce know how to promise for myself,—I am sure I shall shed as many tears as the child.

Neigh. So you will, and it is the mark of a serious correction when the parent is afflicted as much as the child is corrected,—that is a true paternal spirit; and I must tell you, there is a great many teaching circumstances in a serious father's correcting a child: when he is calling the child to an account for offences, how naturally does it occur that if God should thus enter into judgment with us all, what would be our portion! when he concludes the child deserves correction, how does it come in again, if God should deal with us as we deserve, how should we stand before correction, is less than our iniquity deserves, that there is no proportion between the crime and the punishment! When the child stretches out its hand for forgiveness, how just an emblem is it of our penitent application to God for mercy! I know nothing so fruitful or profitable meditations, as the authority of a father in correcting, and his compassion in forbearing his child. The reluctance of the mind with which we correct our children, the joy we have to find them innocent, when we fear them guilty: alas, when passion intervenes, all this is lost; the end is des-

Neigh. Destroyed, the child suffers, the father sins, and the benefit of correction is entirely lost.

Fath. I have heard you with a pleasing attention, I believe it is all so; I acknowledge I have never used to act that wise part, my passions have always robbed me of the comfortable reflection you mention; but I resolve to act quite another part I assure you.

Neigh. God continue your resolution, and fortify your soul against the violent attacks of your own passions, for they are all fatal enemies to your peace.

Fath. But what say you to these rash vows, and hair-brained protestations, which in my passion I have often made and which it is impossible for me to keep?

Neigh. I cannot advise in that case, till I hear the particulars, and perhaps that may not be proper.

Fath. Yes, yes, I am too much ashamed of having offended, to be ashamed to acknowledge it.

Neigh. That is a certain token of a true penitent.

Fath. My great folly is, that when I am in such a passion, I make rash, wicked, and intolerable promises and vows, which I dare not keep, and yet dare not break,—if I keep them I ruin my family, if I break them I ruin my soul: what wretched things do passions run us into when not guarded with grace!

Neigh. That is a very terrible extreme passion indeed.

Fath. Why, it is not many weeks ago that in a violent passion with one of my sons, for a fault indeed bad enough, but too trifling for such a resolution, I turned him out of doors, and vowed I would never have any thing more to do with him, and he should never come into my doors again.

Neigh. Well, and did you keep it? Pray, what is become of the boy?

Fath. Poor child! he sat crying upon a stone just without the door a good while, and by and by it rained,—and there he sat till he was thorough wet, and till I cried as fast

bringing themselves to this unhappy crisis, that they must sin very greatly whether they keep them or break them, and have only the wretched choice to make, which of two wretched things they must do.

Neigh. This is exactly the case of one that you know very well; and his example may be seen to give us all a caution not to act passionately; and particularly in our families, not to be tyrants over our children, instead of parents, —and mere magistrates in our families, instead of just governors.

Fath. Who is that pray?

Neigh. It is Mr. ———, one of your neighbours.

Fath. Why, his children have acted barbarously by him.

Neigh. Aye, that is true, but where did it begin? Such education will always produce such children who have acted ill, he is the most to blame of any man in the world; and what between his passion one way, and his positiveness another, he went a great way to ruin the only children he had, that were like to be good for any thing.

Fath. Pray let us discourse a little of his case,—I know it is a long one, but it is a remarkable case; and I am not so much inquiring into the particulars as it is another man's concern; but I think in talking a little of his conduct, I may see something instructing to me about my own.

Neigh. I find I am called away, but if you will stay a little I will come again presently, and tell you all that tragical story; perhaps it may be of service to you.

[Here a servant came to speak with him on some particular business, which obliged him to go away for a while; so their dialogue ended for that time, but soon returned.]

Neigh. The worst I say, that ever I met with.

Fath. And yet I hope that he is a good man too.

Neigh. God knows how he does to reconcile his temper to his principles: such passions will cost him many a sad thought hereafter, if ever he is made sensible of the painfulness of them.

Fath. Besides he has ruined some of his children you say.

Neigh. Some of them! did I say? Nay, he went a sad length in the ruin of them all: why he was for three or four years in such a rage with three of them, that he was not in speaking terms with them, or they with him, all that while.

Fath. What, not they with him.

Neigh. No, they had been so cruelly treated they said, that it destroyed all affection in them from their childhood; and afterward, it the easier destroyed respect, that we may be sure of.

Fath. But then they were out of their duty too,—I hope you allow that?

Neigh. Yes, yes, they were out of their duty to be sure,—but where begins it all? And what comfort is it to a parent, that his children do not do their duty? That is an addition to the affliction, not a lessening of it, if he is a Christian.

Fath. Passion is indeed a destroyer of duty on both sides; he had not done the duty of a father to them, when they were little; and they did not do the duty of children when they grew up.

Neigh. It is very true, there is no duty regarded on either side,—and that which is the sting of all is, that their not doing their duty to him, was the consequence of his first not doing his duty to them; and so he may see his sin in the punishment.

Fath. Nay, his sin to them laid a foundation of sin in them too! that is another sad consideration.

Neigh. Aye, his unkindness occasioned their unnatural-

that indeed he had,—the story of which will come in of course.

Fath. Which of his sons was it, for he had several,—and I hear he is out with them all?

Neigh. It was his youngest son, whom he bred up in his own business.

Fath. What could he be? Had he robbed him?

Neigh. No, no, I do not hear that he charged him with wronging him,—but it was some errand or message which his father ordered him to do, and the lad had done it wrong; and he flew in a dreadful passion upon him, beat him severely, and in a too violent manner to be described.

Fath. All' rage, all' rage neighbour; I suppose, just as you found me a doing.

Neigh. Aye, but the circumstance made it more pernicious even than yours, because his son was then almost a man; and the passions of youth we all know are warm at that time, and apt to run them into foolish and rash things; and so it was here.

Fath. As they are our own children, we may expect they partake a little of our own tempers; and I can see now, my friend, since your reasonings have cooled me, a great many allowances which we ought to make to our children, and for want of which we often hurt our own peace, and ruin our children effectually.

Neigh. Why so it was here,—after Mr. ——— had beaten his son so violently that he put the young man into almost as great a fury as himself, he bade him go to the place again, which he had sent him to before, and do the business right, which it seems he had done wrong,—the youth, whose ill part was not begun till then, sat still sobbing in his breast, for he was in too much rage to cry, and did not stir. Upon which his father bidding him again go, he answered he would not. The father again provoked, takes up something to strike him again; when his son flying up on a sudden to the door to run down stairs, his father stepped between and stopt him: upon which being in the

neither know where he was for several days,—indeed he was so bruised with his fall or leap, that he could not go abroad, and he was so afraid his father should come upon him, and he was ready to swoon away at the very thoughts of it.

Fath. Well, but after some time, I suppose it must abate a little.

Neigh. You shall hear, there was a relation of the child, viz. his mother's brother, who hearing of the quarrel, concerned himself to make up the breach, and to get the father to be easy, and the young man home again to his business.

Fath. That was the part of a true friend, and like a religious relation.

Neigh. But the success did not answer at all; for when he came to the father, and did but name him, he flew out in a passion, and even abused his brother-in-law for coming to him; falls a calling his son all the names a man in rage could be supposed to do,—tells him, he had nothing to do but to keep out of his way, wherever he happened to see him; that he had made a vow that he should never come within his doors again,—so that, in a word, there was no room for intercession of any kind.

Fath. This was furious, indeed.

Neigh. His brother-in-law asked him what the child must do then; and expostulated with him upon the distress of the young man; argued his own duty as a parent,—the degree of his son's offence,—the sinfulness of his passion; and said all that could be said in the case, as a relation and as a Christian, but to no purpose.

Fath. It may be, he had some other great crimes, or some unusual disobliging things to charge him with, which had served to exasperate him.

Neigh. No,—I do not find that he had.

Fath. It is true; his refusing to go, and telling his father would not, was provoking.

Neigh. That is true; but where now is the affection

Neigh. No indeed; he is now a sober, virtuous, and I suppose, a religious young man.

Fath. Well, and what will become of him when he is out of his time?

Neigh. Nay, that is the thing we are now upon,—did you not say you heard it was all made up again? That belongs to the other part of this story.

Fath. Well, go on,—I know not what the other part may be, but this part is all terrible and unnatural.

Neigh. Did I not say, that all passion mingled with correction, is unnatural?

Fath. And would my natural passion have run me up to such a dreadful extreme as this, if it had gone on?

Neigh. I hope not.

Fath. But I see plainly it might; for as my children were growing up, so was my violent measures with them growing up also; and as I should have made them fear (that is, hate) me, for I take it to be the same,—so when they had provoked me in this manner, I might have ripened up to the same rage.

Neigh. I hope the influence of sovereign grace will restrain you from such extremes; was not this man's family, and himself too, miserable by these things? There were two other of his children almost in the same condition with him upon different accounts.

Fath. What account, pray?

Neigh. Why, his eldest daughter, a young woman of a very good character, a modest, sober, religious young lady, had disoblighed him to the last degree, much about the same time, because she would not marry a fellow no way suitable to her, either for person or manner; but one who, because he was rich, the father imposed upon her,—she used all the arguments, all the persuasions and entreaties she could to her father, to excuse her from it,—she told him, she could not love him, nay he was odious to her; she could not endure him,—she represented, that it would be a sin in her and an injury to the man, to marry him, seeing she could



talk so, seeing her father had assured him of another kind of entertainment: but since it was so, and she was not to be prevailed upon by persuasion to alter her mind, he assured her, he was far from desiring any violent methods should be used with her, and that he would be as careful not to exasperate her father against her, as possible,—and thus took his leave: he saw her father as he went out, but said little to him, only putting off his hat as he passed by, the father being talking with somebody else.

It passed on for above an hour without any notice, the father, it seems, expecting the return of the person,—but when he saw he came not, he came up to his daughter and inquired the meaning of it; she made no scruple to tell her father; that as she had told him before, that she could upon no terms think of that gentleman for a husband, she thought she was obliged to tell him so plainly too,—for that she could not think of keeping a man company, after she resolved not to have him.

Her father interrupted her at that word, but rather raved than talked to her, flying into such a passion as hardly to forbear his hands from her,—said all the unkind rude things to her he could think of; made solemn imprecations that he would never give her a groat, that he would never own her for his daughter; and, in a word, bade her go out of his house.

The young woman was under great affliction at this treatment, but there was no remedy; it is true, she did not go out of his house but he neither eat or drank with her, would not suffer her to come into the room where he was, he gave her neither necessaries, or money to buy them: several gentlemen made proposals to him to marry her, and some very handsome offers, but he would neither entertain them nor make any offer in her behalf: if any relation spoke to him of her, and offered to persuade him,—he answered, she had disobliged him, and he would have nothing to say to her.

Fath. Sure it cannot be Mr. ———? Why, it is not like

Neigh. The more you are alarmed at the danger of them, the better you are secured against it,—and methinks I rejoice to see you so much affected with this unhappy gentleman's management; there was no doubt but he would ruin his whole family first or last, if he went on,—for there is another part of his story still behind.

Fath. What, of his passion part?

Neigh. Yes, yes, all passion,—and this was with his eldest son, with whom he had a worse broil in its kind, than any of the other.

Fath. Truly, that can hardly be.

Neigh. Yes, it run up to more sin in the son, and to a more fatal unkindness in both, though in the end it helped to bring both to some sight of their folly.

Fath. Pray go on with it.

Neigh. Why his eldest son was a young man of very promising parts, and an extraordinary character. As for the rest of his sons, for he has two more, who were then in his favour, they were really worthless in their qualifications, and the world expected little from them, and indeed found little: as their father was their terror when young, he was their aversion when they were grown up; there was between them, neither affection, reverence, duty or society,—they feared, and therefore hated him; they shew evidently that they had a contempt of his conduct, only an apprehension of his resentment in point of interest: and all this was the effect of a furious, rash conduct in the family; the farther effect of it you shall see afterwards.

Fath. Well, but I long to hear the story of the eldest son first.

Neigh. Truly the case of the eldest is severe enough; for though the young man is in the wrong exceedingly, yet it is so visible a judgment upon his father, that, as I said, he may really read his sin in his punishment: the young man was bred in a gentlemanly manner by him, only with this difference, that he was always so absolute a tyrant in his family, and made himself so terrible among



■ A certain Lady, whom he had loved for some years. The
■ father absolutely refused to give his consent, and charges
■ him upon his duty not to do it. The young man tells him
■ he will obey him, since he is so absolute, though he thinks
■ it very hard,—and suspecting his father designed another
■ for him, whom he did not like, he only adds, that if he will
■ not let him have her he loved, he will never have any body
■ else, and that he will not marry at all.

■ This enraged the father; he flew out into a violent pas-
■ sion at his son,—told him he would renounce his relation
■ to him, and would have nothing to do with him as long as
■ he lived. that if he begged his bread, he should not come
■ to him for relief; for if he did, he should charge a consta-
■ ble with him, and send him to the house of correction; and
■ bids him go out of the house.

■ The son, as he said afterwards, for he repented of this
rashness of his temper, inheriting a share of the same pas-
sion from his father, was so provoked too, that, according
to his father's command, he removed the next day in a
formal manner from his father's house, with all his books,
for he was a scholar, and whatever he called his own.
His father continuing in his passion, searched his boxes or
trunks, as if he had been a thief,—told him he did well to
remove voluntarily, that he might not be obliged to kick
him out of doors; that he would entertain no such rebel in
his family, though every child he had was to turn out in
the same manner; and added some such violent and oppro-
brious words to him, that at last the young man grew as
outrageous as his father, and gave him very rude and in-
decent language too.

Fath. This was a sad height for things to be brought to
between a father and a child.

Neigh. It was so, and both have cause to be ashamed
of it, but above all of the occasion.

Fath. Well, but pray go on with what the son said.

Neigh. It was the afternoon, and the son's passion was
a little abated, though the father's was not: he had sent

Fath. life : is it possible that any behaviour of a father can justify such carriage in a son ?

Neigh. No, no, I am not upon justifying it, but relating it, and I tell you that son, who proved afterwards a very sober, pious and religious person, acknowledged the crime of it, and wrote his father a letter, to beg his pardon for it : not but that he insisted, even in his letter, upon the cruelty and inhumanity of his father's conduct ; but he owned he ought to have borne with the provocation, by the ties of his duty,—that he ought not to have suffered his passion to have carried him into any indecent or undutiful language ; and therefore thought himself obliged to ask his forgiveness for that part. And the use I make of it, and the reason why I tell you the story, is this : that without doubt it was a terrible judgment upon the passionate government of a father, and he found it so afterwards : and it may teach parents what wicked things they may have reason to fear from their children, if they take measures with them in their education, which so necessarily bring their children to hate them and despise them.

Fath. It is true, and I desire to bring it all home to myself ; and if I have not gone too far already, I will, with God's assistance, banish passion out of all my family-government ; for I have children will do just so, if I go on, I am sure.

Neigh. It is partly upon this account I tell you this story, for it is a sad case, when our children are led to break in upon their duty to us, by our first being wanting in our duty to them.

Fath. But hark ye, as I told you before, I have heard that my neighbour, Mr.—has seen a great deal of his folly in these things, and has altered his conduct and his family too, since all this happened. Now if you know the bright side of his story, as well as the dark side, pray let me know it too ; for there is certainly as much profit in the relation of the repentance, as there can be in the story of the offence ; and it would be something unjust to leave his

familiarity and easiness to the rest, and seemed to court them as much as he had oppressed the other.

Fath. I have often seen it so, where partiality in affection guides the parents; and almost as often seen, that those children return it ill.

Neigh. So indeed it was here,—the eldest of the two, who was at man's estate, discovered evidently the utmost contempt of his father upon all occasions; and on the other hand, the father turned so foolishly fond and wrapt up in this son, that it was as scandalous an extreme on the other, and was a judgment on him no doubt; he would bear every thing from him, imagine every thing he did was well, and hear nothing against him; and, in a word, fell in so with this son, that it came up to dotage.

Fath. That is an absurdity on the other hand, which I hope I shall never come to be fool enough for!

Neigh. Had this son known how to have managed his interest politically, he might have ruined all the rest of the family: for the father gave up himself and his affairs, in a manner, into his hand, trusted him with all he had,—and had he died under that possession, would, I believe, have given him the best part of it all, without regard to the distress of his other children.

Fath. But I hope this violent humour did not last.

Neigh. It was happy for the family that this son proved otherwise than his father expected, or they had been all undone; in a word, he proved the most ungrateful wretch that could be imagined.

Fath. Nay, be his father's conduct what it would to the rest, he was it seems a kind father to him.

Neigh. He regarded none of it; he impiously owned, that he lost all respect for his father when he was a boy; that his father had so used him like a dog when he was young that he could never love him, or have any affection for him as long as he lived; nay, he was come to such a height, that he would tell his father so to his face, and give him the most opprobrious language, and make the most

the good old Eli, let his sons run on, at least uncorrected, not unreprieved; till some of them took the liberty from him to grow upon their father, and use him very scurvily upon many occasions.

Fath. The old way, I suppose, of riding upon the soft disposition, and abusing the goodness of their father; which should rather have moved them, and engaged them to a return of duty and affection.

Neigh. It is very true; they began to treat their father with the greatest slight and contempt, even to laugh at him when he directed any thing this way or that; and tell him, it was better so or so, and they would do it their own way,

Fath. They saw their father a fool, I suppose, or they would never have gone that length with him.

Neigh. Their father was no fool, I assure you; nor was it either ignorance of his duty, or want of spirit to make himself be obeyed; but his affection to his children was his snare,—he had made himself their play-fellow and their companion, and could not bear the thoughts of differing with them, but chose rather to bear their want of respect to him, till indeed it came up to indecency.

Fath. You had as good have said, he bore it with so long till it was too late to cure it, and they grew past his government.

Neigh. A child is seldom grown too old in his father's life-time, but a father may find some way or other to resent his disrespect; and so it was here. The youngest of these two sons had committed a fault which was in its nature provoking, but was made ten times worse, by giving saucy and undutiful language to his father, when he came to inquire into it: he was but a youth, and one that ought to have been under family-government; but he had, it seems, a haunt among some ill company, which his father had with great tenderness persuaded him against,—and he had not only been with them, but had stayed out two nights together.

Fath. It was high time indeed for his father to concern himself, if it was gone that length.

mute, and would not answer; till at length his father, not in a passion, but raising his voice into a higher tone, told me, says he, where you have spent your time, for I am resolved I will know. The boy finding him angry, instead of being moved to give an account of himself, as was his duty, insolently answered, he would give an account to nobody.

Fath. That was enough to provoke him indeed.

Neigh. No, no, he was not provoked,—he acted just as I persuaded you to act with your child, and as I would have all parents act with rebellious children. Say you so, William, says the father, is that the return you make me for all the kindness I have treated you with? Is that your duty to your father? I shall give you some time to consider of it, child; only remember, I will have an account of it; that you may depend upon; or you and I shall quarrel, and that after a manner as we have not quarrelled for many years.

Fath. This is what you directed me to, and I'll do it if I can; for it is an extraordinary method. But I pray I may never have the trial.

Neigh. Well, he had a greater trial for his patience yet; he left his son, and went away into another room,—but the door being open, and the young gentleman making no secret of their discourse, he heard his eldest son talking to the younger one in a vile manner, encouraging him not to comply with his father's demand; and this in such language as I care not to repeat. This moved him exceedingly, both as it was ungrateful, and as it was undutiful; but it had this effect upon his resolutions, viz. that he now found by experience, that he must lay by the fondness and pleasant part of being a father, and take upon him the authority and justice of a parent; and though, as he told me, he had great reluctance in the beginning, yet he saw the necessity of it, and therefore went about it with a resolution that was not to be mastered, either by opposition or compliance. He took a small cane in his hand, with which

Fath. Well, pray go on.

Neigh. His father then went to talk to him of all the tenderness and kindness he had shown him; how he had treated him with so much gentleness, as he thought might have engaged his affection as well as his duty; that this was such a return, as he never could have expected from him, and which for many reasons was unsufferable; and that if an immediate end was not put to it, he must pretend no more to be master of his own house, or a father to his children. His son, instead of falling under the reproof, began to insist, that it was an unreasonable thing to force the boy to tell where he was, and if he was the boy he would not, and some other very undutiful expressions. His father took him up short, and told him, though it was rude enough to tell him what he would do, if it was his own case, yet as it happened now, it was not his own case, that he could not pretend he had any business to interpose between his brother and his father, much less to prompt his brother in his disobedience, which he deserved correction for,—and therefore he expected he should go immediately to his brother, and tell him, that he was in the wrong to advise him to stand out against his father, and to advise him to give an account of his ramble,—or else, says his father, you may assure him I shall correct him severely for it, and that presently.

Fath. Well, I hope he could not refuse this, when he was so plainly detected.

Neigh. Quite the contrary: he told his father he would not trouble himself about it.

Fath. Well, that moved him, I hope a little; was he not in a passion then neither.

Neigh. No, not yet; well, child, says his father, come you are warm now, you are vexed, it may be that I overheard you, but it cannot be helped: however, consider of it, you must needs be convinced you are in the wrong, and that it is but just you should say thus to your brother, that you may not prompt him in his folly, and force me to cor-

The son answered foolishly and rashly, as well as abominably and wickedly, with all his heart. The father kept his temper still, but goes up close to him, and takes him by the hand, well son, says he, you have made a sad choice, but it is your own; so he leads him by the hand to the door: once more says his father, it is in your power either to do your duty, which I am sure is just in me to expect, and just in you to perform, or not to do it,—either go this way, or that way; for I will have no rebels in my house.

Fath. Well, now he began to act the father. This part I could have done,—but dare not answer for all those cool blood things that went before.

Neigh. But they are the ornament of the thing, and make the father's conduct of a most excellent pattern.

Fath. Well, pray what course took the stubborn wretch his son? The worst I warrant you.

Neigh. Yes, rash, like a youth, he chose the ruin rather than the duty, and boldly went out, and his father himself shut the door after him.

Fath. Well, what came of the young one?

Neigh. When he had thus dealt with his eldest, he staid some time that he might not be in a passion; and then coming to his younger son, he told him, he should not now ask him whether he would comply with his demand or no, having heard what he had said to his *elder brother; that he did not come now to make terms with him, but to correct him for his scandalous behaviour, staying two nights out of his house, and refusing to give an account of himself; and that he would talk with him about where he had been afterwards: he told him, that he had too much affection for him to suffer a thing that would be so certain to ruin both soul and body; and that if ever he lived to be a

* It seems he had heard the boy boast to his elder brother, how his father had examined him; but he neither had or would tell him where he had been.

and no obstruction to the duty of a strict restraint of follies, and a due correcting them when their obstinacy makes it necessary.

Fath. I wonder how he could do it all, and keep his temper; that would be my difficulty.

Neigh. Religion did all that; his affection to his children kept him calm, and yet his zeal for God and his duty made him steady to his resolution; in a word, he durst not go from it, he durst not abate a tittle; to have yielded, had been to fortify and harden the rebellion of his children, as well against God as their father, and hereby to ruin his family, and ruin the souls of his children.

Fath. Well, that is true, and nothing but religion can do it,—without it, every father will have too much affection, or too little,—too much passion, or too little; it can never be.

Neigh. You see this good man did it, and now he has as quiet well-ordered a family as any man can desire,—whereas Mr. ——'s family has been a mere Bedlam instead of a well-governed house.

Fath. Well, if this story be at an end, pray go on where you left off.

Neigh. I left off at telling you the story of Mr. ——, and how he that was so passionate, so furious, and ungoverned in the case of his best children, that he became intolerable to the most dutiful, was now become so tame, so gall-less a creature, to an ungrateful, unthankful wretch, who despised him, and saw nothing amiss in him.

Fath. That introduced this pattern of a most excellent father, of which you spoke last,—which was indeed just the reverse of Mr. ——, aye, and of me too, and of all furious, passionate fathers.

Neigh. It would offend the ears of good men, if I should repeat the common discourses of this young fellow, either, of, or to his father; the servants in the house, workmen in the street, neighbours in the town, cried shame of it; but the father himself, blinded by the violence of his affection,

wicked enough, yet had not robbed his father, and he was left at home to bear the brunt. But were it possible to describe the extravagance of the father, when he came to know how he was served, it might have its uses too ; but words cannot do it. It was to no purpose to persuade him it was that son that had wronged him ; he would have it be all a trick of the other son, and was in the greatest passion with him imaginable.

But then his innocent son, as he would have him thought, was run away, and that admitted no excuse ; then he would fly out again, and be in a raving condition, like one distracted.

Fath. Six hundred pound ! say you ? That was a terrible blow.

Neigh. It was not such a blow as to wound his credit, or hurt him in his business, his foundation did not feel it ; for he is an old trader, and is in very good circumstances ; but the greatest shock was this of his child, as he called him.

Fath. His rage would abate in time, as to that.

Neigh. Truly it carried him so far, that it impaired his health ; for it made an impression upon his mind, sunk his spirits, and he began to be melancholy. In his family he carried it so morose, so cynical and reserved, that nobody could speak to him. He had but one son left, and he, as above was a worthless wretch too,—but however, his father treated him with so much severity upon this occasion, that he was not able to bear it. As for the poor daughter, she had not been turned out of doors, as I told you ; but she lived such a disconsolate life at home, that she was almost dead with the grief of it, having been for some time in a deep consumption, occasioned by her father's unkindness. His son, tired, as I said, with living so ill with his father, resolved to be gone any where out of the reach of it ; and taking his father one morning, when he thought he might be spoke to, he told him he had a mind to go to the East-Indies, naming a captain of his father's acquaintance,

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Sist. Nay, brother, do not call your father a tyrant,—whoever has reason to complain, he has always carried it well to my brother and you.

Bro. Carried it well! do you call this carrying it well.

Sist. Why, what is the matter, brother, has my father struck you?

Bro. Struck me! he has stabbed me.

Sist. You fright me, brother; what do you mean? where has he hurt you? Shall I send for a surgeon?

Bro. No, no, do not be frightened; he has not struck me with his hands, but he has stabbed me to the heart with his cruel and unnatural tongue; you know there are words like the piercing of a sword.

Sist. We have had too much such woundings in our family; God forgive them that are guilty; it is evident, I have had my death's wound that way some years ago.

Bro. I was never affected with it till now; I never valued him enough to ask his blessing; and never troubled my thoughts about his curse before.

Sist. Why did he curse you, brother? Sure that can never be: what had you done to provoke him? What did you say to him?

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Sist. Why did he curse you, brother? Sure that can never be: what had you done to provoke him? What did you say to him?



out of one mischief into another, and my brother led me by the hand into the worst courses ; and I have ruined myself, both soul and body.

Sist. I hope you are not ruined, brother,—they run far that never look back,—it is not too late to recover yourself ; God can restore you whenever he pleases,—you are but young, and may have time spared you to repent ; I am glad whatever the occasion is, have you had any serious reflections about it.

Bro. Truly, sister, I have had many sad thoughts about it ; but what can I do in such a storm of ill usage ? I wanted to be out of this, and out of that wicked company that had been a temptation to me,—and this was it made me propose to my father a voyage to the Indies, in hopes, if ever I did come back again, to have been free from both.

Sist. I hope you may have a deliverance at a less expence.

Bro. Indeed my father has stopped my voyage,—for he first told me I might go, and then cursed me if I went.

Sist. You have then the more reason to believe Providence has determined better things for you ; have patience, wait the issues of the divine government ; there are invisible hands in all these matters, and in God's time help may come in the way that you do not look for it : I have but one thing to beg of you.

Bro. What is that, sister ?

Sist. Keep your resolution, to abandon what you say has been your temptation,—you will be much the better able to support this, that is your affliction.

Bro. I resolve God willing, to live quite another life ; my father has taught me more by his ungoverned passion, and ill-guided affection, than ever he taught me by instruction in his life.

Sist. Dear brother, our father's weakness should be our affliction, and may be instructing many ways to us : God has ways to bring us to a sense of our duty, that we do not think of,—natural affection bids us pity and pray for our



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undutiful, disrespectful carriage to my father: but he is of such a temper, that he is not capable to receive such an acknowledgment,—if I should ask him pardon, he would but jest at it, and scorn me, and perhaps refuse it, and curse me,—I am in such a strait, I know not what to do.

Sist. Why, you say you gave my father no provocation now.

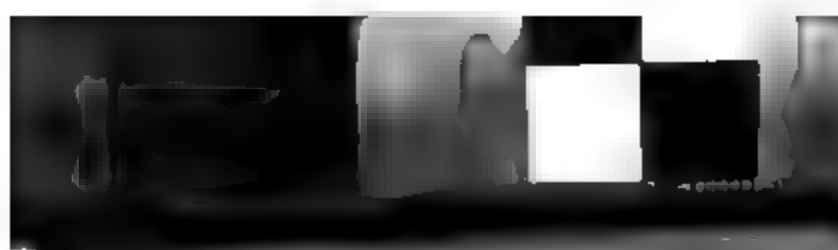
Bro. No, no, I do not mean this; I have nothing to ask pardon for in this, for I gave not the least cause of offence, much less did I give any cause for such bitter words; but I speak of our former conduct, when my brother used to insult him, and I too; I am sensible it was the most wicked thing I could do, let my father's conduct be what it will,—and I remember that terrible scripture with many a reproach upon myself, “Cursed be he that setteth light by his father and mother:” This is what I would ask him pardon for; but there is no doing it.

Sist. Well, brother, blessed be God he will forgive upon terms on which men refuse to forgive. Ask God pardon, and wait the issue of his providence, he can turn my father's heart, and no doubt will open a door for you to shew the return of your duty to him, and bring my father to be sensible of and accept it.

Bro. But, sister, what shall we do about this rash, foolish creature, my brother? I would fain prevent, methinks, his letter coming to my father's hands, as well for his own sake, (for I am sure my father will never forgive him) as for my father's sake, because it must needs exasperate him to the last degree; for I know how he loves him.

Sist. I do not see that is possible; for if any letter be left for him, nobody dares open it, and there is no knowing it from another: besides, why should you desire it? You know my father's present disgust at you is, that he thinks you have been the occasion of my brother's going away,—and it is plain, he had rather you had gone than my brother a great deal.

Bro. Truly as it happened I did not embezzle his money



W omits his duty, he sins against God; but if we do not do our duty, we sin against God, and him too,—his omission does not discharge us.

Maid. I am glad to hear you talk so, sir; I wish my master heard you too.

Bro. Aye, Mary, I wish so too; but my father is too much prejudiced against me to hear me, or to believe me, if he did hear me.

Maid. I am called, sir, I must run.

[Some of the servants call Mary to their master.]

Sist. Bring us word, Mary, how my father does immediately.

Their father had, it seems, received this insolent letter, which being from that only one of all his children that he had shewn an extraordinary affection to, put him out of all patience; and, as is described, he threw down the letter, and flew into all the usual extravagancies of ungoverned passion,—in a word, it overcame him to that degree, that it mastered his reason, and put him beside himself: nobody could come near him: sometimes he wept; sometimes he raged,—sometimes he called himself a thousand fools and sots for his kind usage of his son,—other times, would not believe it was his doing, but somebody had counterfeited his hand.

Between grief and anger he made himself so ill, and was so out of order, that a good, sober, grave woman, who was kept in the house to look after his family, persuaded him to go to bed, which at last he did. The careful, good creature was so concerned for him, that she would not let any body else go to bed that night,—and sometimes herself, and sometimes Mary, sat up in the room with him.

When he had slept awhile, though but a disturbed uneasy sleep, he waked, and hearing somebody up, he called: the ancient woman came to him, and asked how he did? He told her, he was a little better; and finding his spirits a little more composed, she began to talk seriously to him: first of the occasion that was given him; which though it

comfort of your family,—do they not all shew the greatest concern imaginable? There is your son and daughter in the house have been up all night in the greatest concern imaginable for you,—and, if I am not misinformed, your son used all his endeavours to have prevented this letter coming to your hand, and to have persuaded his brother against it; but in vain.

Fath. I wish I were sure of that.

Wom. You may be sure of that and a great deal more, if you please to call Mary, and examine her? she is but in the next room.

Fath. Say you so, can Mary tell me? she is a good religious body, I dare say she would not impose upon me, call her in.

[Mary comes in.]

Wom. Mary, pray give your master an account of the discourse you had with Mr. James last night, and with your young mistress.

Fath. Mary, pr'ythee be plain with me, I dare confide in what you say; you know James has been confederate with this rebel, and has been a wicked profligate creature as well as he.

Mary. Yes, sir, but I assure you it is quite otherwise now; and I hope and believe he is not only quite altered, but a true penitent.

Fath. How dost mean altered, Mary?

Mary. Why, sir, he is reformed; he has left all his wild haunts and company, and in particular, I find he is extremely afflicted for his behaviour to you, and for the rudeness his brother shews you, and endeavoured to prevent it,—for he had this letter sent to him to deliver, and refused it, and used endeavours to persuade his brother not to send it.

Fath. Art thou certain of this, Mary? Pr'ythee tell me all the particulars.

Mary. Yes, sir, as well as I can.

Fath. Stand with him, child ! I know how they stand with him ; he has not only been an ungrateful rebel to me, but has run out into all manner of wickedness.

Daugh. You may hear him say all that, sir, of himself, and a great deal more when you please.

Fath. What does he boast of his wickedness then ?

Daugh. No, indeed, sir, very far from it : he condemns himself, and acknowledges his sin, with an unfeigned repentance, I verily believe.

Fath. He has treated me very barbarously, I am sure.

Daugh. It is one of his afflictions, that he cannot come to acknowledge it, and ask your forgiveness ; and I am persuaded, if you will give him leave, you would see no cause to doubt his sincerity.

Fath. What will he acknowledge ? Will he acknowledge his confederacy with his wicked brother to rob and insult me, as you see he has done.

Daugh. He will rather convince you, sir, that he always abhorred and detested both,—and I know so much, as to this abominable letter, that he did his utmost to prevent it.

[Here she gives her father an account of the discourse she had with her brother, except only those passages which mentioned the passion of his father, and cursing him.

Fath. And is all this true, my dear ?

Daugh. Indeed, sir, it is all true, and a great deal more ; I would not deceive you, sir, it is a thing of such consequence, that it must be doubly wicked to deceive you ; I assure you, sir, this is his real case.

Fath. Then, indeed, I am sorry I said some rash words to him, when he asked me leave to go beyond sea : I shall rejoice in his repentance ; he may make up all to me this way, if he pleases, and I may still have a son to have some comfort in.

Wom. Here the good woman, that watched for all opportunities to heal if possible, these breaches in the family,

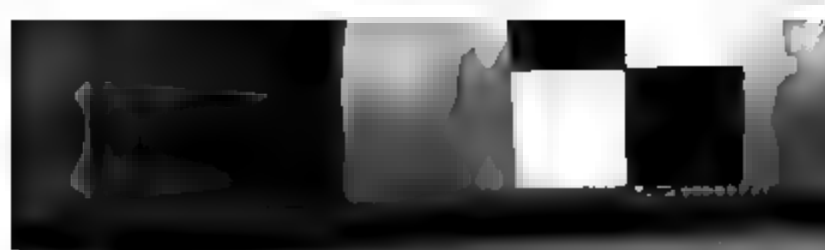


free, and none of your children being present to hear me, I fear it has,—and it is a hard matter for children to think that their passions should have no room in their conduct, as well as their parents: though, as your son James said very religiously, a father's omitting his duty gives no allowance to the son to fail in his respect: it is true, says she, children ought not to fail in their duty, on pretence of the failing of their parents; but it is true also, that few children have so much sense of their duty, as to consider it; and therefore, adds the good woman, parents should be very careful that they do not, by their passions, put arguments into the mouths of their children, to reason them out of their duty.

Says the father, I am convinced that I laid an early foundation, in the education of my children, to have had them all rebels, and now you see they fly in my face for it.

Here the good woman took an opportunity to speak to him of his two other sons; but there being no room for it just then, she let it alone for the present, but never gave it over, with the assistance of the penitent son, till the father was reconciled to them all,—nor did it take up much time, for she followed her discourse, not only with religious arguments, but with earnest persuasions, till she brought him to be very willing to receive them; and she used the same earnestness to persuade the children, and to convince them that it was their duty to submit to their father, though they were in the right. Thus she happily brought about a perfect reconciliation, and they are now a very comfortable pleasant family,—and I hear since, that even that wicked creature that used his father so ill, has sent over very penitent letters from Jamaica, where it seems he went, expressing his sense of his horrid treatment of his father, and begging him to forgive him.

1st. *Fath.* I have heard your long story with so much attention and pleasure, that it has been very far from being tedious to me,—for it has in it not only a full reproof to



of religion, no fear or knowledge of God, as you have scarce ever heard the like.

Fath. And was she not a blessing to the whole house?

Neigh. Yes, indeed, and that in such a manner as few servants ever were; but I must confess, I believe, if all servants in such places did their duty like her, it would spread religion through the world in a secret and imperceptible manner, for aught I know, equal to all other means that God has appointed for it.

Fath. You surprise me! How can that be?

Neigh. Because servants, that tend children in their first stepping into knowledge, have infinitely more advantage than other teachers, to form ideas in the minds of the children, of the greatest and best things, viz. of God, nature, the world, their duty, and what they ought to do, or not to do; a word then is more than a sermon afterwards: the plain little hints of things given so early, are like small plants or seeds deposited in nature's best soil, which grow insensibly up to maturity, and, I believe I may say, are never entirely rooted out of the mind.

Fath. You speak of a thing that is the proper duty of parents.

Neigh. That is true; but as I speak of a thing which few parents do, the field for pious and religious servants to act in, is exceeding large.

Fath. Besides, such servants often come into families where the parents, or one of them, are dead.

Neigh. And to others, where the parents are ignorant, and know nothing of it themselves; either that it is their duty, or how to perform it.

Fath. Aye, or perhaps if they know both, they are negligent in the performance, which I am obliged to confess has been my part.

Neigh. In all these there is room for such a servant to act,—nay, even where the parents do best, and are most careful, still such a servant is a great assistant to bring the



that it was scarce sober,—nothing of the practice of religion, no, not so much as the shew of it; for neither father or mother were hardly ever known to go to church, from one end of the year to the other.

The Sabbath-day, was generally among them a day of company and diversion, and they seldom dined alone; after dinner the time was generally spent in drinking by the father, and either in sleep or walking by the mother and daughters: now and then by accident, or as company came in and proposed it, the children might perhaps go to church, but very seldom.

Their discourse, as the conversation of such families generally is, was a mere complication of levity and vanity, to say no worse; a collection of ill language, oaths, taking the name of God in vain, and all kinds of loose, lewd, and wicked talk.

They had a house full of children, having no less than four daughters and five sons, and they were most of them grown up, except one son and one daughter; the son was about three or four years old, and the daughter six? and it can hardly be doubted but the children were all of them following after their father and mother, as fast as it could be imagined children should, who had no other kind of education than that of wicked example.

The little son was just entering upon the stage of life; could talk, run about, and play with such children as came to the house: and his mother caused him at first to be carried to school, rather to be out of the way, than that they supposed he could learn much so young.

It was a little sensible child for its age, and many little discoveries of its being more than ordinarily so, were every day made by its actions and discourses; which the mother was very vain of, though of no capacity of making just observations from it,—yet, as parents oftentimes tire us with telling long stories of the forwardness of their children, when there is little or nothing extraordinary in them, so it was here; his mother, who was mighty fond of this boy, was



hesitation, says, very gravely to him, I will not swear. The captain was affected with what the child said, and particularly with the manner of his speaking of it,—for, on a sudden, the child turned from his mirth, and looked as serious and surly as could be ; and the captain asking, what do you say, my dear ? He answered again gravely, I will not swear, and looked as if he was near crying,—but the mother carried it all off with raillery and jest at the captain. Now madam, says the captain, there is more in that one word the child said, and in his way of speaking it, than in all you have laughed so much at.

How foolish is it to talk so to children ! says his mother, why you will make the child cry, captain. What do you mean ? I shall not make the child cry, says he, but the child almost makes me cry ; it is a pity that child should not be taught,—it grieves me for him. She bantered him still. O you are so religious, says she, now you are on shore ; I warrant when you are at sea, you can thunder like a north-wind,—what would you have me teach him at this age ? I will venture a wager, says the captain, if you ask him who made him he does not know. Come, says she, you shall see, I will try him. My dear, says the brutish wretch to the child, (pointing to a little kitten he had been playing with, who made that cat ? The boy had taken in some little ideas suitable to himself, from what the captain had said, and had been very attentive to him ; and when his mother asked him that question, stared at her as if he had been frightened. What ails the child ? Says the mother. Nay, what ails his mother, says the captain ? I never heard any thing so abominable in my life. Upon this the child fell a crying.

The mother, far from making any just reflections upon what she had said, felt to work to quiet the child ; but still bantering the captain with the ridiculous stuff, as she called it, of talking so to children, and asking them such questions as they understood nothing of. Well, well, says he, you have asked him a wiser question than any of them, and I

He talk with a gentlewoman, who was a relation to the family who he found was much soberer than the rest of the company and very religious; and they had not been long in discourse, but the gentlewoman took notice of his battle with the mother of the child, and told him she thought what he said was very just, and she wondered that her cousin was not startled at what the child had answered; for, says she, it was very surprising.

Alas, madam, says the captain, she is past all that,—it is impossible she should be moved by any thing, till he that made the child speak, speaks to her: but says he, there is certainly something extraordinary in that child; and if it had pleased God it had been born in a religious family, I dare say it would be an extraordinary child. Well sir, says she, but I hope you do not confine the grace of God; there may be a principle founded in the heart of the child, I hope by invisible grace, without the agency of parents one way or other. That is true, says the captain, shaking his head, but how shall it work,—against education, against example, without instruction, without reproof, without encouragement? Oh, sir, says she, I do not say but the outward helps are all wanting here; but we must not confine the work of the Spirit of God to means only; that would be to own religion to be only the product of education, whereas that *wind bloweth where it listeth*. The captain was greatly surprised to find a person of such judgment in religious things in such company, where indeed he did not expect it; and was very desirous to enter into farther discourse with her, about the child and its mother: and being retired to a corner of the room, he went on with it: he told her, that he was greatly moved at what the child had said; that he knew little of its mother, having only come into the family, as his business called him there: but you, madam, says he, that I perceive are related to the family, for they call you cousin,—and, as I find, have a sense of religion upon your mind,—methinks you cannot be without some concern for this poor lamb, which is to be brought up on the very hor-



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2nd. be a parson, and call him the doctor,—nay, his mother, in
1st. a mere frolic, had a little gown and cassock made for him
2nd. the other day; you never saw a little creature look so
pretty and so grave in your life,—If I speak but a word to
her, you shall see her dress him up in it presently.

1st. *Capt.* Pray do, for I think he may serve for a preacher
to all the family.

2nd. *Cous.* I think so too; and particularly one time I was
here about half a year ago, there was a passage, which, if
1st. you please, I will relate to you.

[She calls out to her cousin, hark you, cousin, says
1st. she, pray will you dress up the doctor in his habit? And
2nd. she says, aye, aye, she will.]

Capt. I shall be very glad to hear it.

1st. *Cous.* It was enough to have moved a stone,—I think
any thing in the world but his mother would have been
surprised at it.

Capt. She may have time enough still to reflect on these
things.

Cous. We were all sitting by the fire, and very merry; the child was at play at his mother's knee, and my cousin was taken suddenly ill with the cholic in her stomach,—so I took the child away, and he stood by me a while: her distemper was not very violent at first, though afterwards it increased, but every now and then the cholic surprised her with sharp, shooting, sudden pains, like a stitch in the side; and whenever it did so, she would, as is the profane way of such people, cry out, O God! the child stood, as I said, at my knee very mute, seeing his mother not well, and continued so a good while; and the mother continuing ill, frequently repeated the name of God, as above. At last the child goes of its own accord from me to its mother's knee, and stands still, looking steadily up in its mother's face: says the mother, what is the matter, Jacky? What do you look up at me so for? Are not you sorry your mamma is not well? The child made her no answer at all. She asked him again, and again, three or four times,—but

letting him think there was no harm in it; and I was in some strait what to do,—but I let him alone awhile, and returned my discourse to the daughter, who I observed took notice of what he had said: says I to her, you see what need we have to be cautious what we say before children, though they are never so little.

Capt. But it is like she took as little notice of it, as the rest.

Cous. I cannot say but it seemed to make more impression upon her than upon any of the rest, at that time,—but it went off again: for if such things would have any effect upon them, they meet with them every day from this little creature: what it is in the child, or whence it comes, I cannot pretend to say,—for I know the family is so perfectly graceless, and void even of the least show of religion, that I am confident the child never had a word of good spoke to it; not so much as who made him, (till within these two months) since it was able to speak.

Capt. It is an eminent instance of that distinguishing grace of which you were speaking, madam, who singles out the object of mercy whenever he pleases,—and it is a testimony to the Divine Original of religion, that it is not the effect of priestcraft, or of the prejudices of education; clamoured into our heads by nurses, and whipt into us by school-mistresses, mothers, and pedagogues, while we are little, and then whined into us by the parsons, as we grow up: that it is not owing to the mechanism of the Spirit, working by the artifice of words upon the senses and passions; but by a religious awe of God, a religious abhorrence of evil, and a religious rectitude of the desires and affections, may be, and oftentimes is wrought in the mind, not only where no example or instruction intervenes to attach the mind, but even in spite of the evil examples of parents and instructors.

Cous. Sir, if I was able to tell you one half of the strange and unaccountable things, which happen every day in the family, from the surprising tongue of this little creature,



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three gentlemen, I think they were lieutenants of a man of war, or such sort of people, to dine with her master; and walking to and again in the room where she was, they diverted themselves with talking to the little boy, and to the maid,—but mingled their words so continually with horrid oaths, cursing and damning, that the poor wench had no patience with them; however, to keep her distance, and reprove them with good manners, she set the child to work to talk to them.

Capt. She is no fool I'll warrant her.

Cous. No, indeed; but she is a very good sober wench too, which is worth all the rest.

Capt. Well, and pray how did she order it?

Cous. She did it prettily enough, and so as not to offend them neither: they asked the child some question or other, but swore so, even while they were speaking to the child, that the boy knew not what to make of it. The good girl took the occasion, and said, (but very modestly) O! gentlemen, you swear so, you fright the child. Hang him, a young dog, says one of them, fright him! he hears his father and mother swear as fast as we do, every day; so he turns to the boy again, come Jack, says he, why don't you answer me? Says the maid, speaking to the child, tell them you will, my dear, if they won't swear,—at which they fell a swearing the more. Says the maid, ask them where they have been, my dear; so the boy asked them where they had been? Where have we been, says one of them, we have been all very honestly at church: it seems it was sabbath-day. Ask them, my dear, says she, if they went to church to learn to swear? The boy asked them exactly as the maid bid him. Yes, sir, says one of them, perhaps we did, and what is that to your little roguishness? And so jested and laughed with the boy, till other company coming in, took them off.

Capt. The maid managed them very handsomely.

Cous. But this is not the passage I am telling you the story for. In the afternoon somebody either asked the



? and headclothes, and any thing he can come at; and if it
x be any of his brothers, he will spit at them.

é *Capt.* These things are only diverting to them, I perceive,
" but I assure you, they would be instructing to me; what a
i pity it is some capable person does not get this child out of
. the wretched family! It would be an act of charity: doubt-
less charity to the soul, is the highest charity in the
world.

Cous. There is no doing it; who can take a child from
its own father and mother? They are not poor, and so they
do not want to have it kept; if they were, I would have
took it away long ago.

Capt. It is a great pity such a child should be ruined.

Cous. Never fear it, sir,—if the work in the child's
heart is from God, he will carry it on; such as he takes
up, never want a father,—he that sent this honest maid
hither, will always find tutors for one that he will have
taught: whoever lives to see that child a man, will, I
dare say, see him such a man, as never came out of such
a family.

Capt. Cannot you contrive that I may speak with that
maid?

Cous. Yes, sir, I believe I could: but may I ask you
what you would speak with her about? I hope you will
not mention the discourse we have had.

Capt. No, indeed; but I would hire her.

Cous. Hire her, sir! I hope you would not do any thing
so cruel; I would not do the poor child such a prejudice,
on any account whatever: alas! sir, what have we been
talking of? if this servant was sent of God, to do good to
this child, will you take her away?

Capt. No, madam, by no means, you do not understand
me right: her mistress shall have her still for her ordinary
business; I would hire her for God.

Cous. I understand you; I will call her as soon as she
comes into the room.

Capt. There she comes,

Capt. Well, Margaret, you shall not leave the child neither, nor your mistress, and yet you shall do all the work I hire you for too.

Marg. I do not understand how that can be, sir,—if you please to explain it.

Capt. Here Margaret, I give you earnest, I hire you for God,—and your business for this money shall be, that you shall take care in his name, of the soul of this child, as far as lies in your power, Margaret.

[He puts two pieces of gold in her hand.]

Marg. You terrify me, sir; alas, I am not fit to take such a charge upon me.

Capt. I say only as far as lies in your power, Margaret: do not be afraid to do your endeavour.

Marg. That is my duty, sir, and I hope I shall do what I can; I am but a poor ignorant servant maid,—what can I do?

Capt. I will tell you what you shall do, Margaret,—you see the poor lamb has neither teaching nor example: it knows nothing of God, of itself, of what is good, or what evil; what to do, and what not to do, and yet you see, Margaret, that the little creature has something extraordinary in itself, even without teaching.

Marg. To be sure, sir, there never was such a child in the world.

Capt. Well, Margaret, it is so; and I believe it is from hence, that Providence has determined something extraordinary about him; and though I am a perfect stranger, yet I cannot but be concerned, that outward helps may not be wanting; I have heard what you have done already, and I do this to encourage you to go on.

Marg. I have done as much as I could do, if he were my own, sir, but he will learn any thing faster than I can teach him.

Capt. Well, Margaret, do you but go on within your own reach: teach him to know and reverence the power that made him: teach him to hate and avoid the little first

Marg. I have often thought, sir, if it had been lawful, I would have run away with him; though I had begged with him at my back, or worked for him as long as I had lived, so I might have but carried him out of this dreadful house, where he is sure to be ruined soul and body.

Capt. No, Margaret, you shall have no need to do that; do you but do your part, and instruct him privately and early, I tell you the wickedness of the family shall have no power over him; he shall rather be an instrument to reclaim them.

Marg. I wish it were in your power, sir, to prevent it; I see your good will enough; but you discourage me a little, sir, in being so positive.

Capt. Why does that discourage thee, Margaret? I think it should be quite the contrary.

Marg. Because, sir, I think you cannot be sure of the thing: I hope you will pardon me, sir, we may be too rash in speaking, though we mean well, where there is no immediate knowledge of the thing.

Capt. Well, Margaret, you say true, I acknowledge I am no prophet; but I think God has discovered that he has some great work in store for him, and I believe it; let us not dispute the rest, do you do your duty, Margaret, and lay up these things in your heart: I am going a long voyage, and if I live to return, I shall inquire of you, what observations you have made upon this little discourse.

Marg. I will give you the best account I can, sir.

Cous. Pray go and fetch little Jackey to me.

[Margaret goes away to fetch the child, and brings him dressed up in a little gown and cassock, and every way dressed in the complete habit of a clergyman.]

Marg. Here, sir, is my little master; I think they do not call him doctor for nothing.

Capt. What does his mother mean by this jest? Does she intend the child for a clergyman?

Cous. I dare say she would as soon breed him up to be a chimney sweeper; she has an aversion to the employ-

Capt. It is a very remarkable thing indeed, Margaret :
Marg. nay I think it is something wonderful.

Cous. Indeed it is : I never heard this before.

Marg. I never mentioned it to any one before, madam,
 for I laid it up in my thoughts as I have done many other
 things.

Cous. It is a wonderful passage indeed.

Marg. Truly, madam, I think every thing this child
 does is wonderful.

Capt. Well Margaret, lay up this in your heart too,
 till you see the event, as I desire you would what I said to
 you before ; and take care to do your part with him till I
 come again.

Cous. She will have every day new things to lay up in
 her heart, as well as these : for the child is every hour say-
 ing something or other extraordinary.

Capt. Well, madam, there is something yet stranger to
 me than all this : and that is, that such passages as these,
 in a child so young, do not work some great alteration in
 the family ; why such a child is enough to make a whole
 house serious, if they were the most profane wretches in
 nature.

Cous. Really, sir, it is so ; but it has a quite contrary
 effect here : the mother of this child is so effectually har-
 dened against all manner of conviction, that nothing affects
 her : and while it is so, how should it touch any of the rest
 of the family ?

Capt. Certainly it will first or last.

Cous. I see no signal of it : she ridicules it all, and they
 by her example : and if at any time some of them are a
 little concerned, it wears off again, as I told you of one of
 the sisters : and the mother laughs them out of every thing
 that is serious.

Capt. It is a sad thing : but I cannot but think it will
 be otherwise at last : if this boy proves such a preacher of
 righteousness to them, as he seems to be, it will certainly
 have some effect upon some of them, one time or other.



repent, and weep, and beg God to forgive him; it is hardly to be described.

Capt. And makes a thousand promises, I suppose, that he will never be drunk again?

Cous. Aye, and solemn vows and resolutions; and I dare say intends to keep them too.

Capt. But does not keep them it may be above two or three days?

Cous. Two or three days! alas, not through the same day they were made in, oftentimes: if that wretched company comes to him, or sends for him, he will be as bad the same night.

Capt. Why does he not avoid them?

Cous. He often says he will, but he has no power to refrain.

Capt. And he is loath to disoblige them; for they are people he gets well by, another way.

Cous. Aye, that is the snare; but there is a secret strong inclination within too, which bids him go, and not only so, but bids him drink when he is there; and this I look upon to be the worst part of the temptation, and the hardest for him ever to get over.

Capt. Well, but you say he does not do as his wife does, at worst; he does not contemn God or religion, as she does?

Cous. No, no, drunk or sober he abhors that, and cannot abide to hear her talk as she does.

Capt. And how does he carry it to this child?

Cous. He loves it most passionately, and loves it too for these very things we are talking of; and often tells the mother, God has taken that child out of her hands: that she is left to breed up all the rest for the devil, but that this child will live to reprove her, and teach them all; and it is he keeps that honest maid Margaret in the house; the mother would have turned her away else long ago; she hates the maid because she teaches the child good things.



years,—besides, she observed, and it was an encouragement to her, that the child was so exceedingly pleased, and eager for her little discourses and instructions, that it would leave its play at any time to go up stairs with Margy, and oftentimes would haul and pull her from his mother, or any body else, crying Margy, Margy, up stairs, up stairs: so that Margaret never wanted opportunity, and yet nobody in the house perceived it,—for whenever the child called Margy to go up stairs, nobody would hinder her, supposing he wanted her on other occasions.

While she was thus talking to him one day, of the wicked children using bad words, and taking God's name in vain at their play, the child stopped her; but Margy, says he, is it a wicked thing to call for O God, when one is not well, or any thing hurts? is that naughty too, Margy? Yes, my dear, says Margaret, we must never call upon God but seriously to help, and bless us, as you do in your prayers, my dear. Why, Margy, says the child, will not O God come and help them when they cry out so; and they are not well? No, my dear, says she, if he should, it would fright them dreadfully; and so she went on to explain to him, as well as she could get him to understand it, the wickedness of that unhappy custom, which many people have of crying out O God! in their pain, or upon any surprise; and the difference between that way of using the name of God, and an awful solemn using it in his prayers; but she could not make the child a great while leave off joining the word God with the letter O, as one word, and as a substantive: so she let that alone, as a thing of no consequence.

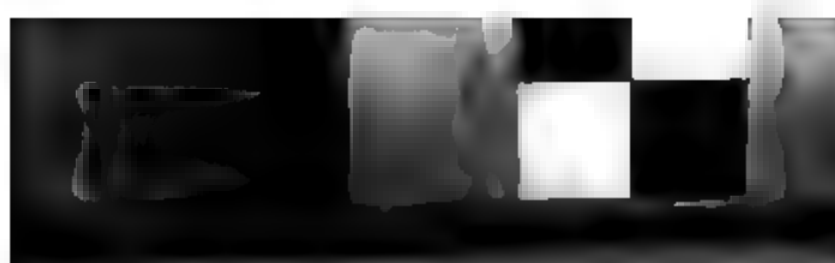
But one day, as he was listening very attentively to her and she talking of its being a wicked thing for people to cry out O God! when they were in pain, except it was in a solemn way: he says to her, but Margy, was it a wicked thing when my mamma called for O God? the maid was at a little surprise, for she was loath to give the child an idea of his parents doing wicked things; so at first she said



child, to be rid of him : however, he was not to be put off, neither with good words or bad ; but after a little stop, he falls to it again. Mamma, says he, do not call, O God, no more, mamma. Well, well, says his mother, be quiet. Will not you then, mamma, says the boy ? She would not promise a great while ; but the boy pulled her, and teased her with, Will not you, mamma ? will not you, mamma ? At last, to be rid of him, she said, Well, I will not then. No more, mamma ? says the boy. Well, no more, then, says his mother. Never no more, mamma ? says the boy. The boy is mad, I think, says his mother ; take him away a little, somebody,---where is his maid ? Well, the boy would not be taken away till she had said, never no more ; and then he went away quietly.

As soon as the boy was gone, the good gentlewoman, who was by, burst out into tears, she could hold no longer. Cousin, says she, are you not at all concerned at what this little creature has said to you ? No not I, says she, what should I be concerned at it for ? I do not mind such prattle ; what signifies what children say at three or four years old ? Why cousin, says she, do you think this child could say all this to you of mere prattle, and from mere nature ? Do you think there is nothing else in it ? What else can there be in it, says the mother ? What strange thing would you make of it ? Indeed cousin, says she, I should think it was a reproof sent from heaven to me and certainly this little creature could not say all this of itself : says the mother, I know Margy is always talking her little idle stories to the child ; but if I thought she had the impudence to teach him to talk thus to me, I would take care to rid the house of her. You mistake me quite, replies her cousin, I do not think it is from Margy, but from him that made Margy. And I will tell you, cousin, if you do not look upon it to be so too, I think you will be much in the wrong. I do not trouble my head about it, not I, says the mother.

While they were talking of this, in comes the child's fa



Moth. Well, well, come, do not preach ; one parson in a house is enough of all conscience.

Fath. Well, go on with your story, cousin.

Cous. Upon this occasion the boy, who was standing at my knee.——

[Here she tells him how the child ran to his mother, and asked, who is O God, mamma ? and all the particulars, as before.

Fath. And was it not surprising, cousin ?

Cous. To me it was, I confess.

Fath. Nay, I do not ask if it was so to my wife, nothing of that nature can reach her ; if she has any conscience, it is locked up in a prison, with seven bolts of brass upon it, that it can neither hear, feel, nor speak, and I am afraid never will till the last minute or two.

Moth. And what are you the better for all your qualms of conscience ? You are always as bad again, or worse the next day : here he will come cousin, and sit down and ring his hands, and cry out, what a wretch he is, and the Lord have mercy upon him, he shall go to hell ; and then he will say his prayers like any sea captain upon a lee shore ; and the next day one bottle drowns all his repentance, he gets drunk again with Admiral —— or Captain —— his old companions, and then the devil is sure of him for a week or fortnight at least ; when that hurry is over, he repents again, as the fit takes him, and he will be as religious for two or three days as can be, and this is his course of life as constantly as the tide ebbs and flows.

Fath. Well, well, cousin, there is too much truth in it, God forgive me, I do not justify myself.

Moth. Dear cousin, talk no more of these things, for it will certainly put him into one of his penitential fits again.

Cous. Why, if it should, I hope it will be no harm, perhaps one time or other he may repent for good and all ; it is never too late.

Moth. Well, then let us stay till it comes, that we may have but one trouble of it all together,



Moth. Well, if ever I do learn, it shall not be at second hand, from my maids, nor my children.

Fath. I think you are very angry without any cause: pr'ythee call the maid down.

Cous. I'll call her.

[Margaret was called, and came down presently.]

Fath. Margy, what is this you have been doing to this boy?

Marg. Doing to him? Nothing, sir, but taking all the care I can of him, as my business is to do? I hope nothing is amiss with the child, sir?

Fath. No, not amiss, Margy, that is not the case,—but have you dictated nothing to him, that he should come and say to his mother here?

Marg. No, never in my life.

Fath. Have you taught nothing to say by rote, and bid him say it to his mother?

Marg. I hope I have more manners, sir,—if you please to let me know what it is, I will give a particular answer to it if I can.

Fath. Pr'ythee Margy, tell me faithfully; have you taught him any thing at all?

Marg. I know, sir, it is common for nursery maids to teach children songs and little simple sayings; but I thought it was as well to teach him something that was good, and so I taught him, sir, to say the Lord's prayer, and two prayers out of a good book which I have above, I will fetch it if you please,—and the ten commandments, and the Apostle's creed; and this is all I have taught him; I hope sir, you will not be angry for that?

Fath. No indeed, Margy, they ought not to have the name of fathers or mothers that are angry with you for that, if you taught him nothing else.

Marg. Indeed, sir, I have taught him nothing else, but that and such as that is. And besides, he is such a child as I never met with. If I would have taught him foolish things, as children are generally taught, he would have spit at me, and would not have learned them.



[Margy goes up stairs again.]

Moth. I told you, cousin, how long his fit of repentance would last ; you see he swears again already.

Fath. Why you put me in a passion, to see you fall upon a poor girl that has done more than her duty for the child, and has only made up the want of what his father and mother ought to have done.

Cous. Do not swear again, cousin, if you do, Jack will reprove you.

Fath. God forgive me ! I do not desire to swear, I know I ought not ; but it is so natural to me by custom, that I scarce know when I do it ; and when not ; especially if I am moved with any thing ; and what can be more provoking than this ?

Cous. Jack is a little out of humour already I see ; he begins to look grave at his father.

Moth. Aye, aye, he will have it by and by, as well as I.

Fath. Well, if I have, I deserve it.

Moth. Aye, you are one of those penitents that confess every thing and reform nothing.

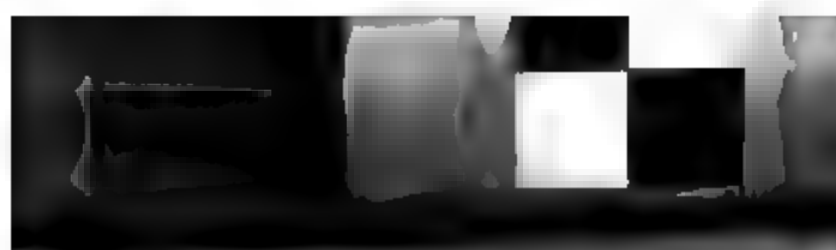
Fath. But you neither confess or reform.

Moth. And which is the best of the two, cousin ?

Cous. Truly both are bad enough.—I scarce know what to say to either of you ; only this, you had much better both mend, than find fault with one another.

Moth. I believe we shall both mend together.

All this while, though the father of the child seemed a little affected just at that time, while any thing was fresh upon his mind, yet the mother said true enough in that,—he was one that confessed all, and reformed none. He was a ways crying out upon himself, what a wicked wretch he was, how wicked a family he had : how all his children were bred up for the devil ; and every now and then he would cry, the Lord have mercy upon him, and God forgive him. But still he continued a poor drunken, swearing creature, that was never the better for all his repentance — and the family went on just as they were before.



the boy would not answer ; they pressed him earnestly, but he would not speak : after long persuading, he told them, he was afraid to say the words ; nor could they make him repeat them ; for he told them, he must never speak those words, but when he said his prayers.

Abundance of such instances he gave of his early sense of religion, while he stayed at this place ; insomuch, that he reformed two girls in the family where he was, and their example reformed their mother : but their stories are too long, for this work : even the little boys that played with him, were the better for him ; and the children would go home and tell their parents what a sober boy they played with,—that if any boy used wicked words, said O Lord, or O God, or any naughty word, he would beat them, and put them out of his company. This brought the children's mothers from all parts of the town to see this wonderful child, and he became so well known round the country, that many came from other towns to see and talk with him, to satisfy their curiosity,—All this while the maid continued to take a great deal of care of him,—she taught him his catechism diligently, and the first principles of religion,—and the minister took a great deal of pleasure in talking with him, and instructing him,—in short, he was so inquisitive in religious matters, so serious and so agreeably improving, that any one that had a sense of religion must needs be delighted with him : he began now to be a great boy, and it was time for him to go to school,—so, after about three years tending him, honest Margy was dismissed, and the boy was taken home to his father and mother again.

By what has been said, notice may be taken how signally the providence of God provided instruction, an opportunity for religious knowledge in the infancy of this child ; so that though it was brought-forth in a family where there was no advantages of education to be had, yet the child gained a stock of knowledge above his years, which, added to his original inclination, made him an extraordinary child every

to hear it ; I warrant you, says his father, this young black rogue has used some ugly words, either he has sworn, or taken God's name in vain, or some such thing, and if he has, Jack will never endure him again ; so Jack was examined, and he told his father the black boy had said such dreadful words, as he never heard in his life,—it seems he had used some of the common Barbadoes words, damn him, or such like : upon this, the father told his little son, how the case was ; that Toby, (so the negro was called) was not a Christian, and did not know God, and therefore did not know it was a sin,—but that he should be soundly whipped for it, and then he would do it no more.

His son seemed very well satisfied with that account,—but said no, if he did not know it was a sin, he should not be whipped for it the first time,—but that he should be told then what God was, and that it was a sin to use such words, and then if he did it again, he made his father promise that he would have him whipped soundly : upon this, and his father promising, he took the negro to him again.

But to see how he used this boy ! how he examined him ! instructed him ! talked to him ! could it be all set down, it would be very moving,—but is impossible : however, one of their discourses being something public, may be useful for its particular variety.

Toby, says the boy to him, you say you no know God,—where were you born.

Toby. Me be born at Barbadoes.

Boy. Who lives there, Toby ?

Toby. There lives white mans, white womans, negree mans, negree womans, just so as live here.

Boy. What and not know God ?

Toby. Yes, the white mans say God prayers,—no much know God.

Boy. And what do the black mans do ?

Toby. They much, much work,—no say God prayers, not at all.

Toby. Yes indeed.

Boy. So they keep them from knowing God, rather than teach them, for fear of losing their work.

Toby. Yes, indeed.

Here the boy stopped his discourse, and sitting still, the tears ran down his face, and he wept a good while,—nobody taking notice of it, till the negro boy seeing it, but not understanding the meaning of it, runs into another room, and tells some of the house, his little master was sick: it happened that the gentlewoman, formerly mentioned, their cousin, was in the house, and she ran in to see what ailed him; she found him crying vehemently, but not sick; she urged him to tell her what ailed him, but she could not prevail. After some time his father came in, and he pressed him, but to no purpose; but both saw the child was in great agony,—says the gentlewoman, I will engage this disorder is upon some discourse between him and Toby, let the boy be examined,—so the father called in Toby.

Fath. Toby, what have you done to your little governor here? What have you done to my son?

Toby. I do noting, I say noting.

Fath. What did he say to you then?

Toby. He make question to me; ask me much things.

Fath. What questions? What did he ask you?

Toby. He ask me where I am born, what I do, where I know God?

Cous. I told you it was something of that kind.

Fath. Well, and what said you to him?

Toby. Me tell him where I am born, at Barbadoes, what work negree mans do.

Fath. Well, and what said you about knowing God? poor Toby, thou knowest little of that, I suppose?

Toby. No, me say me no know God.

Fath. Well, go on.

Toby. He ask me why me no know God.

Fath. Well, and what did you say to him then?



Boy. Yes, I do, every day.

Cous. Well, and now you see why you should do so child; for if you had not been taught by that poor maid, you might have been as ignorant as this poor black boy.

Here the child stopt again, the tears running down his cheeks: What is the matter, child, said his cousin, why do you cry again? The child fetches a deep sigh, oh, says he, what if I had been a black boy, then Margy could have taught me nothing?

Cous. Why so, child? Might not Margy have taught you then as well as now?

Boy. No, says he, the negro mans do not know God.

Cous. That is because they are not taught, my dear.

[Here he stopt again a little, and then asks his cousin this question very affectionately and his eyes full of tears.]

Boy. Why, has Toby any soul?

Cous. A soul, child! why do you ask if he has a soul?

Boy. And have the negro mans in Barbadoes any souls?

Cous. Yes, child, certainly; why do you ask such a question?

Boy. Because the white men there will not teach them to know God.

Cous. That is a most abominable thing indeed, child, that is true.

Boy. But shall not Toby learn to know God then?

Cous. Would you have him taught, my dear?

Boy. Yes, Margy shall teach him.

Cous. No, you shall teach him yourself, child.

Boy. I cannot teach him.

Cous. Yes, you can, my dear,—better than any in this house.

[This she says softly to herself, and the child being called away, that discourse ended.]

He was still unanswered in this grand question, whether the black boy should not be taught to know God? Two or three times he spoke of it in the house, but his mother and

serious Christ, was life eternal. I thought you bid her teach me so, mother.

Moth. I bid her, you fool! no, not I, I assure you.

Boy. Did not she do well, mother, to teach me the word of God.

Moth. Yes, yes, mighty well.

[Just at this discourse the father was coming into the room,—but hearing his wife talking with the boy, he stopped a little to hear their discourse; but could bear it no longer, and comes in.]

Fath. Go, Jack, there is Toby wants you, it is time to go to school.

[The boy goes out, and the father goes on with his wife.]

Moth. Why, it is not school-time for the boy; what makes you hurry him to school?

Fath. If it is not his school-time, it is high time to put an end to your discourse with him, and therefore I sent him away? why, you are enough to ruin the child, I never heard any thing like you.

Moth. Why, what is the matter now? What are your fits returned?

Fath. The matter? Why though I am a wicked creature myself, yet sure I would not desire to have my child be like me; did ever any body baulk and brow-beat a poor child so, in his most affectionate concern for the soul of a poor heathen, a savage that knows neither God nor devil?

Moth. Why, he will cant to the boy about religion, and his wild notions, till he get a smattering of things; and then he will run away to the parson and be baptized, and so you lose the boy.

Fath. Well, and can you answer what the child said to you? Must the boy be sent to the devil, for fear of running away? For my part, let him run away when he will, if he can be brought to be a true Christian, I shall be glad to carry him to be baptized myself.

Moth. I tell you, your religious flashes come so by fits, you are enough to give any one a surfeit of them: what

Fath. Well, and so I will, if God please to give me grace to do it,—for sure this is a dreadful life that we live, & such a family was never in the world, I think verily.

Every discourse between these two, ended in such broils as these: he was always left touched with a sense of good things, and conviction of his own wicked life; she always was hard, insolent in her wickedness, and despising good things to such a degree, that, it is said, she hated the poor honest wench mortally, for instructing her child,—and could not endure the child itself, because of the little innocent reproofs he always gave her, and others about her; and now the boy began to grow up, and be able to argue and talk of good things, it set her perfectly raging against him.

However partly by the wonderful effect of God's grace in the child, and partly by the horrid discourse of his wife, the father was brought to a full stop in his bad courses from that day, and first, being under strong convictions, on the looking seriously into himself, he effectually reformed his life, and from a common swearer and drunkard, became a grave, sober, altered man, as to that part I mean; next, he left off his company, he drank neither wine or strong drink, or at least so little, as not to be in danger of intemperance; and as to swearing, his conversation was so serious, that not an ill word was heard to come out of his mouth: on the contrary, he was reserved, serious, retired, and grew a little melancholy,—his wife, after her usual manner, bantered it, and treated him with all possible scorn and contempt, especially at first; she told him it would soon be over with him, and the next time such a captain came it would be all at an end, naming a gentleman who used the house, and who drank hard: however, her husband convinced her that she was in the wrong,—for that gentleman came, and three or four more with him, and all hard drinkers, like himself; and her husband who was obliged to be with them and entertain them, did so,—he gave them what wine they would have, made them a great

Husb. The stronger they are, the more necessity of fortifying them, and getting the absolute mastery over my appetite: I will set an example to those that cry they cannot forbear it; and let all drunkards know by me, that they are sots because they will be so; that it is an easier thing than some imagine to avoid drink, if they please to set heartily about it.

Wife. Well then, for your company; see how you will manage, next time Admiral ——— dines here,—and when the commissioners adjoin hither; I am sure they never were here, but you were carried drunk to bed, as dead as a corpse.

Husb. That is a sad truth; but you shall see I will stand it out against them all.

Wife. Why then you are an undone man, and your family is ruined and undone too,—for you will disoblige them all, and lose your business,—you are going to make a fine piece of work of it, with your reformation are not you?

Husb. If my change were a jest, as you suppose it to be, what you say would be of some moment; but it is no jest: I tell you it must be done, or I am undone,—and if there be no middle in this dreadful choice, whether I must ruin my business, or my soul, I hope I shall know which to chuse.

Wife. Nay, I do not care which you ruin, not I, I shall shift as well as the rest of them; you may even go your own way, and see where it will end.

Husb. I know where it will end, if I do not; and I will trust God with all the rest.

The husband had now brought his reformation to a blessed and comfortable length; and as to the gentlemen, which she told him would be disoblige, they used him very kindly: When they saw he was resolute in it, they left off importuning him to drink; and knowing that he did it on principles of religion and reformation, they respected him the more for it; and rather abated in drinking themselves,



Only death, in the ordinary construction of that word, but eternal death, soul and body,—and he resolved to keep his ground, whatever was the consequence,—and to assist his health, he removed into the country.

He took lodgings in a remote village, out of the way of company, and carried no liquors with him, as he was always used to do,—and as for his society, he took his little son, and the negro boy Toby, with him, and no body else.

Here the little boy was always busy with Toby, talking to him continually upon points of natural religion, telling him he had a soul, that there was a God, heaven, and hell; but could not make the boy receive any notion of these things for his life; so taking his father one morning, when he found him in a good humour to talk, he began with the same question, that he had formerly asked his cousin.

Boy. Dear father, says he, has our Toby a soul?

Fath. Yes child, a soul! what makes thee ask that simple question?

Boy. Why, has all the black folks got souls too?

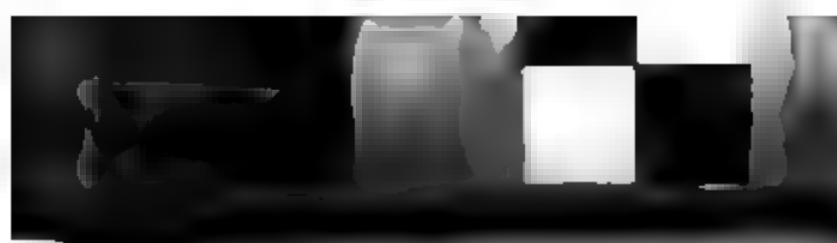
Fath. Yes certainly, they and we came all of one race, old Adam was the common father of all living, and your bible says, when God breathed into him the breath of life, man became a living soul.

Boy. But how came them to be black, father? was Adam a blackamoor.

Fath. Some say it was the effect of the curse upon Cham, the second son of Noah; but we have natural reasons for it, child, such as the violent heat of the climate in Africa, and the length of time the race have dwelt there,—also their way of living, and their diet; so that if a white man and woman was to go thither, and live by themselves, without mingling with the rest of the natives, yet in time their posterity would be as black as the rest.

Boy. And are their souls black too, father?

Fath. Truly, child, their souls are dark, they are dark.



Fath. How did she prove that, child?

Boy. She shewed it me in my bible that Christ came to "give the knowledge of salvation," Luke i. 27. and that in him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

Fath. Well, child,—but that does not prove that he denies the knowledge of himself to any,—and therefore it is our duty to give instruction to every one,—how should you have known God, if Margy had not taught you?

Boy. My mother would have got somebody else to do it, father.

Fath. Well, but Margy or somebody else, child,—if you had not been taught, you had been as ignorant as poor Toby is.

[He was loath to tell the poor child, that neither his father or mother took any care about it: and that neither of them knew or concerned themselves about the knowledge of God, any more than the poor black boy Toby did.

Boy. Would not God have taught me himself, father?

Fath. He always makes use of means, child, and then teaches himself also; and so it must be with this poor boy, when he is taught; if God does not bless instruction to him, it will be all to no purpose.

The boy laid up these things in his heart, and resolved he would talk with Toby again about it,—and while he was studying what to do for the poor black boy, it came into his head, that it may be Toby could not read and he would teach him to read; for then he might read the bible, and that being God's word, God would teach him afterwards himself: while he was thinking of this, Toby comes to him, and tells him he wants to speak to him.

Toby. Me much want speak to you.

Boy. What is the matter, Toby?

Toby. The white mans here, and white womans, and white boys, and white maids, all go to the church yester-

day, no body no bid me go to the church; why so bid a go to the church?

Boy. Why, would you go to church, Toby, if they bid you?

Toby. What they go for to church?

Boy. To serve God, Toby.

Toby. Why, me no serve God too? me go serve God too.

Boy. No body will hinder you Toby, you shall go along with my father,—but you do not know what serving God means,—did not you tell me you cannot know God? How shall you serve God, if you do not know him?

Toby. They say much good thing at the church; that teach me know God.

Boy. No, that will not teach you.

Toby. You teaché me then.

Boy. I am but a little boy, Toby, I cannot teach you.

Toby. Yes, you teaché me well,—God make you teaché me.

Boy. Do you know that God made you, Toby? Did nobody tell you in Barbadoes who made you?

Toby. Yes, God make me,—God make me black boy, God make you white boy,—God make every body, every thing.

Boy. As God has made us, Toby, he can kill us; do you know that too?

Toby. Yes, he can kill us, can kill any thing again

Boy. Then we must not make God angry.

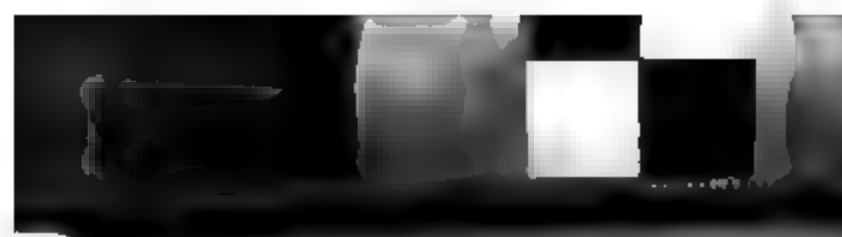
Toby. No, we must do every thing God bids us do; do nothing that God no bid us do.

Boy. We must fear God, and keep his commandments.

Toby. Keep his commandments! what that?

Boy. I will teach you the commandments, Toby? cannot you read?

[He says over the ten commandments to him.]



Toby. No, me no read, me no read, that be sad thing.

[Toby shakes his head; and tears stood in his eyes.]

Boy. Shall I teach you to read, Toby?

Toby. Yes, yes, teache me to read; pray teaché me.

[Now the poor boy cries for joy that he shall read.]

Boy. You must learn to say your prayers too, Toby.

Toby. Prayers! say prayers! how that?

Boy. Pray to God.

Toby. Where is he?

Boy. Up there in heaven.

Toby. How God hear up there? I no speak much loud.

Boy. God is there, and is here, and hears all we say.

Toby. God here! me no see him!

Boy. But he sees us, Toby; and hears all we say, knows all we think, sees all we do,—when we say our prayers, we are sure he hears what we say.

Toby. That very much strange; what God be here? me no see him!

Boy. He is every where.

Toby. Did he make every where, as well as every thing?

Boy. Yes, Toby, he made all things.

Toby. Well then, if he make every where, he see, he hear every where; then he hear me when I speak, what must I say?

Boy. I'll show you, Toby.

[He says over the Lord's prayer to him.]

Toby. Must I say so?

Boy. O yes and you must kneel down.

Toby. Must I say nothing else?

Boy. Yes, you may pray for whatever you want.

Toby. May I say Our Father! make me know God? Me want to much know God.

Boy. Yes, you may, to be sure.

Toby. And me kneel down too?

Boy. Yes.——— 2 T

Matt. xi. 28. "Come all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. We are all bid to come, and you poor black boy, as well as me white boy, all may come,—and we are bid here, **Matt. vi. 5.** "Pray to your Father which is in secret, and thy father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

Toby. All this God say! all say to me! no sure,—no to me black boy!

[The poor boy cries again.]

Boy. Don't cry, Toby.

Toby. Why, no cry; me must cry, God bid me cry,—God hear me, poor black boy! that make me cry much,—why, God hear me? Me very much wicked boy.

[The poor boy is touched with the goodness of God, in hearing him, and bidding him come.]

Boy. You must repent of your wickedness, Toby, and you see God will forgive and forget.

Toby. Repent! what is repent?

Boy. You must be sorry for your wicked doing, and pray to God to forgive you.

Toby. And will God forgive wicked boys?

Boy. Yes, if you are sorry for your wickedness.

Toby. Me very sorry; me never do wicked again, me very sad sorry.

The work of God upon the heart of this poor savage was strong, and its progression wonderful; his repentance appeared to be founded in the sense of God's mercy, the best motive to the best repentance,—and of all that he understood of God's mercy, this affected him most, that he would hear and forgive such a poor black wicked creature, such a despicable, lost wretch as he. This brought tears in his eyes, melted his heart; and though he was as ignorant as mere nature can be supposed to be, yet his conviction led him the right way, to the right end of convictions, (*viz.*) to admiration and astonishment at the goodness of God, and then to contrition and true repentance for his sin.



Boy. Yes, he loves it, but he cannot read ; I am shewing him to read,—he would fain learn

Lady. That is very well indeed, my dear,—that is a good work,—God will bless you for it,—teach him the Bible, it will make you both wise to salvation ; and then turning to the negro boy, well, Toby, says she, (I think they call ye) can you read ?

Toby. He teaché me, he makee me read, and makeé me know.

Lady. That is well,—if he makes you read and know too, he will be a good teacher indeed.

Toby. He very much teaché me ; he very good teach.

Boy. I cannot teach him, I know but little myself.

Lady. My dear, you may know enough to teach him perhaps ; perhaps he never knew any thing of God or religion in his life.

Toby. No, me know noing,—me no know Bible book ; me poor much wicked boy.

Lady. Come hither, my child, tell me what you taught him. Have you told him any thing of God ?

Boy. Yes, madam, as well as I could.

[Here the child tells her how Toby inquired things of him, and that he could not answer him,—that he told him how he must pray, and how he did pray, all as it is set down above.]

Lady. God's blessing be upon thee, my dear, for thy sincere love to this poor creature's soul ; why thou hast acted the parent to him, before thou art able to know what the duty of a parent means.

[She is wonderfully affected with the account the little boy gave her ; and as she is talking, the boy's father comes in, and they begin to talk ; but first, seeing her talking to his little boy, he was glad of it, and offered to retire.]

Fath. I ask your pardon, madam, I will not interrupt you,—I would have my son be always in such company.

Lady. Your son is fit for better company than mine, I assure you.

Fath. Poor child, he wants the help of instruction.

Lady. Don't say so, sir; the pains you have taken his instruction is seen in his improvement; why he is fit to teach others, not wanting to be taught.

Fath. Poor child, he teach others! it may be he may teach Toby there to read, I suppose that is all.

[While the father and the lady are talking thus, the boy goes away.]

Lady. He has taught him more than to read, I assure you.

Fath. Madam, now the boy is gone, I may be free to say to you, what I was not able to mention before: this poor child has had the disaster to be brought forth in a family, where no fear or knowledge of God has been taught, or entertained; he has had a father and mother who have been given up to commit iniquity with greediness,—we have neither known God ourselves, or taught our children to know him; we have been abandoned to all manner of wickedness, and our children too, by our wicked example: in short, madam, the fear of God has not been in our house; our children are ruined by us, who should have been their instructors.

Lady. Sir! what are you saying! is not this your own son then?

Fath. Yes, yes, madam, he is my son, to my shame and reproach I speak it; he never had one word of God or of any thing that is good said to him, by me or his mother in his life, except what I have said to him since he came hither.

Lady. He has been taught by somebody else then, for he is the knowingest little creature that ever I met with.

Fath. He is taught from God, madam,—it is all other means, and other persons, none of it from us, or any of us; for—

[Here he tells her ingenuously the history of his own life, and his family; and also of his little boy and his maid Margy.]

Lady. Why, sir, by what I see, if this sad story be the true account of your family, this child has been your instructor, rather than you his.

Fath. Indeed, that is very true.

Lady. Well, you have the more reason to think it is the work of God for your good,—for sure he is a wonderful child.

Fath. I have not told you, madam, a hundredth part of what has been observed in this child, even when he was very little: however, if it be agreeable to you, madam, I will tell you some passages which I have seen, or heard about him, in the family.

Lady. With all my heart,—I love to observe the early touches of God's grace in the hearts of children; but pray, before you begin, what is become of that honest maid, that Margy, as you call her?

Fath. Indeed, I do not well know where she lives; but she is married to a captain of a ship, who loved her for her usage of this child, and she lives very handsomely.

[*Note.* At about four years end, the captain mentioned before, returned from a long trading voyage in the East-Indies, and very rich; and the first thing he did, he inquired out Margy and examined her and the gentlewoman, the cousin (spoken of above) about what she had done with the child, and how she had discharged herself of the work he hired her for: and having a faithful account of her extraordinary conduct, and how she had brought the child up, he married her, as he said, that she might bring up his own as well; for he had four small children, his wife dying while he was abroad,—and Margy made as religious a wife as she had done a servant, and lived like a lady, as we shall hear by and by.]

Lady. I am glad to hear it, she deserved it very well, and I should not wonder that a blessing from God attended such a servant; for godliness has the promise of this life, and of that which is to come.

Fath. I owe her many a good wish now,—but I was little sensible of my obligation to her then.

Lady. It seems you were more sensible than the rest of your family, because you would not suffer that faithful servant to be removed from him.

Fath. Why, that is true; but that amounted to no more than this, that I was willing the boy should have a little common teaching, such as to read, to say his prayers, and answer questions,—but I saw nothing of the work of God in the heart of the child; how should I, madam?

Lady. Nay, sir, how should you not? Was it possible those things could be from any original, but the power of invisible grace?

Fath. And how should I see any thing of that, who entertained no notions of such things,—but was given up to all manner of wickedness, I and all my family?

Lady. You are answered by yourself; you found the light of God's grace shone so bright in the child, that it reached into your very soul at last, in spite of all your obstinacy and ignorance.

Fath. It did so,—I saw it at last clearly.

Lady. And it will ever do so; it is a light from heaven which cannot be withstood, and this made me say, how should you not see it?

Fath. Madam, we withstood all manner of light,—and though I have by the singular goodness of God been convinced, and have, I hope, felt the impression, yet all my family are lost and gone; nothing can reach them, at least nothing does; my wife, and all my grown up children are past all recovery, and this wounds my very soul,—for I have led them by the hand into it all, I have given them a most horrible example of all irreligion, drunkenness, and profaneness, and what is all my repentance now to them?

Lady. It is at least a good example.

Fath. Alas, madam! it is too late now; they learnt to

sin by my example,—but they will not learn to repent by my example, that must come another way.

Lady. It is true; it is a sad thing for parents to lead their children into wickedness, at the very time when they should lay foundations of piety and virtue in their minds; but though this is one of the great things no doubt you now repent of, yet you may have the comfort still, to see the grace of God recover them, and it is not too late for you to use some means for their reformation.

Fath. Alas, madam, I can do nothing now but pray for them, and mourn; and, as I may say, break my heart for them, and that I do, I am sure.

Lady. Yes, you may take occasion to let them see the mistakes you have committed; the affliction it is now to you,—and exhort them to amendment, and to a change of life.

Fath. O! it is too late now, madam! they will but make a mock of it, and of me too.

Lady. But you must then use your authority for the reformation of your family, it is what you ought to do, and what they must submit to.

Fath. Madam, I know this is my duty,—but I am circumstanced something like Job, a preacher of righteousness in the midst of Sodom: my family are out of the reach of instruction, and past the awe of government,—in particular their mother is a dreadful example of one given over to a reprobate mind; none was ever treated with so much contempt as I have been, on account of the little reformation I have begun to myself.

[Here he relates to her the story of the child and his mother, as related before.]

Lady. That is their sin, sir,—but you are not thereby discharged from your duty.

Fath. It is true, I am not,—but when I speak to them, as the blessed Apostle did to Felix the governor, of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come; they are so far from trembling, as that more religious heathen did, that

they look on me as the disciples did on Mary Magdalen, when she told them the story of her vision at the sepulchre, they think me distracted, and my words seem to them idle tales. I have told you a little of them, madam, you may judge of the rest.

Lady. It is a sad case indeed,—but you must not give over to persuade your wife, and pray for her, and your children too, as much as you can.

Fath. You see, madam, how low I am reduced by my own illness, and the affliction of the sad circumstances of my family,—all together has brought me so low, that I do not expect to recover it; and now it grieves me again to think what condition I shall leave this poor child in, to be brought up among such a crew: indeed I came hither chiefly to bring him out from them, though I made the recovery of my health pass for the reason of it.

Lady. I hope you may recover, sir, yet,—but if you should not, sure you would take some concern upon you for your younger children at least.

Fath. I resolved, if God spare my life, to make a new family of them,—but I foresee the sad consequences from it.

Lady. What consequences? What can you foresee? What can be worse than neglecting it?

Fath. Why, I foresee my wife will break up the whole house,—my son will insult me, and my eldest daughters will side entirely with their mother.

Lady. But nothing can excuse your not doing what you know is your duty,—besides, God may touch their hearts, at least leave it all to him.

Fath. I resolve indeed to do so, if I live,—but I see no rational prospect of it, and therefore my care is for this poor child.

Lady. What are you afraid of about him?

Fath. Lest he should be ruined by ill example, and want of instruction.

Lady. I am persuaded you need not to be afraid for

him,--God, that singled him out in such a family, from his infancy and that gave him a spirit and courage to withstand, and reprove the profaneness even of his own mother, will secure him from any temptation ; he will be rather a means to do good to them, than let them hurt him.

Fath. I know God can protect him,--but can it be my duty to leave him under the government of those who have no government of themselves ?

Lady. Sir, be pleased to make such provision for him, that they may not wrong him of what you leave for his subsistence ; and for the rest, I do not see how you can reasonably take him out of the hands of his mother.

Fath. Alas ! his mother ! she is the worst enemy the child can have,--she hates him already for those little turns and reproofs he has given her, which I told you of,--and in short, because he will not be as wicked as the rest of them.

Lady. But God may turn her heart ; and then she will hate herself and love the child ; and still she is his mother ; I would leave him to her, and trust his soul in the hands of God.

Fath. I shall have no peace in leaving him to her,--there is a tenderness in the child's temper, and they, like the men of Sodom to Lot, will vex his righteous soul from day to day ; they will be an early affliction, if not a temptation to him.

Lady. Well, sir, there is a middle way still,--leave, as I said, what you will give him, out of their reach, that they may not wrong him,--and empower some particular friends to take care of him so far, that if the child is ill used and desires to be removed, it may be done ; but let it be a religious conscientious person, or none at all.

Fath. But where is there such a friend to be found ?

Lady. Who can be fitter than his maid Margy, seeing she lives so well, and is married to one who you say is so honest and religious a man.

Fath. That very proposal revives my heart,--and I thank

God that put it into your thoughts to move it to me; let certainly do so.

The father lived not above half a year after this,—and made a very Christian and religious end; being a most sincerely humbled penitent for his past life,—frequently blessing God for the first alarms he received in his wicked courses, by the reproof of that little child. But neither his reformed life, or his religious death, had any immediate influence upon his wife,—nay, when his will was opened and read, she was rather enraged than affected with a sense in it, which took the disposal of his youngest son John out of her hands, and left him to be disposed of by Mary,—that was the Captain's wife, formerly the child's maid, and by the Lady Barbara——, that was the lodger, with whom he had the discourse above, about the disposing of the child: and it was thus expressed in his will, I do hereby empower them to inquire into the treatment my said child meets with under his own relations, and to remove him if he is willing to be removed, and that they see cause, according to a written paper of directions, signed and sealed by my own hand and seal, declaring what shall be esteemed a sufficient cause for removing my child; which paper I have left in the hands of the said Mrs. Margaret——, and the Lady Barbara——. The mother was exceedingly uneasy at this clause about the child,—and it rather increased than abated her aversion to him: and this made her the willing to leave him in the country, where it seems his father had got a school for him and the black boy, a little before he died, recommending him earnestly to the pious Lady in the house, and who promised to take care of him as if he was her own.

And indeed there was no need to recommend him to her; for the child recommended himself to her, by the sweetness of his disposition, the sobriety of his carriage, and his continual hanging about her to ask religious questions, and talk of serious things with her,—which as it was exceeding delightful to her, so it was all his diversion,—for

When other boys were at play, this was his recreation, and he drunk in knowledge like water, and no instruction was almost upon him.

It pleased God so to order things for the early furnishing instruction to this child, that 1. This lady who was a person of very good quality, was without any family but two servants, and so was perfectly at leisure to give, as it were, her whole time to the advantage of his education. 2. That she was a lady of vast knowledge and capacity, joined with admirable experience, and a most excellent Christian. And 3. That she took so much delight in the child, that it was an unspeakable affliction to her, when he was taken away from the school by his mother,—which was not however, till somewhat more than two years.

In this time he had acquired a knowledge, and experience in religious matters above his years; and as he received instruction himself from this pious lady, so he brought up under him his negro boy, in the knowledge of religion, and the practise of it too. Nor did the good lady spare any pains, or think it below her to instruct the poor negro,—and her favourite boy would often desire her to do it, when any thing the negro asked was too hard for him; by which she was a means at least, to make the poor savage creature an example of God's wonderful grace, in bringing him from darkness to light. Among the many discourses which happened between her and the child, I think one more than ordinarily worth recording, which happened soon after the child was come back from the burial of his father.

She had been up in her chamber, something longer than her usual time,—and as she came down stairs, she saw her little scholar sitting alone in one of the parlours, looking very melancholy; and as she thought, he either was, or had been crying,—she presently imagined, as was most natural to his case, that the child was thinking of his father, and perhaps cast down to be left alone among strangers, and no father to have recourse to as usual,—so she thought



Boy. What, my dear mother?

Lady. It may be she was in a passion, when she did so; folks say words sometimes when they are angry, which they would not say at another time.

Boy. O then, it is not a wicked thing to say bad words, if they are in a passion, is it?

[The boy looked a little cheerful at that, as if he had gotten an excuse for his mother.]

Lady. Nay, child, do not mistake me, I do not say so, neither,—passion may be a cause, but it is far from being an excuse; it is rather making two sins of one.

Boy. You said she might be in a passion.

Lady. I said so, child, because many people in a passion, or when they are provoked, will say words, and do things, which they are sorry for after.

Boy. But why do they do so, if it be not that it be less a sin then, than at another time?

Lady. Child, they do it, because passion transports them to do they know not what.

Boy. Why then the passion makes it a greater sin, not a less, do not it?

Lady. Yes it does so: but what do you cry for again, was thy mother in a passion?

[The boy cries again.]

Boy. My mother is always in a passion then, for she always uses these sad words.

Lady. Well, but may be she is sorry for it afterwards, my dear, and repents.

Boy. No, no, my mother does not repent.

Lady. How do you know, that, child?

Boy. Because she does it again every day; and I remember Margy told me a great while ago, that to repent of my sins, was to be sorry for them, and forsake them,—and that if I did not forsake them, I might be sure I had not repented.

Lady. And do you remember that so long ago?

Boy. Yes, and I shall never forget it as long as I live;

THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR. [Part I.]

have always sins to repent of,—and they always
—in mind of poor Margy.

Lady. Poor Margy was a good maid, she waits
ter to thee than ten mothers; do not you love her
for it?

Boy. Yes, dearly. But I love my mother too. I
wish——

Lady. What do you wish, child?

Boy. I wish my mother would not say them sad words.

Lady. You must pray for your mother my dear, that
God would touch her heart.

Boy. So I do every day, but I did more than that.

Lady. What could you do more, child?

Boy. I told my mother that it was not good to use such
words, and that I was afraid God would be angry with her
for it.

Lady. And what did she say to thee?

Boy. She laughed at me, as she used to do, and told me,
I had not left off preaching yet, and that she would make
me another gown and casseock.

Lady. And what said you, my dear?

Boy. I cried,—and said what I should not have said,
because she was my mother, for I know I should honour
my mother,—I told her, I had heard my father say, that
she would make God angry with her, and all of us for her
sake; for she broke God's commands herself, and taught
us all to do so too.

Lady. And what said she to that?

Boy. She flew in a passion at my father, though he is
dead, and she beat me too.

Lady. Poor child! did she beat thee too? that was very
hard.

Boy. I had not cared for that so much, if she had not
said the same dreadful words over again all the while she
was beating me.

Lady. But why do these things trouble thee, child? Thy
mother hast most reason to be troubled for them.



Boy. But may not I be troubled, to think that my dear mother will not go to heaven?

Lady. But child, you do not know but your mother may live to repent? you must pray to God to give your mother repentance.

Boy. I told my mother, I would, and I do so.

Lady. Did you tell your mother so when she was beating you?

Boy. No, it was another time,—but I think I did what I should not do too, for I made my mother cry.

Lady. It may be, my dear, you said something that touched her; how do you know, but you may be made an instrument in God's hand, to do good to your mother: but pray, what did you say?

Boy. Why, my mother was in a good humour, and talking pretty cheerfully with me, and my two sisters, and on a sudden she fell a taking God's name in her mouth at a sad rate; at which I cried.

Lady. Why did you cry, child?

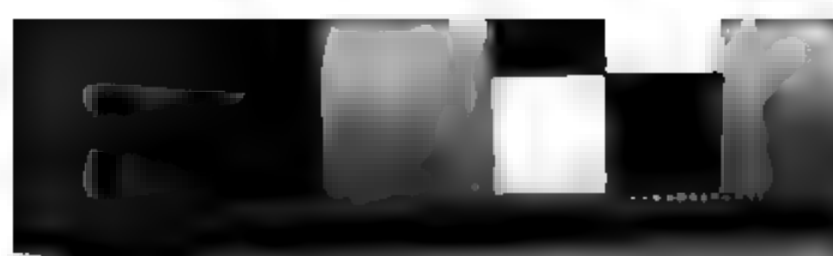
Boy. I remembered that scripture, which made my father cry many times, on account of my brothers, Psal. cxix. 136. "Rivers of tears run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law." And my father told me, we should mourn for the sins of others, because of God's being dishonoured by them; but I cried, because it was my dear mother that dishonoured God, and broke his law.

Lady. And what did your mother say to you; was she angry again?

Boy. No, not at first; she asked me what I cried for? but I would not tell her,—at last she began to be angry that I would not speak; I told her, she was angry because I would not tell her, and she would be angry if I did; so she promised she would not be angry if I would tell her, let it be what it would.

Lady. Well, and what did you say then?

Boy. I took my Bible out of my pocket, and read the second commandment to her, and said to her, dear mother



Lady. Why so?

Boy. O! it is the dreadfulest thing to me to hear such words, such oaths, such horrible cursing and swearing as there is among them, I am not able to bear it; if I were a man I would not bear it.

Lady. Why, you little creature, what would you do?

Boy. Why, I would make my brothers leave it off, or I would beat them.

Lady. No, you must not beat your brothers.

Boy. Why, my eldest brother beat my next brother once for saying something against his father, and every body said he did very well; now is not God my heavenly Father, shall I suffer them to affront and abuse him, and take no notice of it? I am sure I should beat them if I could.

Lady. Why, by the same rule it seems you must beat your sisters, and beat your mother too.

Boy. No, I may not do that, I am commanded to honour my mother: as for my sisters, I would weary them out of it, but I must not beat them because they are girls; but I might beat the boys sure.

Lady. Well, but my child, praying for them is much better; you are not called to fight with every body that profanes the name of God; he will take his own time to vindicate the honour of his name and avenge the breach of his laws; God has said, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay."

Boy. Then I will not say so no more; but it is a sad thing to hear such words continually, and not be able to help it.

Lady. Well, child, you are out of it now, do not be concerned about that.

Boy. Oh, but should I have said to my mother, that nobody goes to heaven that did so?

Lady. I see no harm in it, child, so as you did not speak in an undutiful manner to your mother: you say you spoke it with tears, and would have kissed her, but she put you away; I should have thought she should rather have look

THE FAMILY INSTRUCTOR. [Part I

n her arms, and have kissed you a hundred times for sure I should.

she said softly to herself.]

Boy. Yes, I did indeed ; but pray do folks go to heaven, madam, that say such wicked words ?

Lady. No indeed child, unless they repent ; but I hope your mother will repent of it : it is no bad sign, seeing she was so concerned at what you said.

Boy. I am afraid she will not repent : my father and I never repent till she came to die : and what if she die before she repent, she will not go to heaven

my shews still a great concern for his mother, and ready to cry again.]

Lady. Child, you have no remedy but to pray for your mother, that God would be pleased to give her repentance before it be too late.

Boy. I do : but I can never pray for her but my heart trembles, for fear God will not hear me.

Lady. Why so, child ?

Boy. Because, I believe, my mother never prays to God for herself : and will God hear me for her, in that which she does not desire herself ?

Lady. God may touch her heart with a sense of her sin and if once he does that, she will soon pray for herself. but the sovereign grace of God often moves the heart before it looks up : " he is found of them that seek him not."

Boy. I had a sad dream about my dear mother last night.

Lady. What didst thou dream of her, child ? Do not terrify thyself with such things.

Boy. I dreamt my mother was very sick, and sent a coach for me hither, to come and see her before she died then I thought I was carried up in a coach, and when I came home, my mother was so bad that she could not speak : but a little after I was in the room, she took me by

the hand and kissed me, and said, O child ! I would repent now, but it is too late, and then she died.

Lady. And this you had been crying about, had you ?

Boy. Yes, I had been crying about her, but not for the dream, for I saw it was but a dream : but the thoughts that my dear mother should not go to heaven, had almost broke my heart before that dream : my heart trembles at it still every time I think of it.

While the child was saying this, just as he had dreamed, came a maid in a coach to fetch him to town, for that his mother was very sick, and at the point of death, and he must go to London, that she might see him before she died : the lady saw the child was surprised, and much the more because of his dream ; and so indeed she was herself a little, to see things concur so exactly one with another : however she concealed it from him, and did what she could to encourage him : so she said, Come, child, do not be surprised, though this part of your dream may be true, I hope the other will not : he said nothing, but as soon as he was dressed, went away with the messenger.

When he came to London, he found his mother on her death-bed indeed, but such a penitent, as the like had very rarely been known ; and upon inquiry, it appeared that she had been struck with a sense of her condition, immediately upon that affectionate discourse the child had had with her, and which is mentioned before,—when he went to kiss her, and said, dear mother, do not break God's commands ; and told her, that he was sure nobody could go to heaven that did so.

She had lain some time under the horror of her first convictions, in a sad despairing condition, which began the same evening the boy had spoken to her ; and this it seems was the reason of the boy's being sent away, which was not done by his mother's order, but by his eldest sister, who was not at all sensible of the nature of the thing, but hated the child for having grieved and vexed his mother with

his impertinent and saucy discourse, as she called it, and therefore took upon her to send the child away, which her mother was very much displeased at when she knew it.

As soon as the child came back, and was carried up into his mother's chamber, she revived a little at the sight of him,—Come hither, thou blessed messenger of God, says she; and taking him in her arms, she kissed him, but could not speak for a great while, her heart was so full—after some time, holding the child fast in her arms, Thou wert the first, my dear, said she, that ever gave me a reasonable admonition of my detestable ways, now I call to mind all the little reproofs I had from thee in thy infancy, when thou could not hardly speak plain.

The child could say nothing in answer to his mother, but hang about her, and cry over her; she went on to repeat to him all the little sayings that he had used in reproving her, for taking God's name in vain, and how affectionately he had said to her, that his heart was almost broke for her; and, my dear, says she, I have had many nights and days of sorrow since that, for those sins for which you were made my seasonable reprove; but God has turned my sorrow into comfort, and I have hope that my repentance has been sincere, and is accepted.

The child was so full of the affliction of seeing his mother so ill, that he could scarce speak,—but when he heard her speak of repentance, he pulled out his little Bible,—Come, my dear, says his mother, what has God directed thee to look for there, I shall take every thing that comes from thee to be a voice from heaven. The child said nothing still, but looked out Prov. xxviii. 13. "Whoso confess shall find mercy;" and Psal. cxxx. 4. "With thee there is forgiveness." As soon as his mother heard the verses, especially the last, she lifted up her hands and eyes, and gave public thanks for the wonderful circumstance that attended the child's looking out that particular text; 'Blessed be God,' said she, 'that has guided thy hand to that scripture,—now

I am satisfied it was of God, that this scripture was cast in upon my thoughts, when my soul was overwhelmed with the terrible view of my past life, and the greatness of my sins ; I knew not where to find it, for I was perfectly unacquainted with the scripture, otherwise than as every body has one time or other heard it read ; but when the dreadful appearance of my horrid life stood like a black cloud before my eyes, this word was darted into my soul, as if it had been spoken with a voice, there is forgiveness with him, and it brought with it an unaccountable and irresistible comfort ; for from that time to this very moment, whenever my thoughts suggested terror to me, and things appeared black and horrible to my soul, whenever death and launching into an eternal state shewed itself before me, this sounded in my ears so loud, that nothing could silence it, there is forgiveness with him ! Then my soul melted into tears, tears of repenting shame for the vileness of my life, and my abominable crimes against a God, whose nature and property is ever to have mercy and to forgive : tears of sorrow and regret, for having, in so horrid a manner, offended the Father of Mercy ; and tears of affection, and flaming love, drawn from the surprising thought, that God should have still forgiveness with him, for one that had so long stood out against his patience and forbearing goodness,—that it should be possible, that God had not yet been provoked by such a sinner as I had been, to reject me for ever ; but that there should yet be forgiveness with him, even for me ! And now I am more and more comforted by it, the application of that scripture to my thoughts, being from the Spirit of God, who is the comforter of distress souls, the applier of his word, and the guide of our thoughts ; since this dear little minister of God, for such he is to me, has been guided to read to me the same comfortable words.

She went on to say a great many more most affectionate tender things, which moved all that were in the room, in a manner scarce possible to be expressed,—still bles-

sing God for this child, and for the particular providence of God in singling him out so, among such a vile crew, as she called them, as her family was,—one day in particular when a neighbouring minister, who frequently visited, prayed with, and comforted her, was discoursing with her, she gave a vent to her thought on that subject.

What a wonderful thing, said she, was it that God should single out a little infant, even before it could speak plain, and, to be sure, long before it could have any knowledge what it said, to speak such things as, in spite of the most obstinate wickedness, should touch the soul of every one that heard him.

[Here she gives the minister an account of most of the passages, which have been mentioned before of the child, especially relating to his reproving herself for ill words, and of the influence it had on his father.]

Min. The end and design of God's goodness is visible in this child,—he has been appointed to be a minister of God indeed, as you call him, to the family, a preacher of righteousness, and as God has given him a visible mission to you, so he has sealed his ministry with success.

Moth. I hope so.

Min. He has been a visible instrument in the conversion both of his father and mother, and I hope he will be so of the whole family.

Moth. I pray God he may, for they are a sad wretched family yet,—and considering what their father and mother have been, it is no wonder; for we have been the ruin of them all.

[Here she burst out in a terrible passion, exclaiming on the dreadful example she had been to her children, and how they had reason to reproach her to their last hour.]

Min. Do not afflict yourself with that more than in general, as among the rest of those sins, which, blessed be God you have the comfortable hope of being forgiven.

Moth. O my poor wretched family will be lost by my neglect,—and though God may forgive me, they are not sure of having a share in the same grace,—I cannot assist them to repent, but I have dreadfully assisted them to sin.

Min. But they have the same little instructor for an instrument, the same Spirit of God to set home instruction, and the same Father of mercies, with whom there is forgiveness, to accept their repentance,—leave them to him.

Moth. I desire to do so; but O! that all parents might know from me, what the affliction is, what the reproaches of the conscience are, what moving of the very bowels it is to a mother to think, when it is too late to retrieve it, that she has been an instrument, in the hands of the devil, to ruin her own dear children by her dreadful example,—whose souls, on the contrary, ought to have been her care and concern: pray recommend it from me to all parents to think of their children's souls, and at least not to help them on in wickedness.

Min. It is true, it is a reflection that is in itself very afflicting, and I will improve it, madam, as upon all occasions you desire, to admonish parents to concern themselves earnestly for the good of their children, both by early instruction and example; but your present business is to look beyond all your own failings, to the free grace of God in forgiving, and to adore the wonders of his goodness, in bringing you back from a course of presumptuous sinning to a sincere repentance.

Moth. It is true, that is my work; but I cannot but mourn for my poor children.

Min. But forget not to rejoice over this one great instance of the free grace among them, I mean this happy little son of yours.

Moth. Indeed I cannot forget him, nor the strange work of God in him, which, considering the family, I think is next to miraculous.

Min. It is indeed a token of the invincible operation of the grace and spirit of God.

Moth. But that God should inspire a little creature so young! and fortify his mind, to resist all the wicked examples that he met with even in his own parents, and to choose the good and refuse the evil, even before he knew them from the other!

Min. There are some whom he is pleased to snatch from the womb, who he will keep from sin, as a proof of the dominion of invincible grace.

Moth. But that such a creature should be born of such parents! Singled out from a family of God's enemies, taken out of a race of blasphemers and haters of God, and of every thing that is good.

Min. This should teach us in general to reverence the sovereignty of grace, who chooses out the objects of his mercy, according to the good pleasure of his own will,—and to rejoice in his goodness, that we are honoured with having any of the heirs of salvation in our houses; but you in particular have reason to give thanks to God, who has not only of his infinite mercy made one of your children the subject of so blessed a work, but has made this work a blessing to you, and has made the early sanctification of your child, a means to open your eyes, who were his parents, and to bring you to the knowledge and faith of your Redeemer.

Moth. It is true he has been made a means, for the restoring both his father and mother,—and I pray God he may be instrumental to the awaking his brothers and sisters, and supply, by his excellent example, the want of our care in their education.

Min. I dare say the child will do more than can be expected from his years, to do them good, if they will but accept of it.

Moth. Alas, they will only hate him for it,—they do already.

Min. Have you any thing to direct in the managing of

4th this child, madam, if you should not live? Have you provided what hands he shall fall into?

4th *Moth.* His father has done it already.

an *Min.* Methinks, madam, you should recommend to him, the being bred up to the office of a minister,—he that has so visibly had the heavenly call, should not want the human introductions.

an *Moth.* There is no need for me to direct it, he will never be any thing else, as you will perceive by what I am going to tell you.

an [She repeats to him the story of the child's pointing out that verse, where he would learn his lesson, mentioned before.]

an *Min.* If ever any child had a call from heaven to be a preacher of God's word, I believe this child has,—however, as the outward preparations are necessary, such as the knowledge of letters, the pious instructions of religious masters, rules of moral virtue, and, at last, a sufficient authority for the exercise of the office, it would be very much the child's advantage that you should leave somebody instructed with your mind about it.

an *Moth.* He has been the care of Providence hitherto, and I am satisfied he will not be forsaken still. He will be guided by heaven. I leave him to the conduct of the same hand, that took him so early into his peculiar direction,—but my concern, and that which lies heaviest at my heart, is the rest of my poor children, who so long ago have been abandoned both by father and mother.

an *Min.* You must resign them also to the will of God,—but you may yet give them caution, and warn and charge them to break off their course of sinning, by the example both of their father and mother; you do not know, but as your evil example living has done them hurt, so your dying example may do them some good.

an *Moth.* I have talked to them all as long as I had strength, but it is too late, they take little notice of it: they do not seem at all affected with it.



he made such a confession of his faith in Christ, and of the reason why he desired to be baptized, as gave great satisfaction to the minister, and to all that heard it. But although his being baptized and becoming a real Christian, gave him a title to his liberty, so as that he was no more a slave to serve without wages; yet he would never accept of that advantage, nor by any means leave his master, or become a servant for wages, till his master was grown up and voluntarily gave him his dismissal.

After the child had been some time longer in this place, the captain, so often mentioned, and who had married the maid Margy, having notice of the death of his mother, came to see him. It seems the good lady who had taken so much the voluntary charge of him, for it was no otherwise, had found means to let the captain know how his father had recommended the child to his care, together with his wife,—and it seems, the child growing now to be pretty big, the lady thought him a little beyond her management, at least singly, and so she desired the captain to come and consult about his farther education.

THE FIFTH DIALOGUE.

BEFORE I come to speak of the measures taken by the captain, which will finish the story of the boy, and does not go much farther, it will be very entertaining to go back a little to the story of his maid Margy, who was the first happy instructor of this child, as has been observed already; and how the captain, after his rough manner, bespoke her constant application to the teaching and instructing this child, and gave her money to encourage her,—which he called hiring her for God.

The honest wench needed none of those warm engage-

sent into the country to another service, the captain's wife could not find her, which very much troubled her; for supposing she was gone from the child, she had resolved to hire her into her own house, to look after her own children.

This was Margy's loss, and the captain's wife's also. At first it was Margy's loss, because she had not the money which was intended for her; and it was the family's loss, because they missed of so good and so faithful a servant in the house among the children, which were then very young; but the loss was fully repaired at last.

After some time the captain came home, and brought a vast wealth with him, he had met with great success abroad, and he came home resolved to go no more to sea. But he had withal, the bad news to receive at his coming home that his wife was dead; which was a great affliction to him, she being both a very good wife to him, and a very tender mother to his children.

He had not long considered the circumstances of his family and children, and the want they stood in of a careful, faithful hand to guide and bring them up, but he bethought himself of honest Margy.

He soon found she had been gone some time from the child, and this made him desirous to find her out,—but he could by no means hear whither she was gone. However, that he might have some account of her conduct, and how she had discharged herself of the trust he committed to her, he applied himself to the gentlewoman, the cousin, who was present when he engaged her, and when he gave her the money to take charge of the child.

He had from her the whole history of the family, and particularly of Margy's behaviour, how careful she had been of the child, and with what good success, as has been said. He also learned from her, that the second sum of money he had sent her, had not been paid, because neither his wife nor she herself could learn whither the maid was gone.



the gentlewoman with her last spoken of. She told him, she believed she could not be spared so soon, but that the first day she could get leave she would wait on him. And as he was going away she made him a bow, and humbly thanked him for his having been so mindful of her, as to send her money, which, she added, she was no way able to deserve. He told her, part of his business was to inquire what she had done to deserve it; and that though he did not question but she had done her part, yet he wanted the satisfaction of knowing what success she had: then he asked her, how much she had received? She told him five guineas. Well, Margy, said he, but you were to blame not to leave word whither you were gone, for I sent you ten more, but my wife could by no means find you out,—however, says he, it shall not be your loss.

He rowed away again, but could not be satisfied to leave her, till he had talked with her more effectually; so he rowed back a second time, and asked her, if she could not as well be spared now as at another time for half an hour's discourse, or thereabouts; and that being near the place where the gentlewoman lived, if she would land and go thither, he would come to her to the house; she readily agreed to it, and he came accordingly: where the following dialogue may give some account of their discourse.

Well, Margy, says the captain, you know whom I hired you for,—what account can you give of your service?

Marg. Truly, sir, I acknowledge I have but ill deserved my wages.

Capt. How so, Margy? I hope your little charge did not prove unteachable.

Marg. No indeed, sir; on the contrary, he soon learned more than I was able to teach him.

Capt. I did not hire you to do more for him than you could, but as much as you could.

Marg. He was able to teach me and all the family before he was 11 years old.

Marg. No, sir, the Lord forbid,—I am glad I was instrumental to do any good to my little dear master,—sure there never was such a child upon earth.

Capt. Well, Margy I told you I would hire you to a good master, and I intended to have paid you your wages better, but you could not be found.

Marg. I have been very well paid, sir, and particularly by you, of whom I deserved nothing ; for I had my wages very well paid besides.

Capt. Well, Margy, it is no matter for that, I promised you wages for God too, as I hired you for the work of God ; and I sent it you too, but my wife could not find you ; but you shall not lose it ; here, bear witness that I have paid you your wages, and the Lord reward your labour of love to that poor orphan, for such he was ; I say, the Lord give you his blessing, and reward you for it, both here and for ever.

[He gives her ten guineas, and blesses her heartily.]

Marg. Sir, I neither expected this, nor can I say I have deserved any part of it.

Capt. I think you have fully deserved it, Margy ; and may the eternal Judge at the great day, say to you, that forasmuch as you did this to that little one, you did it unto him, and reward you openly.

She bowed in token of her thanks to him,—but could not speak, her heart was so overcome with what he had said to her.

Capt. But Margy, I would hire you again in earnest, if you are willing.

Marg. For whom, sir ? I have no more little masters like that to instruct.

Capt. But I have Margy,—I have two little sons, and two little daughters, and they want their mother.

Marg. How so sir ! I believe your lady wants no assistant to that work.

Capt. My wife, Margy, did not want help,—but I want my wife, Margy ; God has deprived me of the comfort,

Marg. That I promise, sir, readily, and before my master in England.

[Here Margy takes her leave, and goes away ; and the captain stays talking with the gentlewoman, the cousin, formerly mentioned.]

Capt. This Margy is the nicest girl, upon such things as these, that ever I met with.

Cous. Truly, sir, I must say she is very strict in that point, and yet, strictly speaking, it is but just.

Capt. Well, I must have her to tend my children, whatever it cost me.

Cous. I think you should not push it,—besides, if she really scruples it in conscience, you will not bring her to it, if you would give her all you have in the world.

Capt. Say you so ? why that makes me still more positive to have her, if it be possible,—and I have one way left, which I believe will not fail.

Cous. What way is that pray ? I know none, unless you would make a wife of her ; and, I hope, you do not think of that, for your family's sake.

Capt. Why, if I should, I think she deserves the respect and affection for any thing that loves and values a principle to be not imitated in the world.

Cous. Nay, sir, if you do so, her lady must dismiss her indeed,—and, I confess, I was afraid you had that in your thoughts.

Capt. Indeed I never had it in my thoughts till this minute, and if I think of it now, it is purely for my children : she who has been such a voluntary mother to that child from a mere principle of conscience, cannot fail to be a mother to my children, if I should add such an obligation as that of making her my wife,—besides, she is to be valued for her exact honesty.

Cous. Nay, captain, she wants nothing to make her a complete wife, but money : for, I assure you, she came of a very good family, and has been very well bred, though

wife should neglect my children, I am undone, I shall abhor the sight of her.

Cous. Nay, I confess, Margy's fully qualified for that work ; she will love your children, I dare say.

Capt. I know this of Margy, that if she should not take care of them from a principle of affection, she will from a principle of conscience ; I do not expect she should have the affection of a mother, but I dare say she will do the duty of a mother.

Cous. God forbid I should injure Margy so much as to go about to lessen your value for her, either as a wife, or as a servant,—I verily think she will deserve as well as any one in her circumstance : but I am, for your own sake, and your family's sake, moving you against such a kind of marriage in general, as unequal and apt to be unhappy.

Capt. Well, madam, that is not my present business,—my desire at present is to get her to take the charge of my family upon her, while I am abroad;—and I beg two things of you.

Cous. Any thing, sir, but to make a proposal of marriage for you.

Capt. I do not offer it now, nor do I think of it, if she will but come and take care of my children,—I am a going abroad.

Cous. I see plainly you will have her afterwards, and of the two, you had better take her before ; for a widower marrying his own maid, is not a thing the clearest from reflection of any in the world.

Capt. I assure you I have no thought of it now, nor if ever I should, I shall not till I have been another voyage, which I tell you, I am now resolved upon, and who knows what may fall out in that time ?

Cous. Why, I heard you say you had resolved to leave off the sea.

Capt. I had resolved so indeed, while my wife was alive ; but I have lost the delight of my eyes, and since that

“ good man, and has four poor motherless children, prettily brought up hitherto, for his wife was an extraordinary mother ; and the children are quite out of all management now, and may be ruined : but what can I do, madam ? To come away from my lady without any just cause, and a lady that not only uses me well, but depends upon me for the managing her children ? I think it is the most unjust part a servant can do.

Cous. I do not know what to say to that, Margy ; but it must be done if it be possible,—the Captain has so much dependance upon it, that he will never think his children taken due care of, unless they are in your hands,—I believe you may have any wages you will ask of him,—nay, I have power to offer you, that whatever wages you have here, he will double it,—therefore do not be in a strait about it.

Marg. If I was free, madam, I should be in no strait ; for I should undertake it as soon as you had spoken of it,—and as I am not free, madam, I am in no strait neither for I cannot do it with a safe conscience, and no body should be in a strait to refuse every thing on that account.

Cous. Well, but Margy, what if I should get your lady’s consent ?

Marg. That is quite another case, madam,—if my lady is willing, I ought in justice to serve the captain’s family before any other ; for I have many obligations on me which you know of, both from him and his wife too, when she was living.

Cous. Well, Margy, I know you have ; but the captain does not insist upon that ; you know he gave you that money on another account ; he gave it first to engage you to do your part conscientiously with my little kinsman, and after, as a reward for your faithful discharge of your duty : I wish all faithful servants had the like encouragement.

Marg. Well, madam, I can say no more than this, if my lady, that I am now with, dismisses me, I shall be willing to do what I can.

The cousin was faithful to her word, and took not the least notice of the other affair ; neither would she say any more to her at that time, resolving to talk with her mistress ; and knowing where the lady was at Greenwich, she immediately takes a boat and goes down to her, and tells her the whole story of Margy and the Captain, as it related to the child she had tended before, and the captain's desire now to have her for the conduct for his own children ; and, madam, says she, I come from the captain to beg your ladyship's consent to part with her.

Lady. Indeed, madam, you come with the most unwelcome message in the world to me,—the Captain is in the right to desire her, and shews that he is a true father to his children ; but I should be as ill a mother to mine if I should part with her, for sure there never was such a servant in any house ; and therefore, madam, if you have any sense of justice, do not attempt to rob me of a servant that I take to be as Jacob was to Laban, a blessing to my family.

Cous. Madam, you put me to the greatest strait in the world, I scarce know how to act in such an affair,—but the captain has laid great obligations upon Margy, and she ought a little to consider them.

Lady. Nay, madam, I hope you will not tamper with her, to entice her away.

Cous. No, madam, neither is she to be tampered with if she were to have ten times the wages you give her, she will not come away without your leave.

Lady. But then I find you have moved it to her.

Cous. Not in any unfair way, madam, I assure you, as you shall know afterwards.

Lady. But did she desire you to ask my consent ?

Cous. No indeed, madam, I must do her that justice ;



[Illegible] ttern to all the servants in the nation,—she has a rule
[Illegible] th her, that I fear maid-servants that tend children know
[Illegible] tle of.

[Illegible] Cous. I know not what her rules are, but I know what
[Illegible] r practice was when she tended my little cousin.

[Illegible] [Here she relates to her the conduct of the maid with the
[Illegible] tle child, her cousin.]

[Illegible] Lady. One of her rules is, that when a maid-servant
[Illegible] akes upon her to tend little children, it is her duty to in-
[Illegible] ruct and teach them, as well as tend and wait upon
[Illegible] hem—I wish all maid-servants observed the same method.

[Illegible] Cous. Indeed, madam, I believe few maid-servants
[Illegible] mind that part much.

[Illegible] Lady. On the contrary, they teach children little simple
[Illegible] songs, bad words, and ill habits; but this is such a conscien-
[Illegible] tious creature, she makes children Christians even before
[Illegible] they know what a Christian is; she teaches them the fear
[Illegible] and knowledge of God, even before she is able to make them
[Illegible] read.

[Illegible] Cous. She has also a most affectionate way with her,
[Illegible] to bring children to love what they learn, and they come
[Illegible] out of her hands strangely altered.

[Illegible] Lady. Altered madam! my children are quite another
[Illegible] sort of creatures, since she has had them; she infuses
[Illegible] things insensibly into them,—they learn manners, duty and
[Illegible] religion, all together, of her. I have little a child here,
[Illegible] my daughter, that is but five years old, and I am sure when
[Illegible] it came to her it had learned nothing but little foolish answers
[Illegible] to common questions, which it understood nothing of when
[Illegible] it spoke; and a great many little simple songs, which were
[Illegible] scarce fit for children to repeat,—but now we hear nothing
[Illegible] at all of them.

[Illegible] Cous. No, Madam, I believe Margy would soon per-
[Illegible] suade the child off of that.

[Illegible] Lady. I know not what she has done, but I assure you
the little creature fetched tears out of my eyes one night
since we came hither, to see how it acted when it wanted

—little more stop, says the child, mamma, may we go to bed without say prayers? No, no, my dear, says I,—though God knows, my heart reproached me, that I had done it many a time. The child continued to tease me again,—Do then, mamma, says she, and pulls me by the apron. Then tears burst out of my eyes in spite of my resistance, and I took the poor little creature in my arms, and kneeled down with it, and prayed to God to bless it as well as I could,—for I was hardly able to speak.

Cous. It was very moving indeed.

Lady. But it did not end here. When I had set the child down, and was stepped a little way from it, to tell you the truth, to give vent a little to my passions, I turned about after some time, to see what the child was doing, because I did not hear it; and the dear little creature was gone to the foot of the bed, and kneeled down, and praying softly by itself. Judge you, madam, what a sight this was to a mother that really had never had any hand in the happy instruction that had brought it to this. After some time, I asked her, if Margy taught her to do so? And she said yes. Then I asked her, how often? And she said, every night and every morning. And this is the maid you are come to take away from me.

Cous. Well, madam, but as she has carried your children on so well and so far; for this, I suppose, is your youngest, you can the better spare her; she has taught them very happily I find hitherto.

Lady. Taught them! she has taught them and taught me too; she is a pattern to all servants, aye, and mistresses too, for the conduct of children.

Cous. Well, madam, and can you blame the Captain for desiring such a teacher for his children?

Lady. No indeed, nor for taking such a one to be his wife neither,—since I understand he is vastly rich, and needs not value the marrying a wife without money.

Cous. Indeed though I am very much Margy's friend,

the youth (for he was then 14 years old) whom she had first brought up, being fatherless and motherless, as is noted above, was by the course of his father's will, left to the care of the Captain; and he knowing how grateful it would be to his wife, as well as from a sincere affection to the child, took him home, and made him like one of his own.

Here he was used with such an affection, such tenderness, and such care, that he was far from having any loss either of father or mother,—and after he had been furnished with all the needful parts of learning to fit him for the work, became a minister; and proved an extraordinary man, as well for piety and principle, as capacity; and the Captain, to make him finally and effectually his own, married him to his eldest daughter, with whom he received a very comfortable fortune of 8000*l*. Thus Providence finished the work which was in so eminent a manner begun in this child, singling him out from his infancy, to be an honour and encouragement to the profession of religion, and qualifying him even in his infancy to be an instructor of others; so that he might be said to be a minister of the gospel from his cradle.

I must go back now to the Citizen whom I was speaking of; he had listened with great attention to this story,—and when it was finished, he says to his pious neighbour, who told it, this is a story full of admirable examples, as well among the whole family as in the servant: indeed, continued he, I have wanted such a servant in my family,—had my house-keeper been a Margy, my children had been better brought up,—it was for want of early instruction that they put me to the trouble of violent correction; if they had had such a soft teacher, I had, I believe, never been such a passionate furious father.

Neigh. Without doubt such servants are a blessing to a family, wherever they are found.

Fath. But when I reflect upon my conduct with my children, my wretched want of temper, my fury in correcting,

I am one of them that never see
but by the consequences.

Neigh. That is an experience
it, but is generally too late to g

Fath. Men's eyes are open
ings, but shut to their own infir
sion which incapacitates them to
their eyes, that they cannot see

Neigh. The best way then to
of his folly, is to let him see his
life in another man's practice.

Fath. I know not whether yo
represent me to myself or no,--
have been.

Neigh. Yes, yes, I know a
you, and with this addition too,
mily miserable and himself too :
thing that could be called comfort

Fath. Perhaps he had great p

Neigh. The least of any man
lent wife, dutiful and well accom
cumstances, every thing but his c
make him happy ; and those pa
those that belonged to him, mis

Neigh. She was a woman of that admirable prudence, that she never added fuel to the fire of his passions; but studied, by all possible methods, to prevent the flame breaking out, and to allay and prevent the fury of it when it was raised.

Fath. That was doing her duty to a perfection indeed,—but who alive is able to act that part?

Neigh. You shall judge of this when you have heard out the story.

Fath. Go on then, for I am impatient to hear it.

Neigh. They had several children, and generally they were sober and well inclined, notwithstanding their father's sad example. Among other instances of the passionate temper of this man, this was one, that if he met with any disappointment in his affairs abroad; if any loss happened; if any mistake was committed in his business, nay, even though it was done by himself; in a word, whatever disordered him abroad, the distemper of his passions was sure to vent itself at home; and whether it was wife, children, or servants, whoever came first in his way, he was sure to quarrel with them.

Nay, so violent was the flame of his passions, when any thing had thus prepared the way for them, that he was not at all in his own government, his anger was all rage, and his blows, whether upon his children, or servants, oftentimes proved dangerous to them, as you shall hear presently.

And yet after his passion was over, which was not long neither, no man was more concerned for it than he,—in-somuch, that if he had beaten any of his servants, he would be very anxious lest he had done them any mischief; and he had reason to be so indeed; for he had once struck a young man that was his apprentice an unhappy blow, which did him a very great injury, and which the parents of the youth prosecuted him at law for, and it cost him a great deal of money to make it up, I think it was above 200*l.* he paid on that account.



haste, and which, had he struck him with it, must have killed him, or at best very much mischieved him. The boy was so terrified, that he cried murder in a frightful manner; and the father was so surprised at the child's crying murder, that in a moment all his passion left him,—the bar fell out of his hand, and he fell into a violent trembling, as if he had been in the cold fit of an ague. His wife, who was not far off, hearing the child cry murder, came running into the room terribly frightened, you may be sure, not doubting but he had done the child some mischief; but she soon found her husband more the object of her concern than the child; for he stood in that posture, like one amazed, stupid, and speechless for a good while. She ran immediately to fetch something to give him, and with much difficulty she got him to take what she brought him, and to sit down.

It was more than an hour before he came to himself enough to speak, and when he did so, the first question he asked was, is the child alive? His wife, who knew from the boy himself that his father had not struck him, answered with some surprise at the question, alive, my dear! yes, why do you ask such a question? Why, said he, have not I killed him with that blow? No, my dear, says she, the Lord be praised, you have not killed him. Where is he, says his father? He is in the next room, says his wife. Let me see him, says he. His wife was sorry then that she had said he was in the next room, and was dreadfully frightened when he asked to see him; and so was the child too, lest his passion should return: but there was no reason for their apprehensions, for when the child came in, his father was in as great an agony as he was in before.—he took the boy in his arms, and kissed him a thousand times, with all the transport of a violent affection, the tears running down his face all the while; but was not able to speak a word to him.

Fath. You have brought me the picture of a passionate

Fath. Well, she acted a very Christian part, but what effect had it upon him?

Neigh. A good present effect; it melted him into tears, and even into a passion at himself, for being such a slave to his furious temper; and he made a great many vows and promises to bridle his anger.

Fath. But did he keep those vows and promises?

Neigh. Truly, but a very little while! vows and promises are a weak guard, where divine assistance does not join its power. It was not a month after, when, upon a very little provocation, he fell upon another of his sons, and was so blinded with his passion, that his wife, running in to save the child, got a great blow on her shoulder and breast, which bruised her very much, and laid her up for two months after, and it was greatly feared she would have had a cancer in her breast.

Fath. Well, was the wife in no passion at all this?

Neigh. No, never; as she acted with tenderness for her children, so she acted with the greatest calmness towards him; never replying to him, or arguing and blaming him while the passion was warm upon him,—but reserving herself to a time proper for such work, and then she endeavoured to reason with him, and persuade him, and by that prudent method, though she could not prevail to root out what was planted in his very nature, yet she allayed many a heat, quenched many a flame, prevented many an irruption by her prudence, which might otherwise have overwhelmed him and his family.

Fath. But what came of the family? You say all family-religion was destroyed.

Neigh. Truly all his part of it died, you may be sure; what instruction can any parent give, that gives no example? What weight in any reproof, when his own practice would destroy the authority, and take away the very reason of it.

Fath. A father indeed can ill reprove a child, when



Fath. together ; besides the shame, the difficulty, the reluctance of coming to it again, when the whole family has known the reason of its being omitted.

Neigh. Such things tend naturally to destroy the sense of duty, and must in the nature of the thing, destroy the performance.

Fath. But pray, how did the good woman bear this ? And how did she act ?

Neigh. It was a great affliction to her, that you may be sure of, and she had a hard task of it ; however she consulted her own duty, and as she endeavoured to persuade her husband upon all occasions where she found room for it,—when she found there was no hope to prevail, she kept up the settled worshipping of God in her own chamber or closet, where she retired with her children and maid-servants ; and did her duty with them, as well as she could, and as opportunity allowed.

Fath. And would her husband bear her persuasions ?

Neigh. Truly, very indifferently ; I could give you some of their discourses together on this head,—but as they always ended with unkindness, I forbear,—only telling you, that her prudence directed her so far, to avoid raising his passions, that whenever she saw him begin to fly out, she would forbear the discourse, and give him time to cool again, and so take another opportunity with him.

Fath. That was very engaging, as well as a very wise, prudent part ; was he not very sensible of it ?

Neigh. I cannot say he was always ; for his temper grew so froward and peevish at last, that he was very impatient of the calmest reprehension, and sometimes would give her very unmanly as well as unmannerly returns for it.

Fath. That was barbarous ; how could she bear that ?

Neigh. It was always very afflicting to her to be sure ; but never broke in upon her temper,—neither did she return any thing like it, but, on the contrary, treated him with such tenderness, such obliging, and such an endearing

her temper, and of flying out with the like violence at him ; and at that time she was moved as she thought in an insupportable manner : she knew that she was no way the occasion of his ill conduct,—that he ought not to use her as he did ; and she thought she was not obliged to bear it : but in the juncture that she was thus going to begin with him, and give vent to her passion, that scripture came into her thoughts Prov. xiv. 1. “ A wise woman buildeth her house, but a foolish woman pulleth it down with her hands.” Immediately her passions cooled, she recovered her temper, and all he could say or do to her, was not able to put her into the least disorder.

Fath. She was an excellent woman, and an excellent Christian.

Neigh. Indeed she was so.

Fath. Such a Christian as I fear I shall never be.

Neigh. I hope you do not resolve never to be so.

Fath. But I despair of it.

Neigh. If you would pray for it, you would hope.

Fath. But what came of this human fury you speak of, and of his family ? How did it all end ?

Neigh. Truly it came to a melancholy end many ways, and yet it was a better end by far than might reasonably have been expected ; but it was all owing to the prudence and conduct of his wife,—and she really builded her house, when he, that should have been the stay of it, pulled it down with his hands. It was by her early conduct, that her children were instructed and preserved in their duty to God ; and as well kept from a contempt of their father on one hand, as from imitating him in his ungoverned conduct, on the other.

Fath. You give her the greatest of characters, for that part was so difficult, and so nice an article to manage, and of such consequence to the family, I should almost think it beyond the power of human prudence.

Neigh. I will give you some short instances of it, which may serve as well to honour the conduct of the wife, as

done some time, it could not be reasonable to turn the young men out of business again, though it was at the demand of their father.

Neigh. However, his violence, and their unwillingness to disoblige or obstruct their father, made all things easy that way. It happened one day, that he had been at London with his sons, and in their warehouse, for he had taken a house at some distance from the town; but when he went to town, used to go and sit in his sons' counting-house, to do any business of his own, or divert himself with them: here he saw their business went on flourishing and successful, after another rate than ever it did under his management,—and a strange uneasiness possesses his mind at the sight; instead of rejoicing that his sons minded their business, agreed, and went hand in hand, that they throve well; and that business flowed in upon them,—I say, instead of rejoicing at this prosperity of his family, a spirit of envy and discontent seized him, and he went away chagrined and melancholy.

When he came home, his wife perceived a cloud of discontent sat upon his countenance; and though she was full of apprehension that he was under some violent disturbance, yet being willing to abate it as much as possible, she went cheerfully to him, and smiling, asked him how he did? He gave her little or no answer at first, but after some other little inquiries, he flew out upon her with the greatest fury imaginable; told her, it was she that had supplanted him in his business, made him an invalid to his family, and a pensioner to his children; that her sons were engrossing the wealth of the family, and taking that increase which was his right,—and that she had confederated with them to draw him into a snare,—but added, that he would break all the contrivances that were made use of to abuse him.

She could easily have answered every objection, and with great disadvantage to him; but she saw he was out of temper, and she had too much wisdom to throw oil.

Wife. My dear, do not fly upon your family so, and threaten us all,—you can do us no mischief, but will wound yourself; have a little patience, and hear calmly what we have to offer, you may be assured we have none of us injured you.

Husb. What ! have you not injured me ?

[Here he rises up in a great rage, and stamped upon the ground, walking hastily, talking loud, and looking furious; in a word, shewing all the tokens of a most enraged temper.]

Wife. Do not suffer yourself to fly out, my dear; consider calmly, hope no body injured you.

Husb. Not injured me ! Am I not turned out of business, like a lunatic that is begged out of his estate ?

Wife. No, no, my dear, you are not used any thing like that.

Husb. What, am I not placed here like an idiot under guardians ? Am I not a mere pupil to my two sons ? And is not the management of the whole trade put wholly into their hands, and I fed from hand to mouth with a pension ; is not this abusing me ? But I will put an end to it all immediately,—I will take the staff into my own hands again, I assure you, and I will use you as you deserve.

Wife. I pray God you may, my dear ; but I see you are hot and in a passion, I will withdraw and talk of these things another time.

Husb. No, no, I desire you will sit still ; I am as fit to talk of them now as at another time, * pray sit still, and if you have any thing to say, speak it now.

[* *He steps to the parlour-door, and shut her in, before she could be quick enough to withdraw.*]

Wife. I had rather you would excuse me, my dear ; pray let us talk of it another time.

Husb. No, no, just now, no delays, I will go to work with it just now ; if you have any thing to say for your conduct, or against what I intend to do, let me hear it.

Wife. I do not know what you intend to do, but should I have any thing to say to it?

Husb. I tell you, do not I? I tell you I will unravel all you have done.

Wife. Well, my dear, if you are resolved, what can I say to it? You have often done things in your passion which you have been sorry for; I wish you may do nothing of the like kind now, that is all I can say.

Husb. Nay, I know you cannot say any thing for what you have done, and that is the reason why you can say nothing against what I am to do.

Wife. I desire to oppose you in nothing that is for your advantage; whether this may be so, I know not, because I know not what it is you intend.

Husb. I will tell you what I intend, I will go immediately to the warehouse, send your two sons home, and take my business into my own hands again; and so once more I will be my own master, and not an underling and a pensioner.

Wife. My dear, I have but one thing to say to it,—I wish you could hear to hear me.

Husb. Yes, yes, I'll hear your advice, though I may not take it; for I suppose it will be of as much consequence as other things,—let us hear it, whether I mind it or no.

Wife. Why, my dear, that you may do nothing to repent of, my advice and request is, bow your knee to God first, and though it be but two minutes, ask seriously for his direction and blessing upon what you are going to do and then, whatever you do after that, I will readily acquiesce in.

Husb. Well, it is nothing to you whether I do or no.

[She was in a great concern all this while, lest his passion might break out to do any intemperate violent thing and would fain have got away from him but could not.]

Wife. Yes, it is much to me on your own account.



Husb. You are provided for, what is it to you .

Wife. I have some concern sure in your welfare ? you cannot be miserable without me ; and I am sure, my dear, I mourn over your mistakes, and would prevent them if it were in my power.

Husb. Mourn over your own ill usage of me.

Wife. My dear, if I had ever used you ill, I should do so,—but you will see, when your passion is over, I have not used you ill, or done any thing that ought to displease or dissatisfy you, even in the very thing that now most disturbs you.

Husb. Not used me ill ! am I not turned out of my business, as a man not fit to carry it on ; as a madman that must not be trusted with a knife, or any necessary thing that he is capable of doing harm with ?

Wife. I could convince you, my dear another time,—but you are angry now, and I care not to enter into words that may increase it.

Husb. No, no, I can never be convinced : but I'll convince you all that I am not so easily to be imposed upon, as you may believe . I'll undo all that has been done, and that immediately, before I sleep.

Wife. My dear, I entreat you, though you do all you say you will do, yet do not do it in a passion ; even though you were doing well, yet doing it in such a temper. it is odds but you do something amiss.

Husb. I tell you I will not be bought or sold among you ; I have been betrayed and treacherously used, and my sons have got up in my saddle, are getting estates in my business, and in a few years will be able to say they can live without me.

Wife. Well, my dear, can you repine at the prosperity of your own children ?

Husb. They should have come to it in their own time : what ! is the prosperity of the children to be raised upon the ruin of the father ?

Wife. My dear, are you ruined, are you beneath a

Have you not 400*l.* a year of your own, and do you not receive 200*l.* a year from them, as a consideration for the stock you have given over to them.

Husb. That is all nothing,—I will have no sons be masters of my business, while I sit still, and am looked upon as one incapable,—I will reduce them to their first beginning.

Wife. My dear, do nothing unadvised ; do not run your children without cause ; have they offended you ?

Husb. Is it not an offence to see myself set aside, and my sons made the heads of my business ?

Wife. My dear, consider your sons are men grown, and past being treated as children.

Husb. They are not past being taught to know themselves, they want to be instructed that way ; I will make you all know yourselves before I have done.

[He goes out of the room in a great rage.]

Now it is to be observed here, that the wife had acted with such prudence, in the transferring the trade and stock to her sons, as above, that she had reserved the whole stock with all the improvements to be their father's, and to be given up to him whenever he demanded it ; and though all went in their names, yet they were obliged by writing to surrender it all into their father's hand and only to be allowed such expences, and charges, and allowances, as had been settled between them, not letting the father know one word of it : but he having conveyed and made over every thing to them, she, without telling him of it, took a declaration of trust back again from her sons, expressing the reasons of the trust also. And as she had done this, because she knew his changeable disposition and fiery temper so she was not so much concerned at the consequence of his present passion, because she knew her sons would behave as became them, when their father came to them, whatever want of temper he might shew to them,—however, she immediately sent them word of what had



passed, and what they were to expect, that they might not be surprised.

It was but a few minutes afterwards, but he came himself, and entering the warehouse, he found his sons both there, but very busy with customers, so he went into the compting-house, and sat still awhile; but his passion was too hot to be kept within bounds, and his eldest son, who saw by his countenance that his father was very much disturbed, made all the dispatch possible to get clear of the people he was engaged with, lest his father should call, and should break out into a passion that might expose him.

It was not long before his father, who could hold no longer, calls him, and he comes immediately. The dialogue was very short, but very warm on one side,—and had not all possible occasion been taken away by the conduct of both his sons, the temper he was in at that time would have made an uproar even in the street. He began with the eldest son as soon as he came to the compting-house, thus

Fath. Call your brother, I must speak with you both.

Eld. Son. Sir, he is busy with a customer, but he will have done presently.

Fath. I must speak with him, let him be busy with whom he will.

Eld. Son. Then I will call him, sir.

[He calls him, and sends a servant to tend the customer, upon which the youngest son comes also, and their father begins with them both thus, speaking in an angry tone, and a great deal of apparent passion in his looks.

Fath. You go on here (sons) very boldly, and push the trade forward with a great deal of authority; pray what is it you intend to do with me?

Eld. Son. Sir, we go on by no authority but yours, we hope you are not displeased that we follow the business with as much diligence as we can.

Fath. That is no answer to my question.

Eld. Son. It is very difficult, sir, to answer that question, but by asking another, sir ; that is, what you would please to have us do ?

Fath. My question is plain,—you have put a juggle here upon your father (you and your mother in confederacy) and set yourselves at the head of my business, I would be glad to know how long you think I can bear it ?

Eld. Son. Not a moment, sir, longer than you please,—your resigning the business to us, and putting us into it, was your own proposal to us ; it was your gift to us, and we were put in by yourself ; my mother had no hand in it that we know of, but what you gave her power to have.

Fath. Well, well, if my authority put you in, by the same authority I shall put you out ; every power that can give life can take it away,—my right to the last is derived from my right to the first.

Eld. Son. Whatever right we may have by your gift, we will make no use of it without your good will, and therefore, sir, if it be your pleasure to suppose you have set us up too soon, we will return all back into your hands whenever you demand it.

Fath. Then I demand it just now.

Eld. Son. If my brother is of my mind, you shall be obeyed this minute, sir.

Y. Son. With all my heart, for I will be nothing but what my father desires me to be,—we had all by your gift, sir, and if you think it too soon, I am very willing to wait till you think it more seasonable ; I hope my father will let us be his servants as we were before.

Fath. I shall consider of that.

Neigh. Well, what think you now ? Have I given you the picture of a passionate father to your purpose, or no ?

Fath. Yes ; but you have blest him with better children than ever mine would be.

Neigh. You do not know what yours might have been,

if they had had such a mother to have managed them in their infancy.

Fath. Well but pray go on with the story ; what could he say to his sons, who answered him, as I suppose, so contrary to his expectations ?

Neigh. He was not touched with it at all at first,—but taking his sons, as it were, at their words, he immediately took possession of the books and cash, and the sons, with the greatest calmness and apparent satisfaction, threw off their hats, and put themselves into the posture of servants : his greatest dissatisfaction was, that he could not have the least occasion to be angry.

After he had chafed his mind as much, and indeed more than the case would bear, and had thus embarrassed himself into the hurry of the world again, so that he saw himself, in a few moments, a man removed from a pleasant agreeable retreat, engaged again in a vast crowd of incumbrances ; the prospect began to appear less agreeable to him than he thought it before and full of discontent he comes away, having been perfectly disappointed of the quarrel which he expected to have with his two sons.

Being come home, he thinks to gratify the fury of his temper upon his wife,—his spirits were in agitation, and nature required to give them a vent somewhere ; the submissive respectful conduct of his sons had effectually disappointed him, and even for want of an object, he resolves to fall upon his wife,—so he begins with her, very hot and angry, thus :

Husb. Well, I have blown you all up, I have broke all your measures.

Wife. My dear, it is unkind to speak of measures of mine,—if you have done no injury to yourself you can have done none to me,—I have no interest but yours, nor any measures but what you have been all along acquainted with, unless it has been to prevent your hurting yourself.

Husb. Have you not had private projects to erect your sons on the ruin of their father ?

Wife. No indeed, my dear, nor can I be capable of such a thing : can a husband be ruined without his wife ?

Husb. Whatever you have been capable of, thank God, I am capable of disappointing you.

Wife. You will speak kindlier when your passion is over : your charge is very heavy, and it is a sad case, when the judge has not temper to hear the prisoner.

Husb. I your judge ! I am none of your judge ; there is One above will judge you all.

Wife. If you condemn me, you make yourself my judge, and I ought to be calmly heard.

Husb. Well, what have you to say, if I should hear you calmly ?

Wife. I desire you would take time till to-morrow morning ; you are too warm for it to day.

Husb. O, oh ! you want to talk with your counsellors. I have dispossessed them of their authority, and I will take care to keep them from caballing with you.

Wife. If we had caballed against you, as we did for you, you could not have dispossessed them,—you treat me your enemy, my dear, but you will find I have been your friend, and a faithful friend too, even in this very thing.

Husb. I value neither your friendship or your enmity. I am master of my business again once more, and I will be so as long as I live.

Wife. I wish my dear, you were master of yourself, as much as we all desire you should be master of every thing in your family.

Husb. That is to myself, and the hurt is my own.

Wife. My dear, you can do nothing to hurt yourself, but we are all hurt by it too,—we have but one bottom,—we cannot swim if you sink.

Husb. But you have made an attempt to swim and let me sink, if I had not disappointed you all.

Wife. My dear, your words are very bitter,—I know not what you have done ; I am sure I have done nothing to your prejudice, and you cannot have disappointed me in any thing, unless it be in hurting yourself and your family.

Husb. Yes, I have disappointed you,—I have turned out your two partners, and made my two masters my two servants again, as they ought to be.

Wife. Well, my dear, I hope they submitted dutifully and respectfully to you in it all, howsoever you have acted by them.

Husb. Yes, yes, they gave it up with readiness enough, that is true.

Wife. Why then, my dear, they have shown themselves very full of duty and regard to their father, you must own that,—for you know you could not have obliged them to it.

Husb. I am the less obliged to you however, who took care to put it so much out of my power, that if they had been less dutiful than they are, I might have been used bad enough.

Wife. Do not strive, my dear, to load me with reproaches, I have affliction enough.

Husb. What are your great afflictions ? I know none you have, but this, that I have taken the power out of your hands to govern your husband.

Wife. Can I have a greater affliction than to have one that should protect me from the injuries of all the world, injure and oppress me himself ?

Husb. How do I injure you or oppress you ?

Wife. You injure me in charging me wrongfully, and you oppress me in falling upon me in a passion, that I cannot have room to speak or be heard.

Husb. I charge you wrongfully ! is it not apparent that you juggle with your two sons to get me to put all my

trade into their hands, and set myself by to be laughed at as a fool?

Wife. No, it is evident I did not, because you say that you have turned them out,—if I had given the power entirely into their hands, as you know I might then have done, and as for aught you know I did, you could not have turned them out, I assure you.

Husb. Yes, yes, you see I have turned them out notwithstanding all the power they had.

Wife. You will acknowledge all that to your wife, my dear, when you come to think calmly, and know a little more of it; but I will take another opportunity to convince you of it; perhaps in a little time you will repent your present proceedings.

Husb. Never, while you live; What a husband repent his being master! no, no, I will have no more family directors, no more sons set up to be my masters, I will assure you.

Wife. You are disposed to be angry, my dear, I will come again when your passion is over.

[She goes out of the room.]

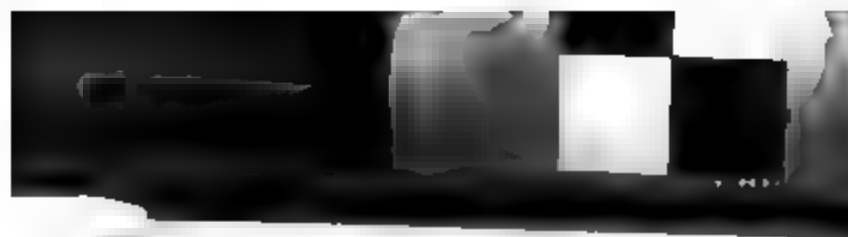
Husb. Aye, aye, fare you well; I shall be of the same mind to-morrow, I promise you.

Fath. Well, of all the rude, ill-natured, and fiery creatures that ever I heard of, this is the foremost,—pray what came of it?

Neigh. Came of it! why, the next morning, after a little calmer discourse, she fetched him in a writing signed by both his sons, whereby, though they had the management of the trade in appearance, yet they had bound themselves, by an acknowledgment of trust, to account for all the profits of the whole trade to their father, expences and incident charges being allowed, and to quit it all again whenever he demanded it.

Fath. What could he say to it?

Neigh. She withdrew, and left him to read it over; and when she came in again, she found him all in tears, and in a



He cast a look of intense passion at himself for having ill treated her ; he took her in his arms and told her, she had been a faithful friend to him and all the family, adding all the kind things that could be expressed, and reproaching himself for his misdeeds, in a manner that she could no more bear than she could the other.

Fath. Passion guides us into all extremes,—but how did he go on ?

Neigh. He came to terms with his sons, and made them partners with him,—but alas, his fiery disposition, which grew worse every day, brought him into a dreadful disaster : being in a passion at some people he employed, that would not do his business as he would have it done, and a porter, and some such sort of fellow, giving him saucy language, he struck the poor man an unhappy blow, that it was thought by all that stood by had killed him, and which put this poor passionate creature afterwards into an inexpressible confusion.

Fath. But you say the man was not killed.

Neigh. No, he did not die ; but he was crippled by it as long as he lived.

Fath. And what said he for it ?

Neigh. Alas ! he was the greatest penitent for it that ever you heard of, and continued so as long as he lived,—but what was that to the poor man ?

Fath. As you say, he could never restore the poor man, but he might make some amends.

Neigh. Yes, yes, he provided for him and for his family too,—but though that was a great weight upon his own family, yet it was no satisfaction to the complaint of his own conscience ; the crime called for repentance, whatever amends he had made the poor man.

Fath. Aye, aye, passion always makes work for repentance.

Neigh. It does so, and this man found it so,—for he never enjoyed himself an hour afterwards,—he quite threw

off his business, retired from the town, and went mourning for that one action.

Fath. And did he govern himself?

Neigh. He kept himself from it, but he struggled with it whenever any thing came short, as the seeds were sown in his mind, he never effectually conquered them.

Fath. Passion is a dreadful master and government of the temper.

Neigh. It is true; but of all the passions are the worst, they generate feelings more extravagant, rise to the height, and are acted with the greatest violence, with the worst consequences,—as I could give you many examples within the compass of my knowledge, but the stories are too long to relate now.

Fath. It is enough; these you have told me, and so nearly touch my own feelings, that I am satisfied, if I do not in particular guard against a furious temper, and take quite new measures, my family will be utterly ruined, and undone.

FINIS.

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BRIGHTLY AND CHILD, FB

